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CHATTO AND WINDUS, PICCADILLY, W.

OLD STORIES RETOLD

BY

WALTER THORNBURY

AUTHOR OF "TALES FOR THE NANNIES," ETC.



A NEW EDITION

London

CHATTO AND WINDUS, PICCADILLY

PREFACE.

THERE are many events of the past and present century—wrecks, riots, trials, famines, and insurrections—familiar to most of us by name, but the details of which are unknown to the younger men of this generation. Every one has heard something of the Luddites and their outrages; of Thurtell the gambler, and the cruel murder he committed; of that agonising event the burning of the *Kent* East Indiaman; of the savage execution of the Cato Street conspirators; of the trickeries of old Patch; of the tragedy of Spaffields, &c.; but there are few of us who have had either time or opportunity to collect, compare, and read at full length, the newspapers, pamphlets, and street ballads which refer to these occurrences. It is only those who have who can know thoroughly the truth or falsehood of the traditional accounts. It is from the interesting and vivifying details that the real nature of the social catastrophes and extraordinary occurrences of the past century can best be ascertained. Some of the more remarkable pages of old Time's chronicle we would here humbly present for re-perusal.

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

THE LIFE OF A METHODIST PREACHER.

ON a summer morning, in the year 1715, Silas and Dulcibella Told, the children of the doctor of a Guineaman, were wandering about Kingswood, hand in hand, like the pretty babes in the ballad. Their father, a speculative Bristol physician—who had ruined himself by building a wet dock at the Limekilns, Clifton, and then gone to sea as doctor to a slaver, and there died—had brought these children up in a religious way; their mother, the daughter of a Devonshire sea-captain, had also filled their minds with religious feelings, so that the two children were in the habit of spending all their time in the fields, picking wild flowers, looking for mushrooms, or sitting under the wild rose-bushes, “conversing about God and happiness,” and “so transported with heavenly bliss” (we use the exact words of one of them in after life), that whether they existed in the body or out of the body they could not tell. Their talk, about God and paradise and the Promised Land, was interrupted with hunts after dragon-flies, scrambles for flowers, startled watchings at the flashing of the trout in the brooks, or the plucking of daisies for chains. Now and then the bark of a fox, or the blaring of a badger, filled them with an indescribable dread of being devoured by wild beasts. At last they ran and ran till they got among the trees and lost the path, then they sat down together, kissed each other and cried; for they would never see home again, but starve, pine, and die, and be covered over with leaves by the good robin redbreasts, like the Children in the Wood, for whom they had so often cried their little hearts out. But the little grave boy soon aroused himself to comfort his sister, and bid her trust in God; and just at that moment a large

dog appeared, sent, they had no doubt, by Heaven, which drove them, without barking, out of the wood into the real road home. In Mr. Told's own words (for the grave little boy in after life grew up into one of the Reverend Mr. Wesley's most zealous preachers, and became a noble-hearted visitor at Newgate): "When we looked round us to behold the dog, he was not to be seen. Being heedless, and unapprehensive of any further danger, we wandered again into the woods, and were a second time bewildered, and in greater perplexity than before; when on a sudden, looking around us, we beheld the same dog making towards us, till he came directly up to us; and we being much terrified ran from him, till we got a second time into our knowledge; nor did the dog leave us till we were driven by him where we could not possibly run into any more labyrinths. I then turned about to look for the dog, but saw no more of him, although we were upon an open common. This was the Lord's doing, and it was marvellous in our eyes."

In the year 1719, when seven years old, little Silas Told, who never forgot those first impressions, was put into Mr. Colson's Hospital, on St. Augustine's Back, near the Quay, Bristol. This school for one hundred boys had cost eleven thousand pounds building. Its founder was one of those fine old merchant's of Queen Anne's time, who gave away money with a divine liberality, and devoted his later life to generous and noble works of goodness. Mr. Told, who, when a boy, was present at the public funeral of this great philanthropist, has left an interesting sketch of his history. He was the son of Edward Colson, a journeyman soap-boiler, whose wages did not exceed ten shillings per week, and who had ten children living, of whom Edward was the eldest. When he had arrived to an age fit to be put out an apprentice, his father bound Edward to a Virginia captain. The lad behaved so well as cabin-boy, that, before his ship departed from America for England, he had acquired, by presents from passengers alone, the sum of fifty pounds; and, being of an exceeding liberal disposition, on his arrival at Bristol he dispensed every farthing to the prisoners at Newgate, and shortly after sailed again to Virginia. On his second return, he disposed of a sum twice as large after the same manner. He gradually grew in wealth till he became an East India merchant (before the Company started). Forty sail of stately ships obeyed his bidding, and wealth flowed in upon him from every quarter of the globe. His charities were kingly. Mr. Told relates two remarkable anecdotes of Mr. Colson's benevolence, and his dread of its being in any way thwarted. }

"One of his ships, trading to the East Indies, had been missing for upwards of three years, and was included in the number of those that were destroyed at sea; but at length she arrived, richly laden. His principal clerk brought him the report of her arrival, and of the riches on board; to which he gave answer, that as she was totally given up for lost, he would by no means claim any right to her; therefore ordered the ship and her merchandizes to be sold, and the produce thereof to be applied towards the relief of the needy, which directions were immediately carried into execution.

"Another singular instance of his tender consciousness for charity was: at the age of forty, when he entertained some thoughts of changing his condition, he paid his addresses to a lady; but being very timorous lest he should be hindered in his pious and charitable designs, he was determined to make a Christian trial of her temper and disposition, and therefore one morning filled his pockets full of gold and silver, in order that if any object presented itself in the course of their tour over London Bridge, he might satisfy his intentions. While they were walking near St. Agnes' Church, a woman in extreme misery, with twins in her lap, sat begging; and as he and his intended lady were arm-in-arm, he beheld the wretched object, put his hand in his pocket, and took out a handful of gold and silver, casting it into the poor woman's lap. The lady, being greatly alarmed at such profuse generosity, coloured prodigiously; so that when they were gone a little further towards the bridge foot, she turned to him and said, 'Sir! do you know what you did a few minutes ago?' 'Madam,' replied Mr. Colson, 'I never let my right hand know what my left hand doeth.' He then took his leave of her, and for this reason never married to the day of his death, although he lived to the age of eighty-three. In the year 1721 he died at Mortlake."

The month of July, 1725, was the end of Master Silas Told's golden age of childhood. The cold daybreak began; the frosty outer world came upon him as suddenly as it does on those landscapes, that when you take them away from the fire-heat, change to snowy grey from April green. The poor little son of the bankrupt doctor was bound apprentice to the seas (at the usual premium from Colson's school of ten pounds) to a Captain Moses Lilly, and he sailed from Bristol in the ship the *Prince of Wales*, in the pleasant month aforesaid, for Jamaica. A religious, quick boy, fresh from a gentle home, and six years in a good and almost monastic school, taken from good food and kind friends, he was hurried off to rough, stern, brutal masters, to be seasick for months, and all that

time sworn at and beaten for his untoward awkwardness. It seemed to him that he had got among the "condemned." Ill, and with no friend, the poor boy was almost broken-hearted with grief.

It was a rough life, very rough, and little Silas Told had his share of the hardships. The vessel, on her way home from the Bay of Campeachy and Jamaica, was for fourteen weeks short of provisions, the crew being reduced, after the third week, to a biscuit and two-thirds of a pint of water a day. The men would certainly have all perished but that a heavy thunder-rain descended upon them off Cuba, and the captain, stopping the scuppers, saved six casks of muddy bitter water by swabbing the decks and then wringing the swabs into the tubs. When they reached Blue Fields (west point of Jamaica), the last half-pint of maggoty water had been drunk, and there was not a biscuit or a spoonful of flour in the hold. Mr. Told, in his autobiography (which is a curious picture of a sailor's life in the last century), says:

"When we came to an anchor in Blue Fields Bay, we hoisted out the long-boat, stowed her full of casks, and despatched her for the fresh water, when one of our men fell flat upon his belly, and drank so immoderately, that a few hours after he came on board he expired; and the next morning we towed him up in a hammock and threw him overboard, when a large shark descended after him, and, we supposed, swallowed the whole body."

While the *Prince of Wales* was riding at anchor in Kingston harbour, with one hundred and five hogsheads of sugar on board, there came on a hurricane, preceded by ominous splitting noises in the air. This storm raged from eight o'clock at night till six o'clock in the following evening. Told's ship parted all her three new cables, and drove twelve miles down the harbour. Seventy-six sail of other ships were dismasted, and cast high and dry on land. A heavy brigantine was tossed upon a wharf, and a sloop of one hundred tons hurled upon its deck. Hundreds of cocoa-nut trees were also snapped or torn up by the roots. The hurricane ceased suddenly, blew again madly for an hour, then lulled for good. During two or three days after, drowned seamen were washed on shore for miles down the harbour.

The hurricane was followed by a pestilence. Every morning Told (himself sick with fever and ague) saw thirty or forty corpses carried past his window. The brutal captain deserted the sick sailor boy, and left him to the tender mercies of a negro, who once a day brought a dose of Jesuits' bark to the warehouse, where he had been swung in a

hammock. Told, describing his utter misery for eleven months, says:—

“At length my master gave me up, and I wandered up and down the town, almost parched with the insufferable blaze of the sun, till I was resolved to lay me down and die, as I had neither money nor friend. Accordingly, I fixed upon a dung-hill on the east end of the town of Kingston; and, being in so weak a condition, I pondered much upon Job's case, and considered mine similar to that of his. However, I was fully resigned to death, nor had I the slightest expectations of relief from any quarter; yet the kind providence of God was over me, and raised me up a friend in an entire stranger. A London captain, coming by, was struck with the sordid object, came up to me, and, in a very compassionate manner, asked me if I was sensible of any friend upon the island of whom I could obtain relief. He likewise asked me to whom I belonged. I answered, to Captain Moses Lilly, and had been cast away in the late hurricane. This captain appeared to have some knowledge of my master, and, cursing him for a barbarous villain, told me he would compel him to take proper care of me.” A quarter of an hour after, Told's master arrived, and took him to a public-house, where he was lodged with a Mrs. Hutchinson. When he recovered, he was taken home by Captain David Jones, a kind and humane man, captain of the *Montserrat*. The boatswain of this vessel cured the poor boy of his fever in five hours, and he became more lively and active than before.

On the voyage home an accident happened strikingly evidencing the superstitions then prevalent among sailors of even some education. Five weeks after losing sight of the green Bermudas, the captain ordered a man to keep a bright look-out from the top-mast head, expecting soon to catch sight of Cape Clear. One morning, about seven o'clock, the look-out at the mast-head waved the signal for “land about two points on the weather-bow;” but as at that time the ship was running with the wind on the starboard beam, the captain deemed it most advisable to brace all sharp up, and lie as near the wind as he possibly could. The land soon became conspicuous to the naked eye from the deck, and the course was changed as the land edged round, but there was no attempt to make any nearer approach towards it than a full league. For ten hours the men watched it as they cleared the decks, bending the cables ready for anchorage, or running into harbour in case of any emergency. Told says:—

“I do not remember ever to have seen any place apparently

more fertile, or better cultivated; the fields seeming to be covered with verdure, and very beautiful; and as the surf of the sea almost convinced us that it was playing on the shore, we were beyond all doubt for the space of ten hours that the ship had made a convenient landfall. Our captain therefore gave the man who first discovered it ten gallons of rum and twenty pounds of sugar; but about six o'clock in the evening, as we were washing the decks, and the sun was shining clear from the westward, in less than a minute we lost all sight of the land, and nothing but the horizon, interspersed with a few pale clouds, was perceptible from the deck. This filled the ship's company with the utmost astonishment and confusion; nor did we make the coast of Ireland for several days after. Our captain and ship's company concluded that it was Old Brazil, which navigators affirm to have been destroyed by an earthquake between five hundred and six hundred years ago."

The Old Brazil was of course simply a *Fata Morgana*, brilliantly vivid, and seen in an unusual latitude—an optical illusion in the world's camera, very curious as a phenomenon, but quite refusing to be classed as a fact even on the verge of the supernatural.

On arriving at Bristol, Told was transferred by his master to the *Royal George* (Timothy Tucker, commander), bound for Guinea and the West Indies. Told's new captain proved a most cruel villain. One Sunday, a very short time after Told's joining, as he was down in the gun-room, busy at the bread-cask, getting out biscuit for the ship's company, Captain Timothy Tucker came down, accused Told loudly of waste, and, going to his cabin, returned with a large horse-whip, and beat the boy till his clothes were cut in ribbons and his bones began to show. He then threw him along the deck, and leaped upon him. This cruelty would have certainly ended in murder, had not the people taken the lad and thrown him away under the windlass as if he had been a dead cat.

One day, at Bonny, Told was taken on shore, by the black king Arigo, for change of air. On this occasion, when the negroes found a sudden alarm would not cure Told of an excruciating headache, they carried him up to the precipice where their great "palaver house" was, and offered yams, and sacrificed dogs, to their gods. The "grandymen" then led him, through a desert, back to the ship (just as bad as ever), sprinkling the dust before him with palm wine; on going on board cruel Captain Tucker, to bring him out of the fever, whipped him till he could not stand.

These Guinea captains were savage wretches, hardened by the brutalities of slave-dealing. Once when a black slave was ill, and would not eat, Tucker flogged him savagely till he was all one wound. He then called for one of his men to bring him two pistols, and put one to the slave's forehead, crying he would "tickeravoo him," which was "negroish" for "settle him." The poor creature made no resistance, but merely said, "Adomma," "so be it." Tucker fired, the man put his hand to his head, the blood gushed out like wine from a cask; but he did not fall. Tucker then put a second pistol to his ear, and fired; the negro still did not drop. "At last," says Told, "the captain swore horribly, and ordered John Lad to fire a third through his heart, which was done; he then dropped down dead. All the men slaves, in consequence of this uncommon murder, rose upon the ship's company, with full purpose to slay us all; but we, nimbly betaking ourselves to the cannons, pointed them through a bulkhead that parted the main and quarter-deck; which when they perceived, the greater part of them ran down between decks, and the remainder jumped overboard, and were all drowned, save one or two, which, with the assistance of the jolly-boat, we rescued from the violence of the sea."

On his arrival at Bristol, Told's original master received all his wages, and did not even give him a present. He was, therefore, having no friends, compelled to take a second voyage with that terrible murderer, Captain Timothy Tucker.

When the vessel was "slaved," that is, ready with her human cargo, and ready to sail for Bonny, one midnight, outside the bar, the slaves began to scream and howl, crying that Egbo (the devil) was among them. The next morning, when the hatches were opened, forty were found dead of suffocation out of eighty and were instantly thrown overboard. The ship's cook, having only green wood for his furnace, was always late with his dinner, which so exasperated the fierce-tempered captain, that he used to perpetually horsewhip the man or cut him with his own knife. The poor cook (Jack Bundy), weary of life, at last threw himself over the ship's side and was drowned, to the captain's infinite satisfaction.

After this, Told was shipped on board the *Scipio*, commanded by a liberal, pleasant-tempered man, named Roach. One evening, as they lay at anchor off New Calabar, a negro-dealer came on board to sell slaves, while the captain was brewing a tub of punch on the quarter-deck with the ship's company. Tom Ancora (the dealer, who talked English),

making the captain's favourite female slave drink brandy out of his own glass, so irritated Roach, that he thrust out Tom's front teeth with his cane, and then ran to the state cabin for his pistol to shoot the man. Tom, however, threw himself overboard, and was picked up by the men of his own canoe. The captain then resolved, against the advice of the whole ship's company, to go on shore and make peace with Tom. He therefore put on his sword, arrayed himself in a state suit of scarlet plush, and went and supped with Tom, who took care, under the guise of frank friendliness, to give the captain a strong dose of poison that partially paralyzed and eventually killed him. The friendly negroes would have given him antidotes, but the captain, not believing he had been poisoned, refused their remedies.

Just inside the bar, Adam, a negro, headed a mutiny of the slaves, who threw the cook into a furnace full of boiling rice, and stabbed and threw overboard the boatswain. Wells, the cooper, they released because he had often given them water. Told describes the sequel in his own simple way: "The cooper then got over the quarter-deck bulkhead to the arm-chest, took up a loaded pistol, and shot Adam through the head. The other slaves, at seeing their champion dead, ran all down between decks, were closely confined, and admirably well secured, to prevent a second massacre; and as the captain lay dangerously ill, and only five men able to work the ship, we, with the greatest and most elaborate toil, reached the West Indies in three weeks. Upon the ship's arrival there the owner of her made the cooper a present of sixty pounds for his services on board her at the time of those assassinations."

While at Calabar, Told, sent on shore armed, "to enforce trade," saw a negro dressed in a thick silk grass net, as Mumbo Jumbo, flogging the women. This supposed demon threatened Told, who drew his hanger, resolving, if the rascal had not fled, to have cut off his head.

The admirers of Barry Cornwall's beautiful poem of "The Admiral" will be interested with a superstition of the sailors, related by Told as preceding the death of Captain Roach:

"Every day, in the course of his weakness in body, he made repeated efforts to reach the cabin windows, in order to receive the cooling air; and at whatever times he looked in the water, a devil-fish was regularly swimming at the stern of the ship. He did not appear to be a fish of prey, but his breadth from fin to fin was about twenty-eight feet, and in length about seven or eight, with a wide tail, and two ivory

horns in front. He followed the ship, to our best calculation, near one thousand eight hundred miles; nor was it remembered by any of the ship's crew that a fish of that nature had made its appearance in the course of any of their voyages. Perpetual attempts to destroy or catch this monster were made, by the fastening a thick rope round the body of a dead negro and casting him overboard, but it was ineffectual; the fish swam close under our stern, got his horns entangled in the rope, underran it to the end and then tossed his refused prey several yards above the water. When the captain died he forsook the ship, and we saw him no more."

Told's troubles were not over yet. Between Jamaica and Cuba they were boarded by Spanish pirates, and were instantly stripped and ordered for execution at eight o'clock the following morning, on the platform under Cape Nicholas. Told hid the captain's gold watch under the coals in the fore-castle, and, being ordered to surrender it, was followed down the fore-castle and stunned by a thievish Spanish sailor, who then stole the watch. This being told the Spanish commander, he instantly got back the watch, and let Told and his companions weigh anchor for England. But misfortunes were still waiting for them, as the devil-fish had waited for the captain. Three days after the pirates let them go out of their clutches, the sentinel one morning reported to the man at the helm fifty sail of ships on the lee bow. These ships, however, proved to be the teeth of a reef, and the next moment the unlucky vessel was on the rocks, irrecoverably lost. The long-boat was instantly lowered, but, being very leaky, she sank up to the gunwale, and spoiled all the bags of biscuit that had been saved. The men, however, erected an awning to keep off the insufferable heat, and began to explore the coast of the island in their yawl. It promised nothing but land-crabs and sea-fish. The captain then forced Told and three or four other sailors to swim to the wreck, two miles distant, to roll ashore some casks of fresh water. Told, who had seen in the harbour of St. Thomas three sharks divide a man between them, swam in great fear and dread, but nevertheless effected his return in safety. After three weeks spent in deplorable misery, the clouds of mosquitoes became so troublesome that Told and his companions, who were almost naked, had to bury themselves in the sand, even their hands and faces, only clearing at intervals their mouths and noses in order to breathe. On his return from a reconnoitring tour round the island, Told was ordered to put out to a sloop lying in the offing. When they came up to the vessel its crew presented loaded blunderbusses, and threatened to

fire on them and send the yawl to the bottom with a shot from a six-pounder, thinking they were pirates. Eventually the captain, however, became reassured, and sent his boats to save the rum, cotton, and pimento from the shattered vessel, aided by the canoe of some Virginian turtle fishermen. They then set sail for Boston, and in three weeks came in sight of the Gay Head of St. Matthias's Vineyard, as that curiously stratified headland is called by the Americans. The very night they came to anchor, the vessel drifted on the rocks during a storm, and was lost. Told swam naked to land, with four others, and getting a rope on shore, they saved the rest of their companions. The governor of the island, a rich man, with two thousand head of cattle and twenty thousand sheep, wished Told to marry one of his daughters; but Told declined, and crossed over to Sandwich, the nearest town on the mainland. Here and at Hanover the poor shipwrecked men were treated with the greatest kindness and hospitality. Told's brief notes upon Boston are eminently characteristic of the man. "We soon," he says, "entered Boston, a commodious, beautiful city, with seventeen spired meetings, the Dissenting religion being then established in that part of the world. I resided here for the space of four months, and lodged with Captain Seaborn, at Deacon Townsend's, by trade a blacksmith. Here I shall only make a few observations, touching the nature and disposition of the inhabitants of that city. Their behaviour is altogether amiable as peacemakers; and they are naturally blessed with humane inclinations, together with such strict order and economy as I never before observed; nor do I ever remember to have heard one oath uttered, or the name of the Lord mentioned, save upon a religious occasion, during the four months I tarried at that place."

Told, after this, went out to Antigua in the *Ann and Judith*, and then to Old Calabar, to buy slaves for the South Carolina planters. In 1733 he sailed in a corn-vessel for Genoa and Leghorn, with a captain who kept them beating to windward in the Channel for five weeks, during the whole of which time they had neither cooked provisions nor dry clothes. On his return home, off the Isle of Wight, poor Told, eager for home and rest, was seized (according to the cruel and arbitrary custom of those days), put on board a tender, and sent off to the *Phoenix* man-of-war. A religious captain on board this vessel gave new impulses to Told's natural bias. He began to hear voices and see visions. He gives a very naïve account of a supernatural cure from rheumatism which he was vouchsafed. "Early one morning," he says, "God undertook my

cause, and I began thus to reason with myself : 'The rheumatism ! What is it ?' and it was strongly suggested to me in a manner not unlike a clear voice, 'It is a violent cold.' I then, with great astonishment, asked, 'What is most proper as a remedy for the cold ?' I was answered as before, 'Spring water.' The reason of this I could not comprehend, and asked again, 'Why spring water ?' The answer to me (clear as a strong voice) was : 'Man was created out of the dust of the earth, and water springs out of the bowels of the earth, therefore it is the more adapted to his nature.' He tried the simple remedy suggested by his internal voice, and was, he says, instantly cured.

In 1734 Told married Mary Vorney, "a virtuous young woman," and was soon after sent in the *Grafton* (70 guns) to Lisbon, with our fleet, to protect the Brazilian squadron from the Spaniards. In 1736, after a narrow escape from the ever-ready rocks of Scilly, Told arrived in Chatham river, was paid off, and left the sea for ever.

He now resolved on leading a life according to his higher impulses. He was dissatisfied with the life of churchmen, yet could find no surer foothold. "It pleased God," he says, "to point me out, in a few months, a school at Stapleford Tauney, near Passingford Bridge, in the county of Essex, erected by a Lady Luther, who spared no pains in its building, and also bestowed many donations towards the support and maintenance thereof. My whole salary amounted to fourteen pounds per annum, ten pounds whereof was the neat salary from the school, two pounds from Lady Luther, and the like sum from Mr. Moot, a wealthy farmer, with as many day-scholars as I could acquire for my own account."

Lady Luther invited Told and the curate to dine with her three days in the week, and every other day (and this is a curious fact, as illustrating social history) in the servants' hall. The curate used frequently to invite Told, the school-master, to his lodgings to smoke a pipe, share a bottle of punch, and sing a sea-song. On rebuking the curate for these excesses, which preyed upon his conscience, the curate told him, to his (Told's) horror, that the Bible was a pack of false theology, on which Told at once renounced his friendship. Told was soon after this deprived of his appointment by the lord of the manor, because Told's boys had picked firewood on the land of a farmer of his, who had himself given him leave without the squire's consent.

Told returned to London, and turned clerk to a coal and timber merchant at the back of Beaufort Buildings, and after that book-keeper to a bricklayer in Watling Street. It was

at this crisis of his fortunes that what he considered his sudden conversion took place, and he became a disciple of Wesley. Of his earlier visions Told gives a curious and simple-hearted account.

"When I was about twelve years old," he says, "I was more profoundly acquainted with divine things, but not with myself as a sinner. Sitting one day in my order, and reading the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' I suddenly laid down the book, leaned my right elbow on my right knee, with my hand supporting my head, and meditated in the most solemn thought upon the awfulness of eternity. Suddenly I was struck with a hand on the top of my head, which affected my whole frame; the blow was immediately followed by a voice with these words: 'Dark! dark! dark!' and although it alarmed me prodigiously, yet upon the recovery from so sudden a motion, I found myself broad awake in a world of sin. Notwithstanding all my former happiness and bliss, I now found a dreadful difference." On another occasion, when bathing with some schoolfellows, he was all but drowned in a brook near Bristol, and, as he lay insensible, he had a vision of the heavenly city, and of the spirits of the just gliding over its crystal pavement.

In July, 1740, Told first went to Short's Gardens, and after that to the Foundry, to hear Mr. Wesley. Told was greatly prejudiced against the Methodists, believing that they listened to false prophets and cheats, who wanted to turn a penny, and that they assembled for bad purposes in cellars and dens. The meeting was soon after four o'clock in the morning, it being almost dangerous for them then to meet at all. The Foundry was a ruinous place, full of holes and corners, with an old pantile roof and a temporary pulpit built up of rotten timber. At one corner, among some old cronies, sat an old woman who kept her face covered with her apron the whole time. Every one's countenance bore an expression of profound seriousness. The sermon was on the suddenness of conversion. Told heard a voice say to him, "This is the truth." His soul seemed on fire, and he at once said to the friend who had brought him:

"As long as I live I will never part from Mr. Wesley."

The now zealous Methodist became next a clerk at a wharf at Wapping, but, at Mr. Wesley's wish, finally relinquished the employment to take charge of the school at the Foundry, of sixty boys and six girls. For this he had board and lodging, and ten shillings a week. He worked daily from five in the morning till five at night. In the seven years that he held this office Told educated two hundred and seventy-five boys, and sent them out to good trades.

In the year 1744, Wesley preached at the Foundry school on the text, "I was sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not." This sermon threw the morbidly conscientious man, for a time, into a state of hopeless terror, because he believed he had neglected a great Christian duty. Two or three days after, a message came to the school, asking for some one of Mr. Wesley's people to come to Newgate to see ten malefactors then under sentence of death, who had been "awakened," and wished some one with whom to pray. One of these men, named Lancaster, told him he had been converted that morning at five o'clock, and he should shortly be in Paradise. Two of the prisoners were respited, and these two were unconverted. Lancaster thanked God for having been sent to Newgate, and as his irons were being removed, he prayed till the sheriff shed tears. When the last man's irons fell off, Lancaster clapped his hands together, and cried out with joy, "Here comes another of our little flock."

A gentleman present said, with sympathy, "I think it is too great a flock for such an occasion;" but Lancaster replied, rejoicingly, "Oh no; there is room in heaven for us all."

Mr. Told gives a very terrible picture of the executions in those days. (Who does not remember the terrible Tyburn gibbet of Hogarth, with the hangman lolling on the top of it, smoking his pipe, and lazily waiting for the death-cart?)

"This," says Told, "was the first time of my visiting the malefactors at Newgate, and of my attendance upon them to the place of execution; and then it was not without much shame and fear, because I clearly perceived the greater part of the populace considered me as one of the sufferers. When we came to the fatal tree, Lancaster lifted up his eyes thereto, and said, 'Blessed be God,' then prayed extemporarily in a very excellent manner, and the others behaved with great discretion. John Lancaster had no friend who could procure for his body a proper interment; so that, when they had hung the usual space of time, and were cut down, the surgeon's mob secured the body of Lancaster, and carried it over to Paddington. There was a very crowded concourse, among whom were numberless gin and gingerbread vendors, accompanied by pickpockets of almost every denomination in London; in short, the whole scene resembled a noisy fair, rather than an awful execution."

Just after the bodies had been cut down, a party of sailors arrived, armed with truncheons, and inquired of one of the few remaining bystanders—an old woman who sold gin—where the surgeon's mob had taken Lancaster's body to.

They then went and demanded it, and carried it in procession round Islington and Shoreditch, and from there to Coverley's Gardens, where, getting tired of their work of philanthropy, they left the body, by common consent, on the step of the nearest door. This produced a riot, the noise of which brought the old woman of the house downstairs. To her horror she found the corpse was the body of her own son.

Silas Told seems to have done great good in Newgate, where he formed thirty-six felons and debtors into a religious society. It was in the midst of a season of great mental agony that Told saw the visions that finally completed his conversion. How extremes meet! They remind us vividly of the visions of St. Francis of Sales. The scene of the event was a secluded field between Ratcliffe Row and the Shepherd and Shepherdess, where the unhappy man had been wandering, wishing himself a cow or a dog, and hoping that some chance footpad would murder him.

"On a sudden," he says, "in the twinkling of an eye, a hand struck me a weighty blow on the top of my head, which in some measure affected my senses; but I instantly found myself crying with a loud voice, 'Praise God, praise God!' and, looking up, I beheld the ethereal universe, replete with the glory of God: and that glory of such substance and palpability, I thought I could have laid hold of it with my hand. This attended me for the space of a minute; but was succeeded by an uncommon thick darkness, through which a black dart, as if it was shot from the hill near Islington, pierced its way, and, with wonderful swiftness, entered my heart. I did not feel any pain thereby; but it was followed with these words, 'This is one of your old delusions.' As I looked up, the heavens were unclosed about a mile in length, as it appeared to my mortal eyes, and tapered away to a point at each end. The centre of this awful and sacred avenue was about twelve feet wide, wherein I saw the Lord Jesus standing in the form of a man, holding both his inestimably precious hands upright, and from the palms thereof the blood streaming down; floods of tears gushed from my eyes, and trickled down my cheeks. I said, 'Lord, it is enough!' nor have I once doubted since, but that I was freely justified at that time."

In 1767, Mr. Told visited the infamous Mrs. Brownrigg, then in Newgate under sentence of death for flogging to death her apprentice-girl, Mary Clifford, in Fleur de Lis Court, Fetter Lane. She had been a great hypocrite, and had acquired a reputation in Fetter Lane as a religious character. She said to Mr. Told:

"About ten years ago, when I had six small children about

mo, I walked closely in the ways of God, never being able to accuse myself of negligence or inattention, rising at five o'clock in the morning, and being at Bow churchyard, in Cheapside, at six o'clock prayers. Then, Mr. Told, I was very happy in my God, who manifested Himself to me, so that I walked steadfastly in the light of His blessed countenance for a considerable time. But, oh! unhappily for me, etc."

She also informed Mr. Told that she had a knife secreted about her when in the Poultry Compter, and had then studied how best to kill herself. She died, however, Mr. Told assures us, sincerely devout and penitent. He accompanied her to the gallows, where she was received by cheers and storms of curses, especially from the women, who filled the carts that were drawn up all down the Old Bailey. The cruel mob threw stones and dirt, and kept shouting:

"Pull her —— hat off, that we may see her —— face."

Told, one of the patriarchs of early Methodism, after a life of incessant usefulness, died in December, 1779, aged sixty-eight.

A GAMBLER'S LIFE IN THE "LAST CENTURY.

ON the 2nd of February, 1725, between nine and ten o'clock at night, three gentlemen, named Gower, Blunt, and Hawkins, left Will's coffee-house in Covent Garden, and went to the Castle Tavern in Drury Lane, with Major Oneby, a well-known gamester and duellist. There Mr. Rich, a friend of the three first-named gentlemen, joined them over their Burgundy. The landlord was obsequious and the drawers civil, for the wine was flowing fast. Some of the party had been to the playhouse together to see the new tragedy of *Hecuba*.

The gambling scene in the *Rake's Progress* shows us the sort of places that Major Oneby, the professional gamester, haunted. Gamblers were the curses of those days, the horror of wives and mothers, the dread of fathers. They were prayed against as men used to pray against the Plague and the Fire. The green cloth these men gambled upon soon led to the green fields of Tyburn and the leafless tree. Their cards were never without pin-marks on the backs, their dice never fell even. They were always in search of guileless country gentlemen, wild Templars, or reckless City men. They were the great lures to those wainscoted rooms strewn with cards, where men, crazed by their losses, raved unnoticed by the victorious players; while, beside the caged-in fires, moping wretches sat, heedless of the strong waters brought them by the boy of the house, and brooded over the night-ride to Hounslow or Bagshot that should either recoup them for ever, or undo them quite. Their tricks were the old tricks of centuries before—tricks founded on a deep knowledge of the chief passions and follies of human nature, and seldom found to fail—tricks old even in Holbein's time. In their gangs there was always a com-

ination of talent and of daring. The Guller was the old Jew miser who was ready to lend money to the defeated player when he became excited by the hope of recovering his losses; the Woodpecker was the parasite who hung round the novice and introduced him to the gang; the Eagle was the strong player who knew all the modes of secreting or forcing cards. They had flat-faced rings which reflected the cards that they drew; or they put their gull before a glass, which reflected his cards to an accomplice. Sometimes a bright-cut steel sword-hilt, laid over their left wrist, answered the same purpose as a mirror. Not unfrequently the Eagle took the form of the Deluder—a careless, handsome Gil Blas, who would drop in by accident and join the game, or stand behind the gull's chair and signal to his accomplices. Button his glove—that meant ace; play with his wig—strong in trumps; touch his solitaire buckle—weak in diamonds. Each finger implied a certain number, and was by turns a beacon or a false light. It was not unfrequent either to purposely spill wine on the table; and even that served to reflect the colour and value of otherwise hidden cards.

Major Oneby was neither the Eagle nor the Woodpecker. He had sunk into the lowest of all gamblers—the Bully. He was the blunt, frank old soldier who talked of Marlborough, by —, sir, and Prince Eugène. He had a gross humour of his own, and told infamous stories well, when he was neither quarrelsome nor dangerous. He roared and cursed for wine at Will's or the Mitre, struck the drawers, trod on people's hats, or kicked their swords as he passed to his seat. He was the terror of all quiet and timidly respectable men. He used to clap his sword on the table, and glance round defiantly at the company. He would howl out blasphemies—addressed to no one specially, but still amounting to a challenge to the fiercest or bravest man in the room. It was necessary to his reputation as a terrorist that he should kill a man now and then, and woe to the young Templar, vain of his fencing, who that night came in his way. He would volunteer to show the young country spendthrift the sights of the town. Some evening, after three or four flasks of wine, the Deluder pretends, with his own jovial laugh, to be tired of Booth and Quin, of Vauxhall and Ranelagh, of the Mall and the fencing-school, of the masquerade and the Park. Some people they meet by chance at Will's turn out very lively acquaintances, with a turn for faro or chicken hazard. They adjourn to a gambling-house, and set to work with the dice and the red and black pips. Mr. Littlebrain, the rich young gentleman from Somersetshire, at first wins surprisingly.

The gold tide sets in towards him. They call for more Burgundy. He insists on higher stakes, astonished to find how he is startling the old dice-shakers of Covent Garden. More Burgundy; the room seems to get lighter and larger; the dice fly out faster and faster. The tide at last turns, the gold floats from him in shoals. He has lost all he had won and five thousand guineas more, besides the large farm near Taunton. He has also signed some papers that a good-natured old lawyer present required as securities for the loan of another thousand, already half gone. Gradually the fumes of the wine subside, and one suspicious glance discloses to him the old lawyer changing a pack of cards which he (novice) had placed ready at his elbow. He sees a friend make signs to the benevolent lawyer. Then he feels into what a pack of wolves he has fallen. In a moment Littlebrain dashes over his chair, leaps on a settee, gets down his hat and sword from the peg behind the door, and shouts "Thieves!" from the window to the watch, who have just passed, crying, sleepily—

"Past four, and a rainy morning."

The gang is furious, their eyes glare, they prepare for a stampede. The gallant captain, whose red face, barred with black plasters, looks like a hot fire seen between the bars of a grate, sweeps two or three dozen guineas from the green cloth into his panniers of pockets. Then some one knocks out the lights, several swords clash with Littlebrain's, and one passes through his unlucky body. He staggers to the stairs, and falls headlong down them—dead. There is a dash at the watchmen, who threaten the gamblers with their staves. The old men, however, fall before the tempestuous charge, and the next moment there is no one in the gambling-house but two frightened women, an old watchman, who is holding the dim lantern to the dead man's face with one hand, and removing his watch and purse with the other; the only sound is the wind whistling through the keyhole. In such affairs, subtle, cruel, and deadly, Major Onoby has been no subordinate actor.

To return to our story. All went on at first merry and friendly. The flask went round, and the wit went with it. At last a wager is laid between Mr. Rich and Mr. Blount as to whether Mr. Mills did or did not act the other night the part of Julius Cæsar in Shakespeare's play. Both gentlemen are opinionated and heated, but one of the two is of course wrong, and Mr. Blunt loses. The flask-bottle being empty, Mr. Rich and the major call for a box and for dice. The drawer says they have dice but no box. Not much gambling

evidently goes on at the Castle Tavern. It is only the blunt, hearty major who seems to care much about the matter, but he is persistent, and his energy at last forces on the company to play.

"No dice-box?" he says. "Well then, drawer, bring the pepper-box."

Mr. Hawkins, knowing how gambling spoils good talk and a friendly evening, looks rather averse to the turn things are taking, and says—

"Let us play low."

Hawkins, after a trifling loss, refuses to play any more. The major turns round his gross, burly body at this, and glowers at him with his bloodshot eyes, affecting himself to be the promoter of all the amusements of the evening.

"Why do you come into company," he says angrily to Mr. Hawkins, "when you won't do as others do?"

Mr. Hawkins answers coldly, "Don't trouble yourself, sir, about me. I'll do as I please."

Mr. Rich, more sanguine and careless, called out:

"Who will set me three half-crowns?"

Mr. Gower jocularly drew some money from his pocket, and holding it in his closed hand on the table, said:

"I'll set ye three pieces."

He then lifted his hand, and they proved to be only three halfpence. The major, who was quite in earnest, and had very serious views of play, growing more vexed at the game being simply derided, fired up, and swore that Gower was an impertinent puppy to set the three half-pence.

Then Mr. Gower effervesced also, and cried—

"Sir, I am not afraid of ye, and he that calls me a puppy is a scoundrel."

Quick as the serpent light that rose in his eyes the major snatched up a bottle by the neck and swung it fiercely and swiftly at the head of Mr. Gower. The flask bottle, heavy with Burgundy, brushed Mr. Gower's wig and struck a cloud of white powder from it, but did no hurt. Mr. Gower, in return, coolly tossed a wine-glass at the major. Both at the same moment then pushed back their chairs and ran to their swords. Gower, nimbler and younger, jumped on the table and reached his from the peg first. Then stepping down he drew and stood on defence, but made no offer to lunge. In the mean time, Major Oneby also took down his sword and cane, which hung together, and there being a table and chair in his way, came fiercely round the table to do battle with Mr. Gower, but Mr. Rich stepped between them, and told the major, as he was drawing his sword—

"If you make a lunge, major, it must be through my body, and as I am unarmed, that will be wilful murder."

The duellists of those days knew well the legal boundaries between murder and homicide.

Mr. Gower then threw his sword by on a table, and they all sat down again.

"Come, major," said Mr. Gower, offering his hand frankly, "let us be reconciled. Words spoken in heat may be forgotten and forgiven."

But the major, driven from his booty, was inexorable. He growled—

"By —, you lie. I'll have your blood, by —." Then turning to Mr. Hawkins furiously, he said, "This is all along of you."

"Why, then," replied Mr. Hawkins, "if you have done with him and have anything to say to me, I am your man, and will see you out."

"No!" said the soured major, "I have another fellow to deal with first."

Mr. Blunt good-naturedly invited the whole company to dinner on the next day, hoping to prevent future mischief.

"No! I'll dine with none of ye," exclaimed Oneby.

"Are you angry, sir?" said Mr. Blunt. "Have you anything to say to me?"

"Or me?" said Mr. Hawkins.

"Or me?" said Mr. Rich.

No; he had nothing to say to any of them. This was between two and three in the morning.

At last some one rose and proposed to go. The major, who had continued a sort of sullen talk, threw his big rough rug-coat over his broad shoulders, and fastened one or two of the big buttons. These coats were useful to bullies in sword encounters, for they baffled thrusts and entangled blades. Mr. Hawkins came out first; Mr. Blunt and Rich followed; Mr. Gower was last. Mr. Hawkins asked John Barnes, the drawer, if his chair was ready, as it was raining. Being told that it was, he went out, the drawer unbarring the front door into Drury Lane for them. Just as Mr. Gower was following, Major Oneby, all the time in a smoulder, now broke out once more into full flame, and said to Gower—

"Hark ye, young gentleman, a word wi' ye."

Gower turned back; he and the major both re-entered the room, and Mr. Rich heard the door slammed savagely, and the bolt shot with the violence of rage. Then there was a loud rasping and clashing of swords, and heavy stamps on the floor. Death was locked in with them. Rich and Blunt,

hearing open war break out, called to the drawer to open the door. The door would not yield at first either at bolt or hinge, but by their united efforts the three at last forced it open and got in.

Too late, too late. Poor Gower had been disarmed and was already struck; Major Oneby, intent on death, guarded the door. He wanted to taste his revenge, and was delaying the *coup de grâce* as cats delay the death of the mouse they torture. His sword was pointing at his enemy. Gower, then, in the intensity of despair, closed with the gambler, rather as if he were falling forward against him through weakness, but still feebly intent on a mortal grapple, for he knew well he was in the hands of a professional assassin. The major clutched his shoulder with his left hand, but quitted him when the three men broke in, and Barnes, the drawer, cried—

“For God’s sake, what are you doing?”

As Mr. Rich held up his hand to part the two men, he felt the sting of a sword pricking through his coat. It was Major Oneby’s sword, but there seemed to be no intention in him to wound Mr. Rich. Almost at the same moment Mr. Blunt cried out that he was stabbed in the stomach, but in the excitement no one could decide whether it was done in mistake by Mr. Gower or in a rage by Major Oneby. Blunt’s wound was supposed to be mortal.

At this moment Mr. Hawkins returned—he who had at first scented out the major’s real character, and persuaded his friends not to play. He had been waiting out under a pent-house as it rained, and there was no chair near, nor any watchman to call one. Seeing none of the company come out, he concluded that there was either some mischief brewing, or another bottle of wine to be had, so he stepped back into the tavern. There he found a cluster of pale and horrified faces, sobered now, watching poor Gower, who was bleeding, and leaning half fainting over a chair. There was not twelve hours’ life in him. In another chair sat Mr. Blunt, moaning, and also apparently dying.

Mr. Shaw, a surgeon then in the house, came down and dressed the wounds of both men. Mr. Blunt proved to be dangerously hurt. Mr. Gower was languishing; his intestines appeared at the wound. A second rupture was also suspected. The major with the bloodshot eyes and the evil mouth stood by in his frowsy campaigning wig, his cruel hand on the tarnished hilt of his sword, swearing that the first glass had been flung by Mr. Gower, and that he (the major) had not only received the first affront, but had also been first drawn upon.

When the two wounded men had been sent home in sedan-chairs, Mr. Rich and Mr. Hawkins came out of the tavern with Major Oneby, slow pacing and melancholy. It had been an evil night, and the moon was rising over the roofs of a dull blood colour. Mr. Rich said to the major as they walked together—

“I am afraid you have killed Mr. Gower.”

To which the major replied confidently—

“No, I might have done it if I would, but I have only frightened him. Suppose I had killed him? I know what to do in these affairs; for if I had killed him to-night in the heat of passion, I should have had the law on my side; but if I had done it at any other time it would have looked like a set meeting and not a rencontre.”

The major was learned in duels, but he had forgotten the law for once. The presumption of law was, that if a considerable interval elapsed between a provocation and a fight, the renewal of the quarrel proved malice, and made the aggressor a murderer.

Mr. Rich knew this, and remembered that the major first began the quarrel in his vexation at the friends refusing to play at hazard after the second main; so he simply said—

“I advise you to make off, for fear of the worst.”

The frightened waiter, when the dangerous company left the Castle Tavern, went peering about the room with a light. There were several small pools of blood, especially close to the wainscot and behind the flap of the great oval table where Rich had found Gower's sword stained with blood for five inches from the point.

The next evening a mysterious letter was brought to Mr. Burdet, a surgeon near Red Lion Square, by a man in a coach, desiring him to come and see Major Oneby at the house of a Mr. Gardiner in Dean Street, where he was concealing himself, having been wounded in a rencontre. The major had one wound an inch and a half long below his knee and one on his flank; two of his fingers were cut in the first joints; there were several holes and cuts in his clothes; but there was an unreal air about the wounds which made the surgeon feel suspicious, for they were none of them a quarter of an inch deep, and the thrust below the knee was only a graze.

That same day Mr. Gower slowly sank and died. Mr. Rich, bending over him, asked him, just before the change for death came on, “if he had received his wound fairly?” He answered faintly, with great effort—

“I think I did—but—I don't know—what might have happened—if you—had not—come in.” It is probable that

A GAMBLER'S LIFE IN THE LAST CENTURY. 23

Major Oneby, having disarmed the young fellow, would have stabbed him mercilessly till he had killed him on the spot.

The major was tried at the Old Bailey in March of the same year. He pleaded that he had not first called for the box and dice, and that Mr. Gower threw the glass and drew first; but the court decided that it was clear the prisoner gave the first provocation, and it was not denied that he killed the deceased. If there had been no reconciliation from the time the bottle was thrown to the time the last thrust was made, it was murder.

The jury agreed upon a special verdict. The counsel on both sides then drew up their points of the evidence for the consideration of the judges. The major, who had entertained great hopes of getting off for "manslaughter," rather struck silent by this delay, was remanded to Newgate, where he spent a whole year comfortably, without irons, and in the best room of the prison. Finding that no steps had been taken by the prosecutor to bring on the case, he now considered that the enemy had no hopes, and moved to have the case tried in the King's Bench. The case was tried in February, 1726. Lord Chief Justice Raymond, however, again adjourned the case.

On his way back to Newgate, the gallant officer was boisterous, jovial, hopeful, and exulting. He stopped and dined at the King's Arms Tavern in the Strand. He was sure, he boasted, that the special verdict would be in his favour, and he should have nothing to do but to return to the army and repair the loss of the trial by plundering the enemy. Men of this kind always trade on their former positions and their days of innocence.

On the 6th of May, 1727, the judges met at Serjeants' Inn, if possible to end the case. Meanwhile the major's not very honourable antecedents had been found out and considered. John Oneby, aged fifty-three, was the son of a respectable and successful lawyer at Barwell, in Leicestershire. The boy had been well educated, and served his clerkship with a man eminent in the profession; but young Oneby was proud and ambitious; he aimed at higher things than clerkships, and chafed at the restrictions of the office. Sir Nathan Wright, the lord-keeper, being a near relation of his mother, application was made to him to push the fortunes of his young kinsman, but all he could or would give him was the humble place of a train-bearer. Oneby brooked this for some time, hoping for a better prize; but finding none come, he threw down the keeper's train with disgust, and resolved to join the army abroad. His friends soon procured him a commission,

and he served under Marlborough in Flanders. The new career suited his turbulent spirit, and he acquired the reputation of a useful and brave officer, having fought in several battles and sieges, and received several wounds. The dark side of his nature soon began to show itself. He became quarrelsome and revengeful. He had a duel at Bruges, outside the camp, with an officer of horse, and his wounded antagonist died the next day. A court-martial was held, but the duel having been considered fair, Oneby was honourably acquitted, and was now known among "people of honour" as a duellist that had killed his man. He afterwards fought a Lieutenant Tooley at Port Royal, in Jamaica. „Both combatants were desperately wounded, but Tooley lingered for eight months before he died. Oneby was never brought to trial. By seniority Oneby had risen, after twenty-two years' hard service, to the rank of major in Honeywood's regiment of dragoons; but the peace of Utrecht coming, the major had to seek other roads to fortune, and Mercury soon found him one covered with green cloth.

The major had still one virtue left. He had courage. While the judges at Serjeants' Inn were deciding on his fate, he made extremely merry, and kept high revel in Newgate over smoking punch, drinking the healths of his judges, who he boasted knew him to be a man of honour, and were resolved not to hurt him. In the midst of his tipsy songs a good-natured friend, whom he had known over the green cloth, entered with a grisly oath, and swore that eleven of the twelve judges had decided to bring it in WILFUL MURDER. This struck down the hopes of the roystering major as with a poleaxe. To use his own confession, "It frightened him cursedly." To lower him still more, and to hang, as it were, his whole mind with black, two or three men he had sent to watch and listen round Serjeants' Inn did not return that night to the ark, and this made his fears rise up like a swelling sea. The fact was, that the judges, having heard counsel on both sides, had broken up about ten at night without declaring their final opinion. No one, therefore, could speak with certainty; but from small things that leaked out through the lawyers' clerks and porters, it was generally thought that the major would be shortly cast for murder.

Oneby, now shaking off his drunkenness, felt the ground sinking under him; he called over the roll of his few respectable friends before taking the last desperate step of throwing himself on the king's mercy; clinging, however, still to the smallest hopes; as a man, finding a bush on the cliff-side fail him as he climbs, snatches at even a flower or a blade of

grass. The wretched man flattered himself that the judges might determine in his favour, till one day the cell door opened, and the keeper of Newgate entered, followed by a beetle-browed jailer carrying a pile of heavy chains. The order had come that the major was to be double ironed. He was to have a man placed in his room every night. The sense of having once been a gentleman now returned vividly to his mind; he appeared much shocked, and was eager to know whether any secret order of the judges had arrived, or whether it arose from some false information of his desire to escape. He hoped the latter; but the keeper refused to satisfy him, and ordered the jailer to at once put on the irons. The rascal's heart gave way at this degradation, and he burst into tears.

The person appointed to watch in the major's room was a man named John Hooper, afterwards the public executioner, an honest and faithful fellow, who obtained his promotion "by pure merit and without bribes," as a contemporaneous paper says applaudingly. The major expressed at first great horror at his hard, malign face.

"What the d—," he said, in his old blustering way, "do you bring this fellow here for? Whenever I look at him I shall think of hanging." But he soon grew reconciled when he found Hooper was a mimic, and a teller of ribald stories, who could imitate the itinerant Methodists, and joke, and describe all the humours of the prison and the half-wild beasts that inhabited it.

Three weeks more of this cruel suspense and wavering justice, and the gamester was brought up to the King's Bench bar to receive the judgment of the court. Lord Chief Justice Raymond told him that the judges had unanimously found him guilty of wilful murder, and recapitulated to him their reasons. The prisoner prayed to be recommended to his Majesty's clemency for his long and faithful services in the army. The judges turned stony faces upon the miserable man. As to mercy, he must, they said, apply for that elsewhere; where he stood now was only a court of justice. Formal sentence of death was then, at last, passed upon him, and his execution ordered for the 4th of July.

He had exhausted his London friends; he must now go himself, like the prodigal son returning from a far country, and sue to his Leicestershire friends. He wrote abjectly to them, begging their pardon for past follies, and entreating them to come up and help him. Some did relent; but the major's old haughtiness resisted all rebukes, and one relation left Newgate and instantly posted home. One cousin only

continued with him faithfully, from real pity, till his death. That one lingering friend, perhaps, proved that there was still some redeeming point left in the bad man. The major had boasted largely of the noblemen he had known in Flanders, and met at gaming-tables: but his friends, on inquiring, found no one, not one, who would speak for him, or even deliver his petition.

Flesh flies live on corruption. Grub Street had unanimously resolved to turn a penny by the major. About a week before his death, a street pamphlet was published, entitled "The Weight of Blood: being the Case of Major John Onoby." It was a catch-penny, containing merely the trial from the Sessions paper, part of a sermon upon duels by a Mr. Hales of Eton, and Sir Richard Steele's Theatre, No. 26, on the same subject. By the pamphleteer himself there were only three or four short paragraphs. The remarks that especially affronted the major were these—

" . . . But as to Onoby, 'tis greatly to be feared that as he has lived a profligate he will die a reprobate, having declared since his conviction that neither his confinement nor his crime ever gave him so much uneasiness as his 'cursed garters' (as he is pleased to call his fetters). After sentence was pronounced, this bravo showed outward marks of a very great internal shock."

The ragged garretteer who wrote this street chap-book had actually the boundless impudence to visit the major in Newgate, to inform him, as a friend, that such a work was in the press, and to suggest that, as it might retard or prevent a reprieve, the author had better be bought off. In case the major could not be squeezed, and refused to become a milch cow, the eminent author probably thought he might, in that case, at least collect from the turnkeys or his own observation some facts to heighten the seasoning of his work. No money was, however, to be drawn, and the worthy descendant of Curll left. When the major read the book, and discovered that the author and his visitor were one and the same, he flew into a stormy rage, and cursed and swore even in the presence of the ordinary. He then tried several stratagems to decoy the poor author again into Newgate; but the eminent author was shy, and Onoby's efforts proved ineffectual. It preyed upon him, however; and only three days before his death he said he desired but one thing in the world, and that was to have the satisfaction of taking leave of that rascally fellow with a sound whip: so sensitive can a scoundrel be to a form of scoundrelism to which he is unaccustomed!

Soon after this, the doomed man's violent and inflammable

temper had another trial from a selfish and ungrateful world. An obsequious undertaker came one morning into the press-yard at Newgate, and sent in the following letter—

“Honoured Sir.—This is to inform you that I follow the business of an undertaker in Drury Lane, where I have lived many years, and am well known to several of your friends. As you are to die on Monday, and have not, as I suppose, spoke to anybody else about your funeral, if your honour shall think fit to give me orders, I will perform it as cheap and in as decent a manner as any man alive.

“Your honour’s unknown humble servant,
“G. H.”

The burst of rage into which the major broke reached the undertaker in the press-yard, and he fled in dismay. He still continued to write letters to persons of distinction he had seen or spoken to when in the army, to intercede for him; but all in vain. On the Saturday he learnt that his petition had been presented and refused. He was gloomy, but obdurate; he showed no fear, and expressed no sorrow. The noise of the Saturday night’s market rose round Newgate; the flare of the hucksters’ lanterns and grease-pans glared into the condemned cells. The major went to bed about ten, as usual. At four on the Sunday morning, about daybreak, when all was still, the condemned man woke up the turnkey, Hooper, who was in his room, and called for a glass of brandy and water. The old drunkard’s thirst was on him, and he seemed low and depressed. He then raised himself in his heavy-curtained bed, and, getting pen and ink, wrote out his last will and testament; for the noose, ready knotted, was already lying in steep for him in the press-room, and the hangman was perhaps at that very moment dreaming of his fees and of the coming job. He wrote his will; it was brief enough; he had nothing to leave but his frayed, wine-splashed, cut coat, his tarnished sword, some false dice, and a pack of prepared cards:—

“Cousin Turvill, give Mr. Ackerman, the turnkey below-stairs, half a guinea; and Jack, who waits in my room, five shillings. The poor devils have had a great deal of trouble with me since I have been here.”

The major only requested Jack and his watchers to go outside and be silent, as he wanted to compose himself against the coming of his friends. He drew his curtains carefully, and the men fell asleep again. The silence was unbroken till about seven, when his footmen entered the room to call him. The major called out faintly, as if half asleep—

"Who is that? Philip?"

Soon after, a visitor (probably Cousin Turvill, almost his only friend) came in, and, going to his bedside, called several times, "Major! Major!" but getting no answer, he at last drew back the dingy curtains. The bed was streaming with blood; it lay everywhere in coagulated pools on the counterpane. The wretched man was dying. He had balked the hangman of his fees. A surgeon was sent for; Hooper ran like a madman for him. Philip staunched a deep gash in the wrist, which the desperate man had cut with the penknife which had mended the pen with which he had made his will. It was too late. The Major was gone.

SARAH MALCOLM.

IN one of the snug compartments, tapestried with pictures, of the Historical Portrait Exhibition opened a few years ago at South Kensington, the visitor came suddenly upon a woman's face that at once fascinated and repelled him. There was a hard shamelessness about the full rounded forehead; the eyes were steely and fixed like those of a bird of prey, the thin compressed lips were stern and cruel. Mr. Tom Taylor, that admirable art-critic, says the face has something of a Lady Macbeth expression, and so it has—it is Lady Macbeth as she would have been in common life. The forbidding woman wears, if we remember right, a low-cut gown, and her bosom is covered with the modest and simple muslin tucker of that time; she sits bare-armed at a table, and her hands are pressed together in a peculiar way, expressing a stubborn, unrepentant resolution. That woman is Sarah Malcolm; she is in the condemned cell. The picture was painted by Hogarth when he was about thirty-five, perhaps the very day that he went to Newgate to watch through the spiked hatch for a typical face for his *Idle Apprentice*.

On Thursday, the 2nd of February, 1733, a certain Mrs. Francis Rhymer went to call upon Mrs. Lydia Duncomb, an old widow with some property, who lived with her two servants, Elizabeth Harrison, an old maid, her companion, and Ann Price, a girl of about seventeen, in Tanfield Court, a mere passage still existing in the Temple.

Tanfield Court is a little dark bin with the roof off. The older part of the Temple, to a lively imagination, is not very unlike the shaft of a mine, lawyers honeycombing its sides with their square dens. It is not a cheerful place; but it does to store parchments in, and to secrete Chancery papers and calf-bound law-books. Being dark, it is not so easy to

see when a lawyer blushes or refuses a poor person's fee there as it would be in sunnier and brighter places. To a rich old laundress or a lawyer's widow habit might, however, render its sordid and dismal dimness bearable. Past happiness consecrates the shadiest places, and perhaps to Mrs. Lydia Duncomb, Tanfield Court was a dear old spot, not to be left without almost a tearing up of the heart-strings.

Mrs. Rhymer had known Mrs. Duncomb for thirty long years of joy and sorrow. She had come there to take tea and chat and discuss business, for the old lady had appointed her executrix, and there were papers to look over. For the last three or four years Mrs. Duncomb had become very infirm, and her memory had decayed; so Mrs. Rhymer received her money for her, and took care of it. When Mrs. Betty and Nanny are gone into the second room, leaving the old bare wainscoted apartment, in which the bed rises up like a great curtained catafalque, and the high-backed chairs throw long black slanting shadows on the walls, and even the quaint fire-irons have ghostly distorted doubles of their own under the scant candlelight, there is an overhauling of Mrs. Duncomb's strong black box. The old lady, sitting propped up by the fireside, asks if Mrs. Rhymer has got the key, for she wants a little money—about a guinea. The box by the bedside is then solemnly opened by Mrs. Rhymer, who kneels to open it. There is at the top a silver tankard, one of the last relics of Mrs. Duncomb's husband; and in this tankard is a hundred pounds; also a bag with twenty guineas or so in it.

Mrs. Rhymer takes the bag to the fireside, and puts a guinea into the old lady's weak and trembling hand. There are also in the box six little parcels sealed with black wax—money (two or three guineas in each) put by for special uses, after her death; for the old widow knows that, before long, two men in black must stand sentinels in Tanfield Court, and a certain long black vehicle wait for somebody, some morning, outside the Temple gate. The old lady, faltering, repeats the purpose for which each is set apart—twenty guineas for her burial, eighteen moidores for any extraordinary charges, and the thirty or forty shillings in a green purse to be given to certain poor people. It is not a pleasant or cheerful thing to have to talk of such matters. But Mrs. Duncomb is anxious for all things at her decease to be done kindly, decorously, and respectably. With occasional lapses of memory and pauses when she is tired, she arranges the whole to her wish. The black box is then again closed, and kind, sensible Mrs. Rhymer takes her leave.

That is on the Thursday. On the Friday, Mrs. Oliphant, a

laundress, calls on Mrs. Duncomb about eight o'clock, and finds her very weak, nervous, and low. Mrs. Love, an old friend, is sitting with her. She tells Mrs. Oliphant and Mrs. Love, the latter of whom is coming to dine with Mrs. Duncomb on Sunday evening, that she is sorry Mrs. Oliphant's master, Mr. Grisly, whose chambers are opposite, has gone, and has left his keys with Mr. Twysden, to let the room, because it seems so lonesome. Mrs. Betty, the old servant, is sitting at the fire in rather a moping way too, and with her sits a good-looking yet somewhat hard and malign charwoman named Malcolm, who before Christmas worked for Mrs. Duncomb, and who has come to ask after the health of her old mistress. Her eyes turn often to the black box, and then glance to the fire and stare at the red coals, and remain fixed in a sullen thoughtful way. Mrs. Betty, who is ill, says ruefully to Mrs. Oliphant:—

“My mistress talks of dying, and would have me die with her.”

This sort of conversation is not invigorating in a dimly-lighted wainscoted room on a cold complaining February night; so after vainly trying to cheer up the two old invalids, whose minds seem to run sympathetically on the same painful subject, Mrs. Oliphant gets up to go. The silent, thin-lipped charwoman rises too, with one last clinging look at the mysterious black box and the lock of the door; and says to Mrs. Oliphant—

“I will go down with you.”

The two visitors go down together at a little before eight, part in Tanfield Court, and are received outside the Temple doorway, two human atoms, into the great ocean of life that flows along Fleet Street ceaselessly from dark to dark.

On Sunday morning, Mr. Gehagan, a young Irish barrister who has chambers on the third floor, over the Alienation Office, in Tanfield Court, opposite a set occupied by a friend of his named Kerrel, talks to his laundress, that same young woman whom we saw at Mrs. Duncomb's, and who comes about nine o'clock to do up the rooms and light the fire. A few moments afterwards Kerrel goes across to his friend Gehagan's bedside, and says, jokingly, alluding to a last night's tavern debate: “You were a good advocate for me last night, and I will give you a breakfast.”

He then sends Sarah with a shilling to buy some tea; she returns, makes it, and stays till the horn blows (according to a quaint custom then prevalent in the Temple) for commons. After commons, the two friends stroll out together for a walk in the river-side gardens immortalised by Shakespeare.

Exactly at one on that Sunday, Mrs. Love, neat and trim as a Quaker, comes to dine in Tanfield Court. She is very punctual: it is exactly one o'clock by the great dials, and the St. Dunstan giants have just done their lightest work, and struck out with their clubs, ONE—sharp, clear, and loud. Mrs. Love shuffles across the paved court, and at last reaches the special door with the name Lydia Duncomb in black on the door-post. No savoury smell of dinner greets her. She ascends the old dusty ink-splashed stairs;—one flight—that is Mr. Knight's door. Silent, all out for the Sunday; second flight, she rests; third flight, here is the landing at last, and welcome enough to her poor old knees. There's Mr. Grisly's name still over his door—he is going to leave; and facing it, again, the well-known name Mrs. Lydia Duncomb.

It is singular, though, as they cannot all have gone to church, that Mrs. Duncomb's outer door is shut—an accident, no doubt. Mrs. Love knocks with the confidence of a punctual visitor, true to the dinner hour. No answer! It is very silent and lonesome there at the top of the house, on the cold landing opposite Mr. Grisly's unoccupied chambers. A chill creeping of the blood comes over Mrs. Love. Five, ten, fifteen minutes' more knocking. No answer. Something must be the matter. Nanny must be out, and Mrs. Betty ill in bed, too, infirm to come to the door, and too weak to call out loud enough to be heard. Down the three flights at last trots Mrs. Love, to see if she can find anybody who has seen any one of the family that morning. In the court whom should she meet but Mrs. Oliphant, and she asks her at once.

"No," said Mrs. Oliphant, "I have seen none of them; you'd better knock louder."

Up again goes Mrs. Love, feeling sure that they will now be stirring. Still all silent up the great stairs. She knocks again, nervously fast, till the whole staircase re-echoes, and from every empty room there seem to come voices—shadowy faint voices—but no articulate answer. She waits. No answer. Mrs. Betty must have died in the night. Mrs. Duncomb is confined to her bed. Nanny is gone to tell her sister, and get a woman to lay out the body. Such is the theory Mrs. Love spins in a moment, and takes comfort, albeit somewhat vexed about dinner. Again she toddles downstairs and goes to Mrs. Rhymer, and tells her; then they both return, nervously anxious, and try to push the door open. But it will not open, and still—still—there is no answer from within. Then Mrs. Love goes to a lattice window—the window of the passage looking out into the court—to see if any one can be got to help. Yes; there at "my Lord Bishop of Bangor's

door" stands the charwoman whom she had met at Mrs. Duncomb's only on Friday night. Mrs. Love calls her up, and says to her—

"Sarah, prithee go and fetch a smith to open Mrs. Duncomb's door."

Sarah says she will go with all speed. She goes, but returns without a smith—can't find one at home. It is Sunday. Mrs. Oliphant comes with her.

Mrs. Love is by this time fevered with fear. "Oh, Mrs. Oliphant," she says, "I believe they are all dead, and the smith is not come! What shall we do?"

"Mrs. Oliphant, who is younger than the other two, replies: 'My master Mr. Grisly's chambers are opposite; they have been vacant since Tuesday. Mr. Twysden left me the key of the back room. Now let me see if I cannot get out of his chamber window into the gutter, and so into Mrs. Duncomb's apartment.'"

They beg her to do so. She opens the empty dusty rooms; they have that strange "uncanny" look that deserted rooms suddenly opened always have, as if some mysterious skulking spirit had just left them as they were entered. Mrs. Oliphant squeezes through the window and gets out upon the leads; the next moment they hear a pane of glass snap; it is Mrs. Duncomb's casement; Mrs. Oliphant is breaking it, in order to get at the handle. A noise; she is heard moving the table and getting in; then, one cry of horror, a long thrilling shriek, and she dashes open the outer door, and cries—

"Gracious God! Oh, gracious God! They're all murdered!"

Mrs. Love, Mrs. Rhymer, and Mrs. Oliphant, pale, frightened, and horror-stricken, and Sarah Malcolm, are in a moment ringing their hands and leaning half paralysed with fear over the beds where the three murdered people lie; two tangled, the third (poor little Nanny) wallowing in blood. What the motive? That is too palpable; there is the black strong box, the lid broken open, no sealed-up money, no inkstand, nothing left in it but a few scattered papers. Sarah Malcolm is loud in her expressions of horror; but yet she is colder than the rest, and suggests various ways by which the murderers could have entered the room—down the large kitchen chimney, or by picking the weak lock of Mr. Grisly's chambers. She particularly draws the old women's attention to the fact that the spring-lock of the outer door was shut when they entered, so the wretches could not have escaped that way. In a few moments a crowd pours in—young employers, porters, watchmen, lawyers, laundresses. They

make way for Mr. Bigg, a surgeon, who has been sent for by Fairlow, the Temple porter, from the Rainbow Coffee-house, to see the bodies. In the passage was Nanny Price, lying in bed, with her hair loose and straggling over her eyes; her crimson hands clenched with the intense despair of the dying pang. She had struggled hard for her life. In the next room, the dining-room, on a press-bed, lay Mrs. Betty partially dressed—for she usually kept her gown on for warmth. She had been strangled either by an apron-string or a pack-thread, which had cut very deep into her neck. There were also the red marks of knuckles on it. In the bedroom, across her bed, lay the poor old lady who had so long anticipated her fate. There was a faint crease about her neck, but very faint. She was so old and weak, that the mere pressure of the murderer's body had, perhaps, killed her. In the mean time, Fairlow, the porter, had proved by experiments with a string, that a person outside, when the door was shut, could close the bolt on the inside.

It is at this very moment that the two friends, Kerrel and Gehagan, entering Tanfield Court, find it blocked with dismayed people, pale, excited, and in a whispering fermentation round a doorway crowded with constables, Templars, and porters. Gehagan, seeing a person he knew, asks him what is the matter? He tells them that old Mrs. Duncomb and her two servants have been murdered. Gehagan instantly says to Kerrel—

"This Mrs. Duncomb was your Sarah's acquaintance." They then go to a coffee-house in Covent Garden, where, amidst ordinary current talk about Macklin and Quin, a gentleman alludes to the murder, and says he should certainly suspect some laundress who must have known the chambers, and how to get in and out. At eight o'clock, the two Templars go to the Horse Shoe and Magpie, in Essex Street, and stay there carousing till one o'clock in the morning, forgetting the horror of the recent event over a considerable quantity of wine. They then return to the Temple. To their surprise and almost alarm, they find Kerrel's door open, a fire burning in the room, and a candle on the table. By the fire, at this strange hour, stands the woman with the stern face and the pale pinched lips; she has a blue riding hood on. It is Sarah Malcolm again.

Kerrel says to her: "Sarah, this Mrs. Duncomb was one of your acquaintance; have you heard of anybody being taken up for the murder?"

Sarah replied: "One Mr. Knight, who had chambers under her, has been absent two or three days, and he is suspected."

Mr. Kerrel frowns as he says: "Nobody that was acquainted with Mrs. Duncomb shall be here till the murderer is found out, therefore look up your things and get away."

His suspicions have been aroused by finding her there at that hour, and he asks Gehagan to go down and call up the watch. Gehagan runs down, but there being a double door to the Alienation Office, he cannot get the doors open, and goes up and tells Kerrel so, who goes down and brings back with him two watchmen. Sarah Malcolm is in the bedroom turning over in the drawers some linen, which she says is her own. Kerrel goes into his closet suspiciously, and finding some waistcoats gone from a portmanteau, asks Sarah where they are? She asks to speak a word with him in private; but he says—

"No, I have no business with you that need be made a secret of."

She then owns she has pawned the waistcoats for two guineas, with Mr. Williams, of Drury Lane, and begs him not to be angry. Kerrel says, "Why did you not ask me for money?" He says he could freely forgive her for pawning the waistcoats; but he suspects she was concerned in the murder, because he had heard her talk of Mrs. Lydia Duncomb. A pair of earrings in the middle drawer Sarah Malcolm owns, and puts in her bosom. Kerrel then kicks a suspicious bundle which he sees in the closet, and asks what that is? Sarah says it is dirty linen, which she does not wish seen, wrapped up in an old gown. Kerrel, searching further, and missing other things, says to the watch—

"Watch, take care of her, and do not let her go."

When she is led down, Kerrel, now alarmed, looks under his bed and sees another bundle. In another place, some blood-stained linen and a silver pint tankard with dry blood upon the handle, are concealed.

The two friends then go down, call "Watch!" loudly, and ask where the woman is? It is a boisterous night; the angry howling wind is tearing through the Temple archways, and screeching round corners as if running for its life.

The two watchmen, Hughes and Mastroter, sluggish old men in cumbrous belted great-coats, shuffle up with their staves and lanterns to Tanfield Court, and tell the excited man that they have let the woman go, as nothing had been found on her, and she had not been charged before a constable. She had gone out of the court, and then returned, saying it was late, that she lived in Shoreditch, and therefore she had rather sit up all night in the watch-house than go home. "No," said one of the men, "you shall not sit up in the watch-

house; therefore go about your business, and be here again at ten o'clock." She promised to come, and then went away.

"You dogs!" said Kerrel. "Go and find her again, or I'll send you to Newgate."

The men went, and found her sitting between two watchmen at the Temple gate. To get her along the more easily, Hughes told her that Mr. Kerrel wanted to speak to her, and that he was not so angry as he had been.

The two watchmen and Sarah Malcolm meet the two friends carrying the tankard and the linen, which they hold to the lantern-light. Gehagan is furious, and flies into a storm of accusation.

Then he shows her the tankard, and she rubs at the handle with her apron.

"No," shouts Gehagan, "you shan't wipe it off."

Sarah Malcolm says—

"It is my tankard. I have had it five years; my mother gave it me, and I took the waistcoats to raise thirty shillings to get it out of pawn. I pricked my finger, that was how the blood came."

They drag the miserable woman into the watchman's box; the two bundles of linen lie there where the two friends had thrown them. The watchmen find in the woman's bosom a green silk purse containing twenty-one guineas. Sarah Malcolm says she found the purse in the street, and it looks clean because she has since washed it. The linen in the bundle is stained with blood. The tankard, marked "O.D.," was Mrs. Duncomb's tankard, and at once identified. The green purse Mrs. Rhymer would not swear to. A friend of Mrs. Duncomb's recognised the linen found in Mr. Kerrel's drawer as darned in Mrs. Duncomb's manner. It had been stored in the strong box with the money and tankard.

Young as she was, Sarah Malcolm had already a damaged reputation, for her friends were thieves of the lowest kind. She was the daughter of a Durham man who had held a small public situation in Dublin, who then came to London; but at his wife's death, returned to Ireland, leaving his daughter, a sprightly and well-educated girl, servant at the Black Horse alehouse, where she had formed a fatal acquaintance with a dissolute woman named Mary Tracey, and two thieves named Alexander, whom she now accused of the murder, owning herself to a share in the robbery only. The Newgate turnkeys knew her at once, for she had been often to the prison to see an Irish thief who had been convicted for stealing the pack of a Scotch pedlar.

The lost woman at her trial was quick and fierce in her

quibbling questions, and she denounced the witnesses who could remember this and that, and yet could not remember the colour of her dress nor the exact number of moidores lost. But the proofs of her guilt were palpable, and one of the turnkeys of Newgate proved the discovery of the stolen money. His evidence is curious, and we give it verbatim, because it abounds with singular details that serve to show the disgraceful and disorderly state of our London prisons in Hogarth's time.

Roger Johnson, a jailer, deposed that the prisoner saw a room where the debtors were, and asked if she might not be in that room? "I told her it would cost her a guinea, and she did not look like one that could pay so much. She said if it was two or three guineas, she could send for a friend that would raise the money. Then she went into the tap-house among the felons, and talked very freely with them. I called for a link and took her up into another room, where there was none but she and I. "Child," says I, "there is reason to suspect that you are guilty of this murder, and therefore I have orders to search you" (though indeed I had no such orders). Feeling under her arms, she started and threw back her head. I clapped my hand to her head, and felt something hard in her hair, and pulling off her cap, I found this bag of money. I asked her how she came by it, and she said it was some of Mrs. Duncomb's money. "But Mr. Johnson," says she, "I'll make you a present of it, if you will keep it to yourself, and let nobody know anything of the matter; for the other things against me are nothing but circumstances, and I shall come off well enough; and therefore I only desire you to let me have threepence or sixpence a day till the sessions is over, then I shall be at liberty to shift for myself." I told the money over, and, to the best of my knowledge, there was twenty moidores, eighteen guineas, five broad pieces—I think one was a twenty-five-shilling piece, and the others twenty-three-shilling pieces—a half broad piece, five crowns, and two or three shillings. I sealed them up in the bag, and here they are.

Court: How did she say she came by the money?

Johnson: She said she took this money and this bag from Mrs. Duncomb, and begged me to keep it secret. "My dear," said I, "I would not secrete the money for the world." She told me, too, that she had hired three men to swear the tankard was her grandmother's, but could not depend upon them; that the name of one was William Denny, another was Smith, and I have forgot the third. After I had taken the money away, she put a piece of mattress in her hair, that it

might appear of the same bulk as before. Then I locked her up, and sent to Mr. Alstone, and told him the story. "And," says I, "do you stand in a dark place to be witness of what she says, and I'll go and examine her again."

Prisoner: I tied my handkerchief over my head to hide the money, but Buck, happening to see my hair fall down, he told Johnson, upon which Johnson came to me and said, "I find the cole's planted in your hair; let me keep it for you, and let Buck know nothing of it." So I gave Johnson five broad pieces and twenty-two guineas, not gratis, but only to keep for me, for I expected it to be returned when sessions was over. As to the money, I never said I took it from Mrs. Duncomb; but he asked what they had to rap against me. I told him only a tankard; he asked me if that was Mrs. Duncomb's, and I said yes.

Court: Johnson, were those her words: "This is the money and bag that I took?"

Johnson: Yes; and she desired me to make away with the bag.

Mr. Alstone, another officer of the prison, deposed to telling Johnson to get the bag from the prisoner, as it might have some mark upon it. Johnson then called her, and, while Alstone stood by watching from a dark corner, Sarah Malcolm gave him the bag and told him to burn it. She told him (Alstone) that part of the money found on her was Mrs. Duncomb's.

The prisoner made her own defence with hypocritical frankness, but tried hard to drag three innocent people with her to the gibbet. She said—

"I freely own that my crimes deserve death; I own that I was accessory to the robbery, but I was innocent of the murder, and will give an account of the whole affair.

"I lived with Mrs. Lydia Duncomb about three months before she was murdered; the robbery was contrived by Mary Tracey, who is now in confinement, and myself, my own vicious inclinations agreeing with hers. We likewise proposed to rob Mr. Oakes, in Thames Street; she came to me at my master's, Mr. Kerrel's chambers, on the Sunday before the murder was committed; he not being then at home, we talked about robbing Mrs. Duncomb; I told her I could not pretend to do it by myself, for I should be found out. 'No,' says she, 'there are the two Alexanders (Thomas and James) will help us.' Next day I had seventeen pounds sent me out of the country, which I left in Mr. Kerrel's drawers. I met them all in Cheapside the Friday following, and we agreed on the next night, and so parted.

"Next day, being Saturday, I went between seven and eight in the evening to see Mrs. Duncomb's maid, Elizabeth Harrison, who was very bad. I stayed a little while with her, and went down, and Mary Tracey and the two Alexanders came to me about ten o'clock, according to appointment. She would have gone about the robbery just then, but I said it was too soon. Between ten and eleven she said, 'We can do it now.' I told her I would go and see, and so I went upstairs, and they followed me. I met the young maid on the stairs with a blue mug; she was going for some milk to make a sack posset. She asked me who those were that came after me? I told her they were people going to Mr. Knight's below. As soon as she was gone, I said to Mary Tracey, 'Now do you and Tom Alexander go down; I know the door is left ajar, because the old maid is ill, and can't get up to let the young maid in when she comes back.' Upon that, James Alexander, by my order, went in and hid himself under the bed; and, as I was going down myself, I met the young maid coming up again. She asked me if I had spoke to Mrs. Betty? I told her no; though I should have told her otherwise, but only that I was afraid she might say something to Mrs. Betty about me, and Mrs. Betty might tell her I had not been there, and so they might have a suspicion of me. I passed her and went down, and spoke with Tracey and Alexander, and then went to my master's chambers, and stirred up the fire. I stayed about a quarter of an hour, and when I came back, I saw Tracey and Tom Alexander sitting on Mrs. Duncomb's stairs, and I sat down with them. At twelve o'clock we heard some people walking, and by-and-by Mr. Knight came home, went to his room, and shut the door. It was a very stormy night; there was hardly anybody stirring abroad, and the watchmen kept up close, except just when they cried the hour. At two o'clock another gentleman came and called the watch to light his candle, upon which I went further upstairs, and soon after this I heard Mrs. Duncomb's door open; James Alexander came out, and said, 'Now is the time.' Then Mary Tracey and Thomas Alexander went in, but I stayed upon the stairs to watch. I had told them where Mrs. Duncomb's box stood. They came out between four and five, and one of them called to me softly, and said, 'Hip! how shall I shut the door?' Says I, 'Tis a spring lock; pull it to, and it will be fast;' and so one of them did. They would have shared the money and goods upon the stairs, but I told them we had better go down; so we went under the arch by Fig Tree Court, where there was a lamp: I asked them how much they had got. They said, they had found fifty guineas and some silver

in the maid's purse; about one hundred pounds in the chest of drawers, besides the silver tankard, and the money in the box, and several other things; so that in all they had got to the value of about three hundred pounds in money and goods. They told me they had been forced to gag the people; they gave me the tankard, with what was in it, and some linen, for my share, and they had a silver spoon and a ring, and the rest of the money among themselves. They advised me to be cunning, and plant the money and goods underground, and not to be seen to be flush; then we appointed to meet at Greenwich, but we did not go.

"I was taken in the manner the witnesses have sworn, and carried to the watch-house, from whence I was sent to the Compter, and so to Newgate. I own that I said the tankard was mine, and that it was left me by my mother: several witnesses have sworn what account I gave of the tankard being bloody; I had hurt my finger, and that was the occasion of it. I am sure of death, and therefore have no occasion to speak anything but the truth. When I was in the Compter I happened to see a young man, whom I know, with a fetter on: I told him I was sorry to see him there, and I gave him a shilling, and called for half a quartern of rum to make him drink. I afterwards went into my room, and heard a voice call me, and perceived something poking behind the curtain. I was a little surprised, and looking to see what it was, I found a hole in the wall, through which the young man I had given the shilling to spoke to me, and asked me if I had sent for my friends; I told him, no. He said he would do what he could for me, and so went away; and some time after he called to me again, and said, 'Here's a friend.' I looked through, and saw Will Gibbs come in; says he, 'Who is there to swear against you?' I told him my two masters would be the chief witnesses; 'And what can they charge you with?' says he. I told him the tankard was the only thing, for there was nothing else that I thought could hurt me. 'Never fear, then,' says he, 'we'll do well enough; we will get them that will rap the tankard was your grandmother's, and that you was in Shoreditch the night the act was committed; and we'll have two men that shall shoot your two masters.' 'But,' said he, 'one of the witnesses is a woman, and she won't swear under four guineas; but the men will swear for two guineas apiece,' and he brought a woman and three men; I gave them ten guineas, and they promised to wait for me at the Bull Head, in Bread Street; but when I called for them, when I was going before Sir Richard Brocas, they were not there. Then I found I should be sent to Newgate, and I was full of

anxious thoughts; but a young man told me I had better go to the Whit (Newgate) than to the Compter.

"When I came to Newgate, I had but eighteenpence in silver, besides the money in my hair, and I gave eighteenpence for my garnish; I was ordered to a high place in the jail. Buck, as I said before, having seen my hair loose, told Johnson of it, and Johnson asked me if I had got any cole planted there? He searched and found the bag, and there was in it thirty-six moidores, eighteen guineas, five crown-pieces, two half-crowns, two broad pieces of twenty-five shillings, four of twenty-three shillings, and one half broad piece. He told me I must be cunning, and not be seen to be flush of money. Says I, 'What would you advise me to do with it?' 'Why,' says he, 'you might have thrown it down the sink, or have burnt it, but give it me, and I'll take care of it;' and so I gave it him. Mr. Alstone then brought me to the condemned hold, and examined me; I denied all, till I found he heard of the money, and then I knew my life was gone; and therefore I confessed all that I knew; I gave him the same account of the robbers as I have given now. I told him I heard my masters were to be shot, and I desired him to send them word. I described Tracey and the two Alexanders, and when they were first taken, they denied that they knew Mr. Oaks, whom they and I had agreed to rob.

"All that I have now declared is fact, and I have no occasion to murder three persons on a false accusation; for I know I am a condemned woman; I know I must suffer an ignominious death which my crimes deserve, and I shall suffer willingly. I thank God that he has given me time to repent, when I might have been snatched off in the midst of my crimes, and without having an opportunity of preparing myself for another world."

The jury then withdrew, and in about a quarter of an hour brought in their verdict: Guilty. Death!

That Sarah Malcolm's defence was a gross tissue of lies, there can be no doubt. It is possible that some of her disreputable friends in Shoreditch and at the Black Horse may have suggested the robbery to her; but there can be no doubt that she alone stole the money found hidden in her hair, and that she alone perpetrated in cold blood the three cruel murders. The clothes she secreted were stained with blood; the broken white-handled case knife with which she cut Nanny's throat was seen lying on Mrs. Duncomb's table when the women obtained access to the room; but some one, probably the prisoner, removed it unobserved. No strangers had passed the porter of the Temple that night, but only gentle-

men going to their chambers. Sarah Malcolm, having been a servant to the old lady, knew where the money was placed, and only a month before the murder Mrs. Love was with Mrs. Duncomb, when she (the prisoner) came prying about under pretence of looking for the key of her master's chambers. She knew all the locks, and could have got in, either through Mr. Grisly's unoccupied chamber, or by slipping back the spring lock of Mrs. Duncomb's door that stormy midnight, when all the watchmen were skulking and dozing under pent-houses, and when the old lady and her two servants were buried in their first sleep; or she might have hidden till after dark in the empty chambers. Her confession may be partly true—for even the liar finds it easier and better to build on some slight platform of truth; she may have come back about half-past ten, may have really met the maid with the blue mug going for the milk for the sack posset, may have slipped in at the door, left ajar, and hidden herself under the bed. Or, it is not unlikely that she met the maid and asked her, on some plea or other, to give her a share of her bed; then, in the middle of the night, murdered, first the poor friendly girl, and afterwards the old lady and her servant, Mrs. Betty.

While waiting for death, Sarah Malcolm's conduct was like that often shown by criminals hoping for a reprieve, trusting to the effect of false charges and the weakness and uncertainty that always hangs over circumstantial evidence. She gave way to paroxysms of fear; assumed penitence and sham illness, alternating with the reckless effrontery of a depraved woman.

She tried every avenue of escape in her struggles for life. She preached, cried, supplicated, fell into fits, loudly asserted her innocence, prayed, treated the younger felons to rum, or exhorted them to repentance. As soon as she was brought back to Newgate, she cried out, "I am a dead woman!" She was placed in the old condemned hold, with a person to watch her day and night, from an apprehension that she would take away her own life. Then she began to fall into hysterical fits, rolling her eyes and clenching her hands. When Mr. Kerrel came to see her, she fell and clung to the keeper's feet, so that the turnkeys could scarcely remove her.

A contemporaneous account says—

"When she was informed that Mary Tracey and the two Alexanders were seized, she appeared pleased, and smiled, saying, with seeming satisfaction, 'I shall die now with pleasure, since the murderers are taken.' When the two young men—almost boys—and the woman were shown to her, that she might see whether they were the persons whom she accused, she immediately said: 'Ay, these are the per-

sons who committed the murder.' She said to Tracey, 'You know this to be true,' which she pronounced with a boldness that surprised all who were present. Addressing her again, she said, 'See, Mary, what you have brought me to; and it is through you and the two Alexanders that I am brought to this shame, and must die for it; you all promised me that you would do no murder, but to my great surprise I found the contrary.'"

According to the heartless system of the time, Sarah Malcolm became a show to all the quidnuncs, loungers, and sight-seers of London. Some gentlemen in the press-yard importuning her (Imagine the state of prison discipline at this time!) to make a frank discovery, the murderess answered fiercely—

"After I have been some time in the grave, it will be all found out."

On another occasion, some people of fashion asking her if she was settled in her mind, and resolved to make no further confession, she replied that, as she was not concerned in the murder, she hoped God would accept her life as a satisfaction for her manifold sins. She was still clinging to a hope of reprieve, and, to obtain that, would no doubt willingly have sent a dozen innocent people to the gibbet.

On Sunday, about six o'clock in the afternoon, when some spectators were present, she fell into a grievous agony of terror; but not of remorse. One of the keepers coming in, said: "Sarah, what's the matter? What has happened to put you in this disorder?" She pretended it was occasioned by her being told at chapel that she was to be hanged in Fleet Street among all her acquaintance, which, she said, gave her inexpressible pain. The keeper replied: "I am afraid, Sarah, that is not the truth; when the dead warrant came down, I acquainted you that you were to die there, so it is not probable that should surprise you so much now. Take my advice, make a full confession, and you will find your mind much easier." To this she said not a word.

It was the custom at this time, pursuant to a bequest of Robert Dowe, a merchant tailor, for the bellman of St. Sepulchre's to come to Newgate a little past the midnight before the execution of prisoners, to ring his bell under the grated windows of the condemned hold, repeating the following well-meaning but doggrel verses:—

"All you that in the condemn'd hold do lie,
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die.
Watch all and pray, the hour is drawing near,
That you before th' Almighty must appear.

Examine well yourselves, in time repent,
 That you may not t' eternal flames be sent :
 And when St. 'Pulchre's bell to-morrow tolls,
 The Lord above have mercy on your souls !
 Past twelve o'clock ! ”

Some prisoner or turnkey speaking to Sarah Malcolm, and bidding her mind what the bellman said, she replied that she did. When the bellman finished, she looked out of window, and cried—

“D'ye hear, Mr. Bellman, call for a pint of wine, and I'll throw you a shilling to pay for it.”

She then threw down the shilling.

On the Sunday night, about ten o'clock, she called to a man named Chambers—the prisoner condemned to die the next day, and whose cell was opposite her window—and asked him if she should pray with him. He replied—

“Do, Sarah ; let us pray with all our hearts.”

She then prayed fervently till all the candles were burnt out, and then exhorted him not to go to sleep, but to spend the night in prayer to God for forgiveness.

Some days before her execution, a Roman Catholic priest, living at Kensington, wrote Sarah Malcolm a letter to confirm her in the faith in which she had been brought up, and denouncing the “daily persecutions” of the chaplain of Newgate—“the most ordinary of all ordinaries,” as the priest was pleased to contemptuously term him. The letter began—

“Dear Sister in God—I shall not say much as to your present unhappy circumstances, because I am not certain they are so, and yet I cannot help saying, I am concerned to hear so many vile heretics reproach you for being guilty of a crime, far less than they themselves live in the constant practice of. I do assure you that the prayers of the faithful are not wanting for the delivery of you out of your trouble ; but as it hath pleased God to call you out of the world in the manner you are now acquainted with, I hope you will submit to it as becomes a true Catholic Christian ; and as it is ordered you must die, the manner of it is not worth your concern, whether you are seen by ten or ten thousand people, nor can it make any alteration in your case, whether they all cry for you or against you ; since it is no more in their power to save you from the power of the law, than it is to aggravate the punishment of it. And as to the place where you suffer, though it may please your enemies, it cannot in the least add to your afflictions.”

The letter went on wildly enough—

"God will as certainly reward you if you trust in Him, notwithstanding so many unthinking wretches are for sending you to hell for being the instrument of sending a few poor souls to heaven a little before their time."

She was sentenced to be hanged in Fleet Street, opposite Mitre Court, on the 7th of March, 1733. There was no long ride to Tyburn and the green fields; no dismal procession between miles of windows, crowded with faces; no stopping at St. Sepulchre's steps for the bellman's mechanical prayer and the nosegay, nor at St. Giles's for the bowl. Almost to the last she was alternately firm and calm, then she sunk into profound despair.

The chaplain says—

"At the place of execution she appeared pretty serene and calm, reading in a book. I prayed with her, and she appeared very serious and devout; lastly she could not compose herself, and cried most bitterly all the time. As I was concluding the prayers, and recommending her soul at the point of death to the Almighty, she fainted away, and it was a good while before she recovered. Just before the cart drew away she looked towards the Temple, and cried, "Oh! my master! My master! I wish I could see him!" And, looking up to heaven, often cried, "Lord, have mercy on me! Lord, receive my spirit!" Then the cart withdrew."

Sarah Malcolm was buried in the churchyard of St. Sepulchre's. Tracy and the Alexanders were eventually discharged, as no certain proof could be obtained of their complicity.

*THE DUEL BETWEEN LORD BYRON AND
MR. CHAWORTH.*

THE Star and Garter tavern, so famous in the days of Dr. Johnson for its good claret, stood on the site of the present Carlton Club. Degenerating in later days into the office of a light and heat company, and after that into a blacking manufactory, it was finally, like its neighbour, the Royal Hotel, swept away by the progress of improvement, and the present political palace erected in its stead. There were pleasant and sad memories about the place. Many a flask of good wine had been emptied there, many a pleasant hour whiled away, many a white cloud of powder, too, had there been beaten out of wigs by the thumps of flying decanters, many a five pounds' worth of hair (to quote a line from an old trial) torn out of fashionable perukes in tipsy scuffles, many a wild rake in that spot had been pinned against the oak wainscot by rash swords, and many a spendthrift's heart-blood spilt by angry thrusts over the upset faro-table. One of the saddest of these tavern tragedies took place at the Star and Garter on the 26th of January, 1765, five years after the accession of George the Third.

About three o'clock on the above-named day there was a great stir and bustle at the celebrated Pall Mall tavern, for some Nottinghamshire gentlemen, who met once a month, were to dine there at four o'clock. The club was to assemble in a second floor back room, looking towards St. James's Park. The drawers (so waiters were still called, as they had been in Shakespeare's time) were spreading the snowy-white cloth and bringing up the silver and the glass. The celebrated claret was being drawn off in endless pints from the wood. The joints were shedding fat tears at the great kitchen fire; the puddings were bumping at the pot lids; the turnspits were plodding at their wheels; the scullions were getting

red and choleric over the frothing pheasants and hares; the transparent jellies and net-worked tarts were receiving the last touch of art from the dexterous hands of the head cook. The landlord was in his bedroom fastening on his best gold shoe-buckles for the occasion, the buxom landlady, at the parlour mirror, was smilingly adding to her tremendous pile of hair the slightest suspicion of powder, while the bright-eyed barmaid was laughingly puffing out with trim fingers her brightest breast-knot. All was gay expectation and bustling excitement; for the county club of the gentlemen of Nottingham brought good customers to the house, and many of its members were men of title and fashion, Lord Byron to wit, the great rake who had attempted to carry off the beautiful actress, Miss Bellamy—the fifth Lord Byron, the lord of Newstead and half Sherwood Forest, and the master of the king's staghounds.

By-and-by, the guests came in from St. James's Street, and the Ring in Hyde Park, from the Mall, the Strand, and Spring Gardens—some hearty country gentlemen on horseback; others, cold and pinched from the cumbrous hackney-coaches of those days; two or three in elaborate dress in sedan-chairs, the lids of which were carefully lifted up by the Irish chairmen, to let out the powdered toupées and the gold-laced cocked-hats.

The later pictures of Hogarth (that great painter died in 1762) will tell us how these gentlemen from the banks of the Trent, the Soar, and the Idle, these lords of the light grasslands and rich loamy furrows round Nottingham, Newark, Retford, and Mansfield, were apparelled. Let us observe their collarless deep-cuffed coats, spotted with gold strawberries, and embroidered down the seams and outside pockets, or of light and gay colours, as pink and cinnamon, their deep-flapped tamboured and laced waistcoats, their frilled shirts and fine ruffles, their knee-breeches, and their gold and diamond buckles. Remark their powdered wigs, their laced hats, and, above all, their swords—those dangerous arbitrators in after-dinner differences, when the claret went down faster and faster.

The guests, laughing and chatting, are bowed in, and bowed upstairs, and bowed into their club-room. Lord Byron, a passionate and rather vindictive man, is conspicuous among them in pleasant conversation with his neighbour and kinsman, Mr. William Chaworth, of Annesley Hall. The landlord announces dinner, and a long train of drawers appear with the dishes. At that pleasant signal the gentlemen place their cocked hats on the wainscot pegs, while some unbuckle

their swords and hang them up also. Mr. John Hewett, the chairman and toast-master of the evening, takes, of course, the head of the table, and presides at the chief joint. Near him, on the right hand, is Sir Thomas Willoughby, and, in the order we give them, Mr. Frederick Montague, Mr. John Sherwin, Mr. Francis Molyneux, and last, on that side of the table, Lord Byron. On the other side, Mr. William Chaworth, Mr. George Douston, Mr. Charles Mellish (junior), and Sir Robert Burdett : in all, including the chairman, ten guests.

The talk at that dinner is country gentlemen's talk—the last assizes and the absurd behaviour of the foreman of the grand jury; the tremendous break away with the fox-hounds from the Pilgrim Oak at the gate of Newstead, all through Sherwood wastes, past Robin Hood's Stable, through the dells of the Lock, round to Kirkby Crag, by Robin Hood's Chair, far across the Nottinghamshire heaths, and woods, and valleys, till all but Byron, and Chaworth, and a few more had tailed off. Then the conversation veers to politics, and the danger or otherwise of the New Stamp Act for the American colonies; the possibility of the Marquis of Rockingham ousting the Right Honourable George Grenville, and the probable conduct of Mr. Pitt and Colonel Barry in such an emergency.

The fish dishes out the soup, the meat the soup, the game the meat, the cheese the game. The conversation becomes universal, the young drawers on the stairs hear with awe the din and cheerful jangle of the voices, catching, as the door opens, scraps of sporting talk, praises of Garrick, counter-praises of Barry, eulogies of Miss Bellamy, and counter-eulogies of charming Miss Pope. The grave and bland landlord, who, with the white damask napkin over his left wrist, has from the sideboard hitherto directed the drawers, now that the cloth is drawn, loops the bell-rope to the toast-master's chair, bows, adjusts the great japanned screen, backs himself out, and closes the door behind him. The Nottinghamshire gentlemen gather round their claret; one fat bon-vivant takes off his wig for greater comfort, hangs it on a hat-peg beside the swords, and now sits, with his glossy bald head, in the light of the great red logs that blaze in the generous fireplace, glowing like an enormous orange.

All is good-humoured gaiety and conviviality, a good humour not likely to be interrupted, for it is the rule of the club to break up at seven, when the reckoning and a final bottle are brought in; probably to give Lord Byron time to

get down to the House of Lords, and other members opportunity to join in the debate in the Commons, to go and see Garrick, or to visit Ranelagh. Very soon after seven the gentlemen will push back their chairs, put on their three-cornered hats and scarlet roquelaures, buckle on their swords, and wish each other good-night. The squires to the last tell their old sporting stories with great enjoyment—how they breasted a park paling; how they were nearly drowned fording the Trent after a thaw; how they tired three horses the day the hunt swept on into Yorkshire, and only Lord Byron, Mr. Chaworth, and themselves were at the finish.

About the time the drawer brings in the reckoning and the final bottle, Mr. Hewett, the chairman, starts a certain hobby of his, about the best means of preserving game in the present state of the game laws; which, as he afterwards naively said, "had very often produced agreeable conversation." The talk round the table, particularly at the Lord Byron and Chaworth end, had latterly been a little hot and wrangling, and Mr. Hewett prudently tries to change the subject.

This is an age, remember, in which gentlemen are apt to have differences. The dangerous and detestable habit of wearing swords in daily life leads too often to sudden and deadly arbitrations without waiting for jury or judge. Those swords, hanging in their black gilt and silver sheaths from the wainscot pegs behind the chairs, are only too prompt servants in after-dinner disputes at taverns. There is a danger about this which is piquant to high-spirited men. Courage and cowardice are unmasked at once in these disputes; no waiting for damages, no explaining away in newspaper correspondences. The sword settles all. The bully has to be repressed, the choleric man's honour vindicated. Men now "draw" for anything or nothing—to vindicate Miss Bellamy's virtue, to settle a dispute about the colour of an opera-dancer's eyes. If an important card be missed from the green table, "draw." If a man take the wall of you, "draw." If a rival beau jostle your sedan-chair with his, "draw." If a fellow hiss in the pit of a theatre when you applaud, "draw." If a gentleman with too much wine in his head reel against you in the piazzas, "draw." It is the coward and the philosopher who alone "withdraw," and get sneered at and despised accordingly; for public opinion is with the duellist, and every one is ready to fight.

To return to the table. Mr. Hewett proposes, sensibly enough, that the wisest way of preserving game would be to make it by law the property of the owner of the soil, so that the stealing of a pheasant would then rank with the stealing

of a fowl, both alike having cost the landlord trouble and money in the rearing and guarding, and by no means to be ranked as mere wild, passing, fugitive creatures, free as moles, rats, and owls, for all to shoot and trap. Mr. Hewett's subject is unlucky, for the conversation soon wanders from theoretical reforms to actual facts, and to the question of severity or non-severity against poachers and other trespassers.

All had been jollity and good-humour at the chairman's end of the table as yet; but now voices get louder, and more boisterous and self-asserting. The discussion is whether game increases more when neglected, or when preserved with severity. Lord Byron, who is capricious, self-willed, and violent in his opinions, is heterodox on these matters. He asserts, talking over and across his adversary's voice, that the true and only way to have abundant game is to take no care of it at all. Let partridges avoid nets if they can, and pheasants evade the sulphur smoke of the Nottingham weavers; let hares choose their own forms, and seek their food where they find it best. He had tried it at Newstead, and it answered; for he had always more game than Mr. Chaworth or any of his neighbours. Mr. Chaworth insists, on the other hand, that the only way to get plenty of game is to repress poachers and all unqualified persons.

"As a proof of this," he now says, "Sir Charles Sedley and myself have more game in five of our acres than Lord Byron has in all his manors."

Lord Byron reddens at this, and proposes an instant bet of one hundred guineas that the case is otherwise.

Mr. Chaworth, with an irritating laugh, calls for pen, ink, and paper, quick, to reduce the wager to writing, as he wishes to take it up. Mr. Sherwin laughs, and declares such a bet can never be decided. No bet is laid, and the conversation is resumed.

Mr. Chaworth presses the case in a way galling to a man of Lord Byron's vain and passionate nature. He says—

"Were it not for my care and Sir Charles Sedley's being severe, Lord Byron would not have a hare on his estate."

Lord Byron, paler now, and with a cold dew on his upper lip, asks sneeringly—

"Sedley's manors?—Where are these manors of Sir Charles Sedley?"

Mr. Chaworth replies, "Bucknel, Nutthall, and Bulwell."

"Bulwell?"

Mr. Chaworth says that Sir Charles Sedley had a deputation for the lordship of Bulwell town.

Lord Byron replies, that deputations are liable to be recalled at any time, and says, angrily, "Bulwell Park is mine."

Mr. Chaworth rejoins hotly, "Sir Charles Sedley has a manor in Nutthall, and one of his ancestors bought it out of my family. If you want any further information about Sir Charles Sedley's manors, he lives at Mr. Cooper's, in Dean Street, and, I doubt not, will be able to give you satisfaction; and as to myself, your lordship knows where to find me—in Berkeley Row."

Mr. Hewett, who was rather deaf, did not hear the conversation until the bet roused him, and has now relapsed into conversation with his right-hand man. Mr. Sherwin wakes up at these sharp and threatening words. What witch, what imp of mischief, has on a sudden blown the soft summer breeze into a winter hurricane? The club is now as silent as if the lightning of flashing swords had suddenly glanced across the lattice. Those rash and hasty words of Mr. Chaworth, provoked by the irritability and arrogance of Lord Byron about such a silly trifle, were little short of a challenge. Lord Byron glances sullenly behind him at his sword as it hangs from under his three-cornered hat, but no more is said on the dangerous subject.

Nothing comes of it. Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth, it is true, do not talk together again; but they chat to the people near them, and all is again joviality and good-humour. When Mr. Chaworth paid the club reckoning, as is his general practice, Mr. James Fynmore, the master of the tavern, observed him to be a little flurried; for, in writing, he made a small mistake. The book has lines ruled in cheques, and against each member present an O is placed; but if absent, five shillings is set down. He places five shillings against Lord Byron's name; but Mr. Fynmore observing to him that his lordship is present, he corrects his mistake. A few minutes after eight, Chaworth, having paid his own reckoning, went out, and is followed by Mr. Douston, who enters into discourse with him at the head of the stairs. Mr. Chaworth asks him particularly if he attended to the conversation between himself and Lord Byron, and if he thinks he (Chaworth) had been short in what he said on the subject? To which Mr. Douston answers: "No; you went rather too far upon so trifling an occasion; but I do not believe that Lord Byron or the company will think any more about it."

After a little ordinary discourse they parted; Mr. Douston returned to the company, and Mr. Chaworth turned to go downstairs. But just as Mr. Douston entered the door he met Lord Byron coming out, and they passed—as there was a

large screen covering the door—without knowing each other. In the mean time, moody Lord Byron, having probably watched Mr. Chaworth leave the room without his hat, found that gentleman on the landing. Mr. Chaworth, in a low thick voice, and with eyes that did not meet Byron's, said, meaningly—

“Has your lordship any commands for me?”

Lord Byron replied, considering this a second challenge: “I should be glad to speak a word with you in private.”

Mr. Chaworth said: “The stairs are not a proper place; and, if you please, my lord, we will go into a room.”

They descended to the first landing, and there both called several times for a waiter from below, to show them an empty room. The waiter came, and mechanically threw open the green-baize door of a back room on the right-hand side (No. 7), a dark, cheerless room, with a few red coals smouldering in the fireplace. Placing on the table the rushlight he had in his own candlestick, he shut the outer door, and left the two gentlemen together, with the true *sang-froid* of his profession. Lord Byron entered the dim room first, and, as they stood together by the low fire, asked Mr. Chaworth, with smothered rage—

“How am I to take those words you used above—as an intended affront from Sir Charles Sedley or yourself?”

Mr. Chaworth answered proudly: “Your lordship may take them as you please, either as an affront or not, and I imagine this room is as fit a place as any other to decide the affair in.”

Then turning round, Mr. Chaworth stepped to the door, and slipped the brass bolt under the lock. Just at that moment, Lord Byron, moving out from the table to a small open part of the room, free of furniture, and about twelve feet long and six feet broad, cried “Draw, draw!” Looking round, Mr. Chaworth saw his lordship's sword already half drawn. Knowing the impetuous and passionate nature of the man, he whipped out his own sword, and, presenting the keen point (he was a stronger man and a more accomplished swordsman than his adversary), made the first thrust which pierced Lord Byron's waistcoat and shirt, and glanced over his ribs; then he made a second quicker lunge which Lord Byron parried. Lord Byron now found himself with his back to the table, and the light shifted to the right hand; Mr. Chaworth, feeling his sword impeded by his first thrust, and believing he had mortally wounded Lord Byron, tried to close with him in order to disarm him; upon which Lord Byron shortened his arm, and ran him through, on the left side, in

spite of all Mr. Chaworth's attempts to turn the point or parry it with his left hand. Mr. Chaworth saw the sword enter his body, and felt a pain deep through his back. He then laid hold of the gripe of Lord Byron's sword, and, disarming his lordship, expressed his hope he was not dangerously wounded, at the same time pressing his left hand to his own side and drawing it back streaming with blood.

Lord Byron said, "I am afraid I have killed you."

Mr. Chaworth replied, "I am wounded," and unbolted the door, while Lord Byron, expressing his sorrow, rang the bell twice sharply, for assistance. As he supported Mr. Chaworth to an elbow-chair by the fire, Lord Byron said—

"You may thank yourself for what has happened, as you were the aggressor. I suppose you took me for a coward; but I hope now you will allow that I have behaved with as much courage as any man in the kingdom."

Mr. Chaworth replied faintly: "My lord, all I have to say is, you have behaved like a gentleman."

In the interval, John Edwards, the waiter, who, while waiting at the bar for a bottle of claret for the Nottingham Club, had been called by the two unhappy men to show them into an empty room, had brought up the wine, drawn the cork, and was decanting it. On hearing the bell, he ran downstairs, found that the bell had been answered, saw his master wringing his hands, and heard him exclaim: "Lord Byron has wounded Mr. Chaworth." He then ran up and alarmed the club, who instantly hurried down and found Mr. Chaworth with his legs on a chair, and leaning his head against Mr. Douston.

John Gothrop, the waiter who first answered the bell, found, to his horror, Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth standing with their backs to the fire, Lord Byron's left arm round Mr. Chaworth's waist, and his sword in his right hand, the point turned to the ground, Mr. Chaworth with his right arm on Lord Byron's shoulder, and his sword raised in his left hand. Lord Byron called to him to take his sword, and call up his master.

When Fynmore came up, Mr. Chaworth said: "Here, James, take my sword; I have disarmed him." Fynmore then said to Lord Byron, taking hold of his sword, "Pray, my lord, give me your sword." Lord Byron surrendered it a little reluctantly; Fynmore took the two swords downstairs, laid them upon a table, and sent at once for Mr. Cæsar Hawkins, a celebrated surgeon of the day. When he came, a little after eight o'clock, he found Mr. Chaworth sitting with his waistcoat partly unbuttoned, his shirt bloody, and his right

hand pressing his wound. The sword had gone clean through the body, and out at the back. Mr. Chaworth said, "I believe I have received a mortal wound; for I feel a peculiar kind of faintness or sinking, and have a sensation of stretching and swelling in my belly that makes me think I bleed internally."

The company then left Mr. Chaworth with his own servant and Mr. Hawkins; and Lord Byron retired to a room downstairs. Mr. Chaworth thinking that he should not live five minutes, and wishing earnestly to see Mr. Levinz, his uncle, Mr. Hewett took Mr. Willoughby in his coach to fetch Mr. Levinz from Kensington Gore, where his residence was; but Mr. Levinz was dining with the Duke of Leeds. Mr. Chaworth was at first unwilling to be moved until he had seen Mr. Levinz, thinking that the jolting would increase the internal bleeding, and accelerate his death. Subsequently, however, feeling stronger, he was removed to his own house in Berkeley Row, at about ten o'clock that night.

Before being removed he said he forgave Lord Byron, and hoped the world would forgive him, too; and he said earnestly, two or three times, that, pained and distressed as he then was, he would rather be in his present situation than live under the misfortune of having killed another person. He declared there had been nothing between him and Lord Byron that might not have been easily made up. He then asked, with generous anxiety, about the mortal wound which he believed he had inflicted on his adversary.

Mr. Robert Adair, a surgeon, and Dr. Addington, Mr. Chaworth's own physician, also attended the dying man, but failed to afford him any relief. When Mr. Levinz came into the bedchamber, Mr. Chaworth pressed his hand and desired him to send for a lawyer as soon as possible, as he wanted to make a new will, and believed he should be dead before morning. Upon this, Mr. Levinz, almost broken-hearted, going out into the ante-room, told Mr. Caesar Hawkins, Mr. Adair, Mr. Hewett, and Mr. Willoughby, that he was totally deprived of recollection, and could not remember any lawyer near. Mr. Hawkins mentioned Mr. Partington, a man of character, and he was sent for. While Mr. Partington was preparing the will in the ante-room, the other gentlemen having gone downstairs, Mr. Levinz again went to the bedside to hear how the unfortunate affair had happened. After the will was executed and the friends had returned to the bed room, Mr. Levinz, in great distress, said to the dying man—

"Dear Bill, for God's sake how was this? Was it fair?" Mr. Chaworth's head was at the moment turned from Mr.

Levinz; but on that question he turned, said something indistinctly, and seemed to shrink his head in the pillow. He afterwards repeated the story, and exclaimed twice—

“Good God, that I could be such a fool as to fight in the dark!”

Meaning that he regretted having sacrificed his superiority as a swordsman. In a light and open room he would probably have disarmed his antagonist at once. He said he did not believe Lord Byron intended fighting when they entered the room together, till he thought he had him at an advantage. “He died as a man of honour; but he thought Lord Byron had done himself no good by it.” Several times in the night, on being pressed to relate how the affair began above stairs, Mr. Chaworth always answered—

“It is a long story, and it is troublesome to me to talk. They will tell you—Mr. Douston will tell you.”

For about an hour after the will was signed, and the statement was taken down by Mr. Partington, Mr. Chaworth appeared amazingly composed; but about four he fell into “vast tortures.” He was never again free from pain, although warm fomentations relieved him somewhat. After giving directions for his funeral, he died about nine in the morning.

On Mr. Cæsar Hawkins examining the body, he found that Lord Byron’s sword had entered one inch to the left of the navel and passed obliquely, coming out six inches higher in the back. It had pierced through the lower part of the diaphragm, and blood had lodged in the cavity of the left lung.

Some time after this unhappy affair—the coroner having found him guilty of murder—Lord Byron surrendered himself to be tried by his peers, and was sent to the Tower. On the 16th of April, about half an hour after nine in the morning, his lordship, escorted by portions of the Horse and Foot Guards, and attended by the lieutenant-governor, constable of the Tower, and another gentleman, was brought in a coach by the New Road, Southwark, to a court erected in Westminster Hall. The peers stood uncovered while the king’s commission was read, appointing the Earl of Northington the temporary lord high steward. The Garter and the gentleman usher of the black rod, with three reverences, presented the white staff to the Earl of Northington, who then took his seat, with bows to the throne, in an arm-chair placed on the uppermost step but one of the throne. The serjeant-at-arms then made the usual proclamation in old Norman French: “Oyez! oyez! oyez!”

OLD STORIES RE-TOLD.

William Lord Byron was brought to the bar by the deputy-governor of the Tower. The gentleman jailer carried the axe before him, and stood during the trial on the prisoner's left hand with the axe's edge turned from him. The prisoner made three reverences when he came to the bar, and knelt. On leave being given him to rise, he rose and bowed, first to the lord high steward, and then to the lords; these compliments were graciously returned.

When the clerk of the crown cried, "How say you, William Lord Byron, are you guilty of the felony and murder whereof you stand indicted, or not guilty?"

Lord Byron replied, "Not guilty, my lords."

The clerk said, "Cul-prit," which means, "*Qu'il paraît*" (May it appear so).

The trial being resumed, the solicitor-general, in his speech, held that it was murder if after a quarrel the aggressor has had time to cool and deliberate, and acts from malice and premeditation. In that case, whatever motive actuated him, whether some secret grudge or an imaginary necessity of vindicating his honour, of satisfying the world of his courage, or any other latent cause, he is no object for the benignity of the law. After this, Lord Byron, who declined examining any witnesses on his own behalf, told their lordships that what he had to offer in his own vindication he had committed to writing, and now begged that it might be read by the clerk, as he found his own voice, considering his present situation, would not be heard. His speech was accordingly read by the clerk in a very audible and distinct manner, and contained an exact detail of all the particulars relating to the melancholy affair between him and Mr. Chaworth. He said he declined entering into the circumstances of Mr. Chaworth's behaviour, further than was necessary for his own defence; and expressed his deep and unfeigned sorrow at the event.

He added: "Our fighting could not be very regular, circumstanced as it was; but, notwithstanding some considerations, my own mind does not charge me with the least unfairness. In such a case, your lordships will no doubt have some consideration for human weakness and passion, always influenced and inflamed in some degree by the customs of the world. And though I am persuaded no compassion can obstruct your impartial justice, yet I trust that you will incline to mitigate the rigour of it and administer it according to law, in mercy. I am told, my lords, that it has been held by the greatest authorities in the land, that if contumelious words, and still more, I presume, if contemptuous words of challenge, have been given by one man to another,

and, before they are cooled, either bids the other draw his sword, and death ensues after mutual passes, the fact of that case will not amount to murder." Begging their lordships to acquit him of all malice, and to consider him an unhappy, innocent, but unfortunate man, the prisoner concluded in these words—

"My lords, I will detain you no longer. I am at your lordships' judgment, and shall expect your sentence, whether for life or death, with all the submission that is due to the noblest and most equitable court of judicature in the world."

The prisoner being then removed, after an adjournment to the House, the peers one by one, beginning with Lord George Vernon, the youngest, gave their verdict to the lord high steward, who stood uncovered; the Dukes of Gloucester and York speaking last. One hundred and nineteen voted Lord Byron guilty of manslaughter, four declared him not guilty generally; and as, by an old statute of Edward the Sixth, peers are, in all cases where clergy is allowed, to be dismissed without burning in the hand, loss of inheritance, or corruption of blood, his lordship was immediately dismissed on paying his fees.

The counsel for his lordship were the Hon. Mr. Charles Yorke and Alexander Wedderburn, Esq.; the attorney, Mr. Potts. Against his lordship were the attorney-general, the solicitor-general, Mr. Serjeant Glyn, Mr. Stone, Mr. Cornwall; and as attorney, Mr. Joynes.

After this glorious but stultifying assertion of aristocratic privileges and the right of manslaughter, the lord high steward rose uncovered, and the gentleman usher of the black rod, kneeling, presented him with the white staff of office, which he broke in two, and then dissolved the commission. Advancing to the woolpack, he said: "Is it your lordships' pleasure to adjourn to the chamber of parliament?"

The lords replied, "Ay, ay;" and the House was then adjourned.

That same evening when Mr. Chaworth's lacerated and pierced body was lying on the plumed bed behind the grand damask curtains—far away out in the quiet moonlight, in the Newstead pastures and in the lonely Annesley meadows, the large-eyed hares were gambolling, unconscious of the mischief they had caused, and the partridges (birds that ought to be crimson-feathered, considering the brave men's blood they have so long been the means of shedding) were calling each other plaintively from the stubbles, careless of their lord's sorrows, and their master's death.

But was Lord Byron really guilty in the matter of this

duel? We think the fight was by no means a premeditated one. There had been some old differences between the two men about private matters. At the club dinner, if Lord Byron's manner was taunting, Mr. Chaworth's was distinctly threatening. The final words of the latter amounted to a public challenge, for he considered Lord Byron had given him the lie about Sir Charles Sedley's manors. When he grew cold, Lord Byron grew hot. He evidently regretted what he had said; but, seeing Lord Byron follow him, he probably thought that he came to settle the difference. Lord Byron, seeing him waiting there, perhaps thought he was waiting for him, and Chaworth proposed retiring to an empty room. There, Lord Byron certainly drew his sword rather abruptly; but his sullen vindictiveness brooked no delay. It was never supposed that he planned an assassin's treacherous thrust. Mr. Chaworth lunged first, and thought he had killed his man, asking was he wounded? The question is, did Lord Byron unfairly take advantage of the moment's lull, during Mr. Chaworth's inquiry, to kill his adversary? The dying man did not accuse him of this, but rather of his having in the first place revengefully urged him (for a few hasty words) to the fatal duel. Mr. Chaworth's chief regret seems to have been in fighting by the light of a farthing candle, and thus sacrificing his skill in fencing.

Lord Byron, it is certain, left Westminster Hall with the brand of Cain upon his forehead. A mysterious and indelible stain was on his escutcheon. The "maccaronies" and the world of fashion somehow shunned him, a whisper of suspicion followed him wherever he went; a suspicion, that could not be resolved into words, of foul play and unfair advantage. The peers had acquitted him; the world regarded him as condemned, and tacitly treated him as a criminal. He retired into Nottinghamshire, and sank into a sullen, gloomy, morose man. His passions grew more inveterate; he changed into a half-crazed, revengeful, brooding misanthrope: a wicked Timon of Athens. No stories about "the wicked lord" were thought too wild and monstrous. He always went armed, as if dreading secret enemies. On one occasion, he is said in a rage to have thrown his wife into the lake in front of the abbey, from which she was rescued by the gardener; who then thrashed her savage husband. Another time, he is said to have shot his coachman for disobeying orders, and then to have thrown the bleeding body into the coach where Lady Byron was seated and driven her home himself. Once when his neighbour, Admiral Sir Borlase Warren, one of his old naval friends, came to dine with him, pistols were said to

have been placed on the table beside the knives and forks, as parts of the regular table furniture, and likely to be needed. These stories, are, of course, mere country people's exaggerations of petty acts of passion; but they show how much the proud wicked lord was dreaded and hated by the villagers round the forest. This at least is certain—that the wayward, unhappy man separated from his wife, drove away nearly all his friends, and created a mournful solitude around himself.

Enraged at the marriage of his son and heir, who died young, the recluse let the abbey fall into ruin, cut down all the family oaks to pay his debts, and sold the valuable mineral property in Rochdale. He had been, in youth, a lieutenant under Admiral Bolchen. His only amusement, in age, consisted in sham fights on the lake, between two "baby forts" he had built on the shore, and a little vessel he had brought on wheels from some port on the eastern coast. Heedless of what might happen after his death, and unable to cut off the entail, he never mentioned his grand-nephew but as "the little boy who lived at Aberdeen."

At war with the human race, the wicked lord, in "austere and savage seclusion," took refuge in the love of animals. He tamed an immense number of crickets, whom he allowed to crawl over him, and corrected when too familiar with a wisp of straw. When their patron and protector died, there is a tradition, according to Washington Irving, that they packed up, bag and baggage, and left the abbey together for "fresh woods and pastures new," flocking across the courts, corridors, and cloisters in all directions.

The Byrons came in with the Conqueror, and stood well all through English history. One ancestor at Horeston Castle, in Derbyshire, was hostage for Cœur de Lion's ransom; another, fought by the side of Henry the Fifth in France; a third, rode at Bosworth against the fierce Crookback; a fourth, was made Knight of the Bath at the ill-fated marriage of Henry the Eighth's brother, Prince Arthur; a fifth, "Sir John Byron the little, with the great beard," whose ghost still haunts the corridors of Newstead, was rewarded with Newstead at the dissolution and tearing to pieces of the monasteries. Sir Nicholas Byron defended Chester, and fought passionately at Edgehill. At the battle of Newbury there were seven cavalier brother Byrons fighting against the Puritan flag. Another Lord Byron was groom of the bed-chamber to stupid Prince George of Denmark, and married three times—first, a daughter of the Earl of Bridgewater; second, a daughter of the Earl of Portland; third, a daughter

OLD PATCH THE FORGER.

ON a summer morning in the year 1784 (two years after the secession of America from England), Mr. Levy, a Portuguese Jew diamond merchant, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, who had advertised a parcel of very valuable diamonds for sale, received a letter from a Mr. Schutz, probably a German amateur of jewels. This Mr. Schutz, who wrote a crabbed, shaky, and crippled hand, announced his wish to see the diamonds, if the Portuguese merchant would bring them to his lodgings, at Mr. Connolly's, a shoe and patten warehouse in Swallow Street, Oxford Street, his extreme age and decrepitude preventing him attending in person.

The Portuguese merchant, somewhat nettled at being treated as a mere tradesman or bagsman itinerating for orders, yet still long-suffering where money was at stake, wrote civilly back that Mr. Schutz might call upon him and see the diamonds if he liked, but that it was not his habit to wait on purchasers. At the hour fixed, a hackney coach, containing Mr. Schutz, duly rumbled into the square, and stopped at the jewel merchant's house. The German amateur apologized for not getting out of the coach, on account of his lameness; so the diamonds were brought out to him in their cases.

Mr. Schutz, evidently a poor, sickly, paralytic old clergyman, was bundled up in a large black camlet surtout, the buttoned cuffs reaching to his elbows, the broad cape fastened up over his chin. He wore the long curling wig and large looped-up hat of a country clergyman. His face was ochry yellow with jaundice, and furrowed by age and sickness. To support himself even during the exertion of opening and shutting the cases, he leaned on a large round ivy-topped cane adorned with two black tassels. The accent of Mr. Schutz was decidedly foreign; his voice to the last degree feeble and languid. The

only gesture that implied vivacity was turning suddenly sharp round to either window of the coach, as if nervously suspicious and distrustful of loitering thieves.

What could an eccentric old foreign chaplain, on the very edge of the grave, want with those lustrous precious stones that sparkled and shot out rainbow rays from their velvet-lined shagreen cases? Mr. Schutz bought the diamonds at last, without much higgling—he had not strength enough for that—at about five thousand pounds. He was going immediately into the City to purchase stock; the next day, between twelve and one, he would call for the diamonds, and pay for them in bank-notes.

For those jewels Mr. Schutz never came. At the hour appointed, Sir Sampson Wright (the magistrate) and several other gentlemen waited on the expectant diamond merchant in Lincoln's Inn Fields, told him that Mr. Schutz was a swindler, and that two Bow Street officers were then waiting for him at the shoe shop in Swallow Street. Acute and eager were the dogs; but craftier was the fox. Mr. Schutz was seen no more. The diamonds were saved, but the rogue, a well-known forger, had flown.

At that very time, Mr. Pearson, a king's messenger, was sent post haste with despatches to Lord North, who was then at Dover. On arriving at Dartford, Mr. Pearson, much to his vexation, found the only pair of horses had just been ordered out by an old gentleman who was travelling on important business, and seemed in a great hurry. Determined to press forward and to have the horses, Mr. Pearson displayed his badge—the silver greyhound—sending the waiter to apologize for the arbitrary seizure, and to offer the old gentleman in the hurry a seat in his chaise as far as Sittingbourne. The offer was accepted. Mr. Pearson's companion had among his luggage a large green tea-canister secured by a padlock. It was very heavy, but he kept it at his feet, and would never let the hand of ostler or waiter touch it. Between Rochester and Sittingbourne the road was, however, rough, and the chaise jolted so violently that down went the green tea-canister, and out tumbled—not tea, but a flood of golden guineas, at which the king's messenger stared, secretly wondered, but said nothing.

On his return to town, Mr. Pearson found handbills in circulation offering rewards from the Bank of England for the apprehension of an old forger named Schutz. No doubt that Schutz and the old gentleman with the green tea-canister full of guineas were one and the same. He at once informed the Secretary of State, who told Sir Sampson Wright; the soli-

citor of the Bank of England, with witnesses and officers, were at once sent to follow Schutz, the forger, to Calais, carrying credentials from the Secretary of State to the minister of France, requesting the surrender of the delinquent. At Calais, a Mr. Price, who had been formerly a partner in a brewery with Samuel Foote, the actor, generously offered his services to the officers to watch Schutz till the lieutenant of police could hear from Paris.

Foiled again! Schutz proved by no means to be Schutz, but a man belonging to the Perth Custom House, who had embezzled stores, and turned them into ready money. The rascal escaped by pleading that he had fled from Edinburgh, having been detected there secretly buying stores for the American and Dutch governments, and was discharged.

Soon after this occurrence, a man of business stopped a London merchant one day on 'Change, and presented him with a letter from an Amsterdam correspondent of the house, mentioning that he had been recently defrauded of one thousand pounds by a rascal named Trevors, who frequented the London 'Change, and requesting his aid to recover part or the whole. The friend volunteered his advice as to how the trap was to be best laid and baited for the infamous Trevors, who might even then be watching them from some side-walk. The friend had the mind of a general; he had planned everything.

"To-morrow, sir," he said, "he will most likely be upon 'Change, in the Dutch walk. He dresses in a red surtout and a white wig. He wears square-toed shoes with small buckles, and the rest of his dress is as plain as a Quaker's. Your best way will be to accost him, and get into conversation about the commerce of Amsterdam. Pretend the dog can be of service to you, and ask him home to dinner. When the cloth is gone, break the business, show him the Dutch letter I brought over, and inform him that, unless he instantly refunds the whole or part of the money, you will on the morrow expose the matter to the principal City merchants. In this way I don't doubt that you'll get back part at least of the cash, as I know he is rich, always carries cash or notes about with him, and would rather pay than be exposed."

Mr. E. was delighted to snap a rogue and oblige his friend at the same time. Honest men sometimes enjoy thief-catching with a keen relish. Mr. E. took the advice of his shrewd friend, met the man described in the place expected, and lod him home to dinner, rejoicing in the quiet capture. To offer him the best cut of the joint, to press him to the oldest wine, was delicious. It was to realize the boy's pleasure when he

watches a live rat inside the trap. The cloth removed, Mr. E. made, with infinite complacency, an agreed signal to his wife and the ladies; they at once rose and retired. Then Mr. E. began to gripe his man closer, and to threaten a ruinous exposure.

The swindler in the red surtout and white wig did not make much fight. The wine stood in his glass unfinished, the fruit untasted. He seemed overwhelmed with fear, and prostrate with remorse. He begged not to be exposed on 'Change, he offered five hundred pounds down if Mr. E. would cease all further proceedings. Mr. E. was delighted with his success, and readily consented. Mr. Trevors at once dived into the deep pocket of his red surtout, and produced a thousand-pound note, for which he requested change. Not having sufficient cash or notes in the house, Mr. Trevors proposed a cheque on Mr. E.'s banker, and having received that, left the house in a state of the utmost penitence and mortification.

Mr. E.'s self-congratulation was somewhat abated the next morning, by his discovering the thousand-pound note to be a forgery. He instantly rushed to the bank to stop payment, but unfortunately found that a porter, followed by a tall, thin woman, had obtained notes for the draft full four hours before.

Who could this sham Dutch merchant be, and who could be his partner, the swindler in the red surtout? Certainly not Schutz, for he had fled from London, and besides, Schutz was a decrepit jaundiced old man. But might not the two rogues be both members of Schutz's gang? That was what was vigorously discussed by baffled directors in the Bank parlour.

A short time before the successful trick played by the gentleman from Holland, Mr. Spillsbury, a chemist, of Soho Square, on reaching home after a walk, found a card in the hall with the name of Wilmot on it. All the servant knew was, that it had been left by a very respectable old gentleman. The next evening, Mr. Spillsbury received a note requesting him to call on Mr. Wilmot at half-past five o'clock that evening, as he wished to give an order for drops. The letter was directed from Greese Street, Rathbone Place. Mr. Spillsbury went at the appointed time, and being shown in by a smart lad in livery, found Mr. Wilmot to be a decrepit old man wrapped in a large camlet great-coat. He had a slouched hat on, the big brim of which was bent downwards on each side of his head; he wore green spectacles, a green silk shade (hanging from his hat), and a large bush wig. A

piece of red flannel rose from his chin almost as high as his cheek-bones. To complete this remarkable dress, the old man's legs were swathed in flannel. Mr. Wilmot instantly began to explain that, having had a tooth clumsily drawn, he wore the flannel to prevent cold. He then praised the matchless drops of Spillsbury, and alluded to the innumerable cures mentioned in the advertisements, etc. The druggist was delighted, and left with the promise of a large order. A week after, Mr. Wilmot's boy called at Spillsbury's, requesting two guineas' worth of drops and change for a ten-pound note. A few days after the drops were sent, Mr. Spillsbury was paralyzed by hearing from Sir Sampson Wright that Mr. Wilmot's bank-note was a forgery, and that the forger had decamped. Soon after this, the disconcerted chemist met, at the Percy Street coffee-house, which he frequented, a Mr. Price, formerly a brewer and keeper of a lottery office—the same busy man of the world, in fact, who had met the solicitor of the Bank of England at Calais, and did his best to aid him in apprehending the diamond thief, Schutz. Over their fragrant chocolate, the two cronies discussed the forgery. The chemist expressed a little surprise at the extreme neatness of the handwriting. Mr. Price, a simple creature, stared through his spectacles, and kept constantly ejaculating—

“Lack-a-day, good Gad, who could believe such knavery could exist! What, and did the Bank actually refuse payment, sir?”

“Yes, indeed,” replied the chemist, acrimoniously; “I and a great many others took them, and they were so inimitably well done, that the nicest judges could not distinguish them from the true Abraham Newland's.”

“Good Gad, lack-a-day!” sighed Price, “the fellow must have been an ingenious villain! Dear, dear me! What a complete old scoundrel!”

If the muffled-up old man were not Schutz again, who was he? The Bank began to consider the gang of forgers that infested London to be innumerable, and shrouded in unfathomable mystery.

Some considerable time before Mr. Spillsbury's loss, a lad employed by a musical instrument maker in the Strand, wanting another place, answered an advertisement dated from the Marlborough Street Coffee-house, Canarby Market. One day, just as it was dusk, a man came and called him to his coach, as the old gentleman who had advertised desired to speak with him. On getting into the coach, he found a very tall, thin man, nearly seventy years of age, dressed in a

camlet surtout, buttoned close up over his chin; he was apparently gouty, for his legs were huge bundles of flannel, and his feet were hidden in clumpy square-toed shoes. A broad-brimmed hat was drawn down low over his forehead, and a large black patch covered his left eye, so that the old gentleman's prominent nose, deep-sunken right eye, and a small part of his right cheek, were alone visible. He had an incessant faint hectic cough, which greatly distressed and fatigued him. Finding the lad honest and frank, he told him that he was guardian to a whimsical young nobleman down in Bedfordshire. On the lad's (Samuel's) master coming to the coach door and giving him a good character, Mr. Brank (the advertiser), of No. 59, Titchfield Street, Oxford Street, engaged him at eighteen shillings a week. On going to that address, Samuel saw Mr. Brank, who still kept the patched side of his face turned towards the lad; such being the old man's constant peculiarity. In a low broken voice he told him that his young master was a prodigal, and unfortunately a great dabbler in those deceitful and alluring bubbles, lottery tickets. The lad was to buy, at his own expense, a drab livery, turned up with red, and to call on a certain day and hour. On keeping his appointment, old Mr. Brank told him that the thoughtless young lord had just sent letters again requesting the purchase of lottery tickets. He then gave Samuel a twenty-pound and a forty-pound note, and sent him with the twenty pounds to purchase an eight-guinea chance at an office in the Haymarket, and with the forty pounds to purchase the same class of chance at an office at the corner of Bridge Street, Westminster. Samuel had canvas bags given him so as to keep the different shares and change distinct. On his way to meet his master at the Parliament Street Coffee-house, Mr. Brank hailed him from the other side of the road, commending him for his speed and diligence. He was then sent to Charing Cross, and King Street and York Street, Covent Garden, to purchase more chances and change more notes in the same careful manner. In York Street, by a mere coincidence, his master again met him, was pleased to meet him, and taking him into the coach, drove him to Cheapside to change four hundred pounds' worth more of notes in the lottery-offices round the Exchange. For many days this went on, Samuel always observing that whenever he entered an office a lady stepped out from a coach behind Mr. Brank's and followed him in. The lady remained as long as Samuel remained, and then walked out, purchasing nothing.

One day, after changing eight hundred pounds' worth of

notes, Mr. Brank took his servant to Greenwich to dine at the Ship, while he went to see the young nobleman's steward and banker, to get more money for those terrible lottery-tickets. On their return to town, Samuel changed more notes, to the amount of three hundred and fifty pounds. One evening, when Samuel had to meet his master at Will's Coffee-house with five hundred pounds in shares and change, he found, to his horror, that he was an hour late, and that a porter had been there after him. While the lad stood in the street hesitating, the porter stepped up to him and told him that an old gentleman wanted to speak to him under a gateway in Macclesfield Street. A coach was called, they both got in, and drove to Soho Square. Mr. Brank was very angry at Samuel's want of punctuality, and left him at the corner of Bateman's Buildings.

It pains us to confess that this Mr. Brank was also of the old Schutz gang, and one of the most subtle and wily of forgers. Four days after, Samuel, being arrested, was employed by Mr. Bond, the clerk at Bow Street, to help to apprehend the old fox, his master. On receiving a message to meet his master at Will's Coffee-house at a particular hour, it was agreed that Samuel should go as usual, followed at a distance by Moses Morant, an officer, dressed as a porter, carrying a knot on his shoulder, and by Mr. Bond, dressed as a lady.

The plan succeeded very well at first. A porter had just called to know if Samuel had been there. Samuel instantly went back and told the lady. Mr. Brank, watching this from the ambuscade of a hackney coach, and seeing the whispering, at once scented mischief, and drove safely off. A rush was instantly made to Titchfield Street, and handbills were again showered over the streets. All, of course, in vain.

It was evident that the man Price was one of the leaders of these dexterous and artful forgers. Price had been a fraudulent bankrupt, a contriver of matrimonial advertisements, and a keeper of swindling lottery-offices. His last trick had been played on a retired grocer, named Roberts, at Knightsbridge, whose friendship he had gained, and to whom he had represented himself as a stockbroker. Roberts, without consciousness of the fact, had been used by Price to change his forged notes. He had represented to Roberts that an old friend of his, a Mr. Bond—a retired broker, who had made an enormous fortune in the Alley—wished himself and a trusty friend to become his executors, having no relations living except an old maiden sister. With management

Price said, all the immense property of the old man—who lived in that singularly retired part of the world, Union Court, Leather Lane, Holborn—would fall into the hands of his executors.

On an appointed day and hour, Roberts was to meet Price at Mr. Bond's. On arriving there, he found Price had had a business appointment at the City Coffee-house; but the lady of the house showed him upstairs to Mr. Bond: a decrepit, failing old man, buried in a great chair, with his legs on another, a nightcap on his head, and his chin and mouth covered with flannel. Mr. Bond, with many feeble coughs, lamented Price's absence, and praised that gentleman's honour, honesty, and integrity; above all, his choice of a brother executor. When Roberts next met Price at the coffee-house, and some business had been transacted, Price proposed a call on Mr. Bond. On arriving, however, at Leather Lane, they found that Mr. Bond had just started in a coach to Highgate for an airing. After two or three visits to Mr. Bond, but never with Price, the old gentleman made his will, and put down Roberts, the executor, for such a large amount, that, on the strength of it, Price obtained nearly one thousand pounds in cash from Roberts, and bonds for two hundred pounds more.

Price had also, disguised as an old man, succeeded in getting change for six forged fifty-pound notes from Robert's brother, a grocer in Oxford Street, with whom he had scraped an acquaintance. On the notes being stopped, Roberts brought an action against the bankers, and actually paid Price for his zeal in obtaining witnesses for the defence and during the trial, at which he (Price) himself had the unblushing audacity to attend.

Though never thoroughly unmasked, this member of Schutz's gang was indeed not unknown to the police magistrates. A thunderbolt from Bow Street was about to fall on Mr. Price; and his apprehension (if such an oel could be caught, and, when caught, held by a well-sanded hand) might lead to disclosures concerning the old gentleman with the yellow jaundice who bought diamonds; the old gentleman with the gout in Leather Lane, who had money in the Funds; the old gentleman with the green silk shade, who relished poor Spillsbury's drops; and the old gentleman with the patch on his left eye, who was guardian to the prodigal young nobleman. The Forty Thieves had one captain; the Schutz gang must have a leader, and that leader was undoubtedly a great actor, a clever mimic, a wily, artful rogue, who had taken many careful and accurate soundings in the lowest ooze of the human heart.

Eager to seize Price, who had already passed one or two thousand exquisitely forged bank-notes, and who seemed to be as double-faced as Janus, and as watchful as Argus, Sir Sampson Wright, successor at Bow Street to the celebrated blind magistrate, Sir John Fielding, the great novelist's relation, covered the dead walls of London with the following notice—

“PUBLIC OFFICE, BOW STREET.

“A FELONY.

“Whereas a woman, answering the following description, stands charged with felony; whoever will apprehend her, and bring her before Sir Sampson Wright, at the above office, shall receive two hundred pounds reward upon her commitment. ”

“The said woman lately lived in a house, No. 3, on the Terrace, Tottenham-court-road, by the name of ANN POLTON. She then was dressed in a black silk gown, black cloak, and a black bonnet; she appears, or affects to be, very old and decrepit, though there is strong reason to believe that it is fictitious. She is rather above the middle size, thin face; and when she hired the above house, and until Monday last, usually wore clothes as above described, but on that day was dressed in a dark-blue striped linen or cotton gown, black bonnet and cloak, a black handkerchief tied round her neck, a black patch on her chin, and another on her right cheek, and had a bundle tied in a white handkerchief, light-coloured hair in loose curls, without powder. She has lately been seen as affecting a desponding situation, in the fields in the above neighbourhood. She is connected with a man who has appeared very aged and infirm, but, notwithstanding, hath been observed to walk very well when he supposed he was unnoticed.

“The man appears to be aged, about five feet seven or eight inches high, generally wearing a morning gown, with a cap over his face, and a large hat flapped; walks decrepit, with a stick, as if infirm, and wears spectacles; has several times walked down to the stables adjacent to the Terrace, and is the same person frequently before advertised, under different descriptions.

“It is earnestly requested that all housekeepers in the several streets, &c., between the Middlesex Hospital and the outbuildings towards Marylebone will give particular attention to this advertisement.”

While this notice was staring in the face of London, and smaller handbills were being sown broadcast in every high road, lane, and alley, Mr. Price had a narrow escape.

Every morning an old decrepit gentleman in a large flapped hat and goggling spectacles used to stroll down to the stables near the Terrace in Tottenham Court Road (just beyond the chapel), and watch a certain stable-boy currycomb a specially vicious horse; as daily the lad would thrash the spiteful and unruly beast with a broomstick, the old gentleman, leaning on his ivory-crutched cane, would silently smile and chuckle. One day, a Bow Street officer,

issuing handbills, heard this boy exclaim to his companion—"If this is not my old man, I'll be d——."

The old man had only just hobbled off; so after him dashed the runner to the gardens of Adam and Eve (the place, by-the-by, Hogarth sketched in the "March to Finchley"), which Mr. Price was known to frequent. Whisk in at the door whips the runner, but too late; for Mr. Price had just whipped out of another door, and left no trace even for the keenest bloodhound.

A few days afterwards, the same old gentleman went to several coffee-houses round 'Change, and hired boys to take forged notes to the Bank. He ordered these boys to bring him the tickets sent by the teller to the cashier. He then altered the ten pounds on the tickets to one hundred pounds, the fifty pounds to one hundred and fifty pounds, and sent them by fresh messengers to the cashier, who paid them without suspicion.

For some weeks before these forgeries, a neatly built, rather corpulent man, of about fifty, named Powel, had repeatedly called and pledged articles of value at the shop of Mr. Aldus, a pawnbroker, in Berwick Street. Mr. Powel was an erect, active, good-looking, well-dressed man, with very aquiline, perhaps almost vulturine, nose, small sunken, keen grey eyes, pinched lips, pale complexion, very few teeth, and a pointed prominent nutcracker chin. On the last occasion he had passed a forged note with many altered indorsements. One indorsement, by accident left entire, enabled the Bank to trace the note to Mr. Aldus, who had already had suspicion of the gentleman with the nutcracker face and vulturine nose. The Pawnbrokers' Act being then in agitation, Mr. Aldus entertained a suspicion that Mr. Powel was an informer, who was going to inform against him, and bring *qui tam* actions against him for taking usurious interest. He had, therefore, employed a spy to track Powel home; but the spy had always lost him in the neighbourhood of Portland Street, or near a mews in Tottenham Street. The runners were for instantly searching the two suspicious places near the rogue's burrow; for they were now sure that Price and Powel were the same man, and belonged to old Patch's, alias Schutz's, gang; but no, said Mr. Clarke, who understood *trap* to perfection, Price has some plan against Aldus. He has done well here; his suspicions are unexcited; leave well alone; keep watch for him at Aldus's.

* And now may we be permitted an Homeric metaphor.

As when the leather-gaitered trapper from his lair deep in the fern and brambles sees the shy weasel come gliding

toward the pendent rabbit, up the dangerous leaf-strewn path that leads to the keen-toothed gin, he holds his breath, nor moves his hand to the trigger though the little creature, winding like a snake, trots and sniffs, and then slips again into the high grass, the man knowing that it will certainly return if he only remains silent as the snow, and still as death, so did the runners in the dusk steal behind the shadow of the three golden balls, and plan their treacherous ambush.

On the 14th of January, 1786, the keen-eyed, vulture-boaked man in the tie-wig, ruffle shirt, and buckle shoes entered a bin in Aldus's shop, and tapped the counter gently with his tasselled cane. Mr. Aldus at once gave the fatal signal. *Click!* the gin closed; and through the swinging door strode Thomas Ting, Bow Street officer, who said he wanted to speak to Mr. Powel a moment, in Mr. Aldus's parlour.

Mr. Powel was angry and surprised. Who was Ting? What was Ting's business? Ting was ready to tell him in Mr. Aldus's parlour, and obligingly offered his arm to guide him there. Mr. Powel grew violent, and actually swore. He declared Ting wanted to rob him. Ting replied he had orders to detain him till some person arrived from Bow Street, and that the time might be well spent in searching him. The forger's passion then subsided; he submitted with a better grace, and drew out bank-notes to the amount of one hundred and fifteen pounds, with a few guineas. Ting, assiduously and roughly diving into Powel's dress-coat pockets, pulling out a parcel of suspicious white tissue paper, naturally asked what it was for.

"I bought it," said Price (Powel), "to make my children air-balloons."

But here Powel (Price) grew insolent and indignant. He swore 'twas "odd," 'twas "mighty odd;" he reviled Aldus, and vowed he would bring action upon action against his unjust detainer, who was now sanguine and went so far that he was sure he had

Old Patch himself

safe in his grip.

At that moment Mr. Clarke entered, and instantly said—
"How do you do, Mr. Price?"

At this friendly accosting, Mr. Powel turned visibly a bluish white, and his stick's tassels shook audibly. He requested leave to go himself and break the news to his wife, who lodged at the house of Mr. Bailey, a pastrycook, in Portland Street, as Mrs. Price was a great invalid, and, moreover, very near her confinement.

He even offered Ting the hundred and fifteen pounds (chiefly in notes) as a security for his immediate return. Ting, obdurate and stolid, refused the bribe, and led Mr. Price to Sir Sampson Wright's, still pressed to take the hundred and fifteen pounds. At Bow Street, Price was indignant and violent. He accused Mr. Bond, the clerk, of dislike to him on account of some old affair about a disputed lottery-ticket, and he even accused Abraham Newland, the venerated old cashier of the Bank, of antipathy towards him. As for Sir Sampson, Price told him that it was needless to run through his history. They knew well enough who he was, and if, although he was innocent, he had to submit to a trial, he would reserve his defence till then. Upon this, Mr. Charles Jealous and trusty Ting bundled Price into a hackney-coach, and, proud of their snared fox, drove him off to the Tothill Fields Bridewell.

Mr. Price's antecedents were gradually evolved from their knotty tangle. He was the son of a Welsh journeyman tailor, who, saving money, had started an old-clothes shop at the corner of East and West Streets, a point of vantage which commanded no less than four entrances into Monmouth Street, that dépôt of human sloughs, where, Mr. Carlyle tells us, the thought of that fine satire, *Sartor Resartus*, first entered into his mind. Charles Price, the future forger, was born about the year 1724. Even at school Charles had distinguished himself by sharp practice, tricks, and petty thefts, always outwitting his elder brother. At sixteen, the dangerous lad forged a draft, in his father's name, for twenty pounds, in order to obtain money for a debauch; his father at last, worn out by his knavery, had apprenticed the untoward boy to a hatter and hosier in St. James's Street. There, so far from improving, he grew more recklessly thievish. Disguised in a suit of his father's, and other appliances, he one day actually entered his master's shop as a Mr. Bolingbroke, and obtained ten pounds' worth of silk stockings. Upon being discovered, he ran away from his master, and was renounced by his father. Promising to reform, his friends then got him a place as clerk to a foreign merchant in Broad Street: whom he soon robbed of five hundred pounds by false entries, and finally fled to Holland.

Sheltered in that country under the borrowed name of Johnson, Price, by means of a forged letter introducing him as heir to a fortune, wheedled himself into the confidence of a diamond-merchant at Amsterdam. He seduced this man's daughter, and stealing five hundred pounds, returned to England: leaving the daughter to perish in childbed, and the old father to die of a broken heart.

This matchless rogue and heartless scoundrel next comes up to the surface as clerk to a government brewer at Weovil, near Gosport. The brewer, delighted with his smooth-tongued, sharp, and trustworthy clerk, soon offered him his daughter in marriage. At this auspicious juncture there appeared on the scene Price's brother: a greater rascal even than Price himself, then living at Portsmouth, and his master, a Jew salesman, who bought prize tickets. These rogues betrayed his antecedents. Price was instantly turned out of the brewer's office, and kicked out of his brother's house, where he had in vain sought shelter.

Once more in London, his father having in the mean time died heartbroken, Price, by a trick, obtained an assignment of a brewery near King John's Square, Grange Road, Southwark, decoyed Sam Foote, the comedian, into a quasi-partnership, stole the profits, brought him into debt five hundred pounds, and decamped.

Price next turned Methodist preacher, and by promises of marriage to a fanatical old maid at Chelsea, robbed her of three thousand pounds. Determined to run through the whole gamut of fraud, this versatile rascal now began a system of matrimonial advertisements; of which the following is a specimen, from a paper of 1757—

"To Gentleman of Character, Fortune and Honour, who wish to engage for life with a lady who possesses the above qualities in a very eminent degree. Her person, in point of elegance, gives precedence to none. Her mind and manners are highly cultivated, her temper serene, mild, and affable, and her age does not exceed twenty-two. Any gentleman who answers the above address may direct a letter to A. Z., at the Bedford Head, Southampton Street, Strand; and if their *morals* and situation in life are approved, they will then be waited on by a person who will procure the parties an interview."

His assistant in these schemes was a Mrs. Poultney, alias Hickeringill, his wife's aunt, who had become his mistress. Their house was in Red Lion Street, Clerkenwell; but they had also rooms in Charles Street, St. James's Square, where the accomplished lady exhibited as an Irish giantess. Their first dupe was a rich young fool named Wigmore, just fresh from college, full of Latin, and void of common sense. The gull, having paid fifty guineas, was allowed to see the old clergyman, the lady's uncle and guardian—Price himself in disguise—and was promised an interview, which never took place. When this bubble burst, and dupes grew clamorous, Price started an illicit distillery, and, being at last seized for this offence, was, in 1774, hurried into Newgate for a fine of one thousand six hundred pounds.

Price having written a pamphlet, founded on his Danish experiences, to vindicate the character of the unhappy sister of the king, Lord Littleton and Foote kindly exerted themselves, and obtained his release and a forgiveness of the heavy fine that had been inflicted. Upon his release Price came into possession of three thousand pounds, his wife's fortune, she having by that time come of age.

In 1778 this incomparable scoundrel started a fraudulent lottery-office in King Street, Covent Garden, receiving money, but never paying the prizholders. A Mr. Titmus, who kept a cane-shop in Pimlico, having bought a ticket of Price which came up the eighth of a two-thousand-pound prize, was refused payment, although he proved his right by the entry in the Whitehall books. Clarke, an officer of Bow Street, instantly had a handbill printed exposing the fraud, and, going to Mr. Price, told him that ten thousand of those were being then worked off, to be distributed on 'Change and in every part of London, but chiefly daily at Price's own door. Price, pleading his hitherto stainless character, paid the money under protest, and then wrote to Sir John Fielding, the magistrate, declaring that Mr. Titmus had threatened to murder him and set fire to his house. He then decamped with the rest of the two-thousand-pound prize, and the mob the same night surrounded the house and broke every pane of glass in the place. The following year he started a second sham lottery-office in Butcher Row, Temple Bar, and rivalled Mr. Christie, the then pre-eminent auctioneer, in the grandiloquence of his advertisements.

It was about the year 1780 that he began his vast scheme of forgery. He took the most extraordinary precautions to prevent discovery. He made his own paper with the special water-mark; he engraved his own plates; he made his own ink. He generally had three lodgings—the first for his wife, the second for his mistress, and the third for the negotiation of his notes, his wife and mistress being kept ignorant of each other's existence. He never returned home in disguise; he never negotiated notes except in disguise. The people he used as his instruments never saw him but in disguise, and were never lost sight of by his mistress, who always followed him in a hackney-coach to receive his disguise when done with. Every step of his daring schemes was planned with the comprehensive mind of a Vautrin. The Bank became violently alarmed (they had no microscope-room or chemical tests then). Plans were laid, wise heads were put together; but still day by day the forged notes kept pouring in from every quarter. The sagacity of one man had defeated the

zeal, assiduity, and stratagem of all the runners in Bow Street. In one fact all, however, agreed—that all the forged notes could be traced to *one man*, always disguised, nearly always successful, always inscrutable, always inaccessible. Schutz's gang one man? Impossible! There were forty of them.

In 1780 the Bank offered two hundred pounds for Old Patch's apprehension. The bill described him and his mistress in the following way—

"He appears about fifty years of age, about five feet six inches high, stout made, very sallow complexion, dark eyes and eyebrows, speaks in general very deliberately, with a foreign accent; has worn a black patch over his left eye, tied with a string round his head; sometimes wears a white wig, his hat flapped before, and nearly so at the sides, a brown camel great-coat, buttons of the same, with a large cape, which he always wears so as to cover the lower part of his face; appears to have very thick legs, which hang over his shoes as if swelled; his shoes are very broad at the toes, and little narrow old-fashioned silver buckles, black-stocking breeches, walks with a short crutch-stick with an ivory head, stoops, or affects to stoop very much, and walks slow, as if infirm; he has lately hired many hackney coaches in different parts of the town, and been frequently set down in or near Portland Place, in which neighbourhood it is supposed he lodges.

"He is connected with a woman who answers the following description: She is rather tall and genteel, thin face and person, about thirty years of age, light hair, rather a yellow cast in her face, and pitted with the small-pox, a downcast look, speaks very slow, sometimes wears a coloured linen jacket and petticoat, and sometimes a white one, a small black bonnet and a black cloak, and assumes the character of a lady's maid."

Let us now return to Tothill Fields Bridewell, where Price, alias Old Patch, alias Wigmore, alias Wilmott, alias Brank, alias Bond, alias Parks, alias Powel, alias SCHUTZ, sits brooding over all possible turns and doubles to avoid those keen hunters, Bond and Clarke, Sir Sampson, Mr. Acton, and that nameless man with the sinewy, nimble hands, and the rope noose but half concealed behind his back.

But stop! Schutz? Why, this is only one of the great forgery gang. There are thirty-nine more still loose in the lairs of London. We must at last be candid. This Price was Old Patch himself, Wigmore, Schutz—ail. He, and he alone, had planned and worked these endless forgeries. The depraved Ulysses of London is the parrot-nosed, nutcracker-faced man you see brooding alone in that dreary stone room.

The moment the doors were closed on him, Price wrote to Portland Street for his wife and son—a boy of fifteen. Knowing the lad would be searched, the crafty old thief took off

one of the boy's shoes, and slipped a letter to Mrs. Poultney between the outer and inner soles. The letter merely said, "Destroy everything."

The tall, thin, fallow woman was equal to the occasion. She, too, was Ulyssean by this time. She kissed the boy, and sent him home, then glided down to the kitchen of No. 3, Terrace, and mildly blamed the maid for keeping the fire so low in such cold weather. She next ordered her to take the cheeks out of the grate, and pile on fresh coals, saying she had just heard from her master that his clothes had got infected with the plague when he was abroad, that they were imminently dangerous, and must be all instantly burned to ashes. She then brought down all Schutz's, Old Patch & Co.'s disguises, and sprinkled them with water from a cullender to prevent their blazing. She reduced them first to a charred mass, and so to a brown powder. She sent the engraving-press to a friendly carpenter adjoining, who had never seen Price. She then, in the absence of the maid, heated the copper plates red-hot, and broke them into pieces. These, with the water-mark wires, were then taken by the son into the fields behind the house and hidden in dust-heaps, where they were afterwards discovered.

On his second examination Patch laughed at all accusations, and expressed his hope that "the old hypocrite would be taken." Assured that none of his dupes could recognize him, he even sent for many of them to prove his innocence. One sharp waiter from a City coffee-house, however, swore boldly to him. Price asked, unthinkingly, how he knew him. The man replied: "I will swear to your eyes, nose, mouth, and chin;" and the next day the mother of one of his servant-boys swore also to his mouth and chin. From that moment Price lost hope, and said he was betrayed; but he engaged an attorney, and arranged his defence, his plea being that the alteration of the teller's tickets was only a fraud. One night, when he sat over his wine with Mr. Fenwick, the governor of Tothill Fields, he pulled a ten-pound note out of his fob, and, ridiculing the carelessness of the searchers, left the note wrapped round the stopper of the decanter, as if in assertion of his powers of trickery.

On the Sunday before the day fixed for his committal Price borrowed a Bible of the governor, and prayed with his weeping wife for five hours. On the day before he had told his son to bring him two gimlets to fasten up the door, as the people of the prison came into his room earlier than he wished, and while he was writing private letters. He described all the processes of bank-note making to Mr. Fenwick, lamented

his temper, which had prevented his being worth a hundred thousand pounds, and defended his robberies of the Bank directors. Their annual gains by losses, fires, storms, and by persons dying intestate, were so great (he said) that it was doing no one an injury to rob them.

At seven next morning, an old female servant, going into the prisoner's room, saw Old Patch, in his flannel waistcoat, standing by the door. She said, "How do you do, sir?" Patch made no answer. At that moment his body swung round gently in the draught. He had hung himself from two hat-screws (strengthened by gimlets) behind the door.

Under the old forger's waistcoat were found three papers. The first was a series of meditations from the Book of Job, but two terribly indicative—

"Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, There is a man-child conceived.

"His mischief shall return upon his own head, and his violent dealing shall come down upon his own pate. He made a pit and digged it: he is fallen into the ditch which he made."

The second paper was a petition to the king, praying protection for his wife and eight harmless children, on the plea of the Danish pamphlet and his *own innocence*. The third paper was a letter to the governors of the prison, thanking them for their humanity and for their many and great civilities, and complaining of the legal tyranny that had destroyed his own reason and ruined his family.

A razor was found in his coat-pocket.

Mrs. Price betraying the residence of Mrs. Poultney, she was seized, and the frame and press were found at a neighbouring blacksmith's. The frame for paper-making she declared was an instrument for mangling; and she exclaimed in her despair—

"God forgive those who fall into the hands of the Bank!"

Price was buried as a suicide in the cross-road near the prison soon after his death; but a few days later, the empty shell was found outside the grave. The widow had removed the body.

Only one secret of Price's labyrinthine career remains inscrutable, and that is how the immense sum he stole (two hundred thousand pounds) was spent, as he always lived in obscure lodgings, and neither drank nor gambled.

Hone, writing in 1826, says that Price's old lottery-office was then occupied by Mr. Letchell, a bookseller, and that

shreds of the old lottery advertisements could still be seen on the shutters.

One fact in Price's history is noticeable;—that the rascal had acquired the knack of disguising himself from the constant habit of trying on clothes and playing tricks as a boy in his father's shop in Monmouth Street.

THE BATTLE OF VINEGAR HILL.

In April, 1798, there was scarcely a farmer's house where pretty Irish girls, with frightened glances at the windows, were not cutting up rolls of innocent green ribbon into rebel cockades for the hats of fathers, brothers, and lovers. There was scarcely a lonely moonlit bawn, or old Danish encampment, where wild striplings, armed with pikes, were not practising the right and left wheel, the rallying square, or the charge. Down many a rough country lane, between the desolate stone walls, cars were jolting with clattering loads of pike-handles. On many a mountain, from Benabola to the Scalp of Wicklow, bonfires were heaping, and stern-faced men were muttering threats against the Protestants. In many a roadside chapel, behind bolted doors, grim-looking priests, with faces steeled to the work, were blessing half-naked, ragged, headstrong pikemen who were to begin the holy work and face the swinging yeomanry sabres twenty-four hours after. In dismal cabins, mere holes in the bank roofed with turf, or in hidden places between the deep chocolate-coloured trenches in the bogs, where the snipe whistled, and the wild cotton ruffled white, many a rebel forged the pike-head, kissed the green ribbons, adjusted his talisman against bullets, or said his Aves in supplication to the Virgin that he might be guarded from the yeomanry bayonets on the morrow. The Curragh of Kildare was darkening with savage pikemen; on the Wicklow mountains they were gathering in force; Limerick was alight; even in Ulster and Down there was danger; but the central crater was Wexford, for there every third man was in arms against the red-coats. From the mouth of the Slaney to Enniscorthy, from Hook Head to Dunbrody, the pikes were assembling, and the green sashes waiting for the fiery signals.

There is no doubt that, from 1796, the fears of a French invasion had driven the Government to dangerous and oppressive severities. Repression, and not reform, was Lord Camden's primary principle. The Insurrection Act gave powers to any seven alarmed and tyrannical magistrates to assume, after requisition, the power of seizing, imprisoning, and sending to the fleet, almost without trial, any persons found at unlawful assemblies. The yeomanry were savage, thievish, and insolent; beasts of burden were impressed for baggage transport, without regard to any private rights; the billeting privilege was shamefully abused; the Habeas Corpus was suspended; arrests on secret information of spies were incessant; and the seizure of arms was made a pretext for every variety of arrogant oppression. It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back, the Arab says, and here was a whole truss-full.

In 1795, the year the first Orange lodge was formed, and the year before the yeomanry was organised, Napper Tandy had fled to avoid trial. Wolf Tone, a coachmaker's son, and a mischievous adventurer, had escaped to America. Dr. Jackson, an envoy from the French government, had been tried for high treason, and poisoned himself in the dock. In 1796 the Government was moved to fresh severities by the unsuccessful attempt of General Hoche, with fifteen sail-of-the-line, ten frigates, twenty-seven transports, and fifteen thousand men, to land in Bantry Bay. In 1798, Lord Camden's vigilance was unremitting, and it was to his seizure of the chief conspirators in Dublin before the day fixed for the outbreak that the subsequent failure of the unfortunate rebellion must be mainly attributed. Mr. Reynolds, of Kilkea Castle, a retired silk-manufacturer, betrayed the Leinster delegates, who, fifteen in number, were seized at the house of Oliver Bond, a woollen-draper in Bridge Street, Dublin. Emmet, the son of a surgeon, afterwards hung for treason, was among the number. The leader of the United Irishmen, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, was also arrested on the 8th of May, at the house of Murphy, a featherman, in Thomas Street. He fought desperately with a dagger, inflicting mortal wounds on a Captain Ryan, and disembowelling another officer. Lord Edward was shot in the struggle by Major Sirr, and died a month after, of his wounds and of mental irritation. These arrests, and those of the two Sheares, barristers, utterly disconcerted the rebels and disarranged all their plans. The police pursued the conspirators, and drove them to a hurried and premature insurrection, which was trodden out in most places bit by bit. An attempt on the night of the 23rd of May

was unsuccessful, Neilson, the leader, being captured by a jailer while reconnoitring. General Lake's measures were prompt and firm. Strong pickets were placed on all the canal bridges, and militia regiments drawn up on St. Stephen's Green, the garrison and yeomanry drums beat to arms, and all the alarm-posts were instantly occupied. The country roads, alleys, gateways, stable-lanes, and byways of the Liberty were already swarming with pikemen, lurking there ready at beat of rebel drum to rush out and intercept the yeomanry as they hurried to their rendezvous. The mail-coaches were all to be stopped and destroyed at a signal, the water supply of Dublin was to be cut off, the Custom House to be seized, the Castle to be stormed by men with cutlasses and pistols, who were to murder the lord-lieutenant, Lord Castlereagh, and all the staff. There was no time to be lost. Every dingy yard and city garden was full of hidden arms. The yeomanry were half of them United Irishmen; the domestic servants, two-third spies, were preparing to murder their masters. The very lamplighters refused to light the lamps till forced at the point of the bayonet. The mountains from the Scalp in Wicklow to Mount Leinster in Wexford were bright with signal-fires, the increase or diminution of which was understood by the expectant rebels.

General Lake issued a proclamation early on the 24th, requiring all the inhabitants of Dublin, except certain privileged persons, to remain in their houses from nine o'clock at night till five in the morning, under pain of punishment. All persons who had registered arms were to give in an inventory, to be filed at the town clerk's office, and all persons who had not registered their arms were required to instantly deliver them up to the lord mayor or some magistrate, on pain of being sent on board the fleet without trial. House-keepers were also required to place outside their doors a list of all tenants of the house, especially specifying strangers.

On the night of the 23rd there were several partial risings. The Belfast mail was burned at Bantry, the Limerick mail was stopped on the Curragh, and the guard and coachman murdered; the Athlone coach was broken up at Lucan, and the Cork mail destroyed at Naas. At Rathfarnham, Lucan, Lusk, Collon, and Baltinglas, the rebels and yeomanry met, and in all cases the green cockades were repulsed. On the following day, Clane, Naas, Ballymore-Eustace, and Kilcullen were attacked. At Prosperous, a town seventeen miles from Dublin, forty men of the North Cork Militia and twenty British Cavalry were surprised in their quarters, which were easily set on fire, the cellars being full of straw. The

screaming victims who leaped out of the windows were received on the pikes of the shouting rebels.

Some headlong but undisciplined attacks on troops at Naas and Carlow were unsuccessful. On Saturday, the 26th of May, the flames broke out in Wexford. A bonfire lighted on the hill of Corrigrua was answered by another on Boulavogue. In the latter place the rebel leader was Father Murphy, a priest who had graduated at Seville. He was the son of a small farmer, and had been educated at the hedge-school at Ferns. This man, of a savage, determined disposition, began by burning every Protestant house in Kilcormick, and piking all the Protestants he could seize. It was said that the soldiers had formerly burned the house and chapel of this man, and that he had vowed vengeance.

The royalists, having dispersed a rebel camp with about three thousand men on a ridge of the Slieve Bridge Mountains, and afterwards burned two chapels and one hundred cabins, an attempt was next made to attack the rebel position on the hill of Ontart, two miles from Gorey. Colonel Foote pursuing an advantage too recklessly, the rebels turned, and, incited by Father John, piked and shot the whole detachment (one hundred and five men), all but the lieutenant-colonel, a sergeant, and three privates. The garrison of Gorey at once retreating to Arklow, followed by a crowd of terrified loyalists, Father John attacked the town of Enniscorthy on the 28th.

This town is on the river Slaney. The market-house, court, and the suburbs of Templeshannon and Drumgoold, are on the north side, at the foot of Vinegar Hill. It is a place of about five thousand inhabitants, and lies about twelve miles from Wexford, which is ninety-two miles from Dublin. The garrison consisted of about three hundred militia and yeomanry, and they formed on the bridge, and on Duffry-gate-hill, upon the Carlow road, placing sergeants' guards in the market-house and the old castle. The rebels advanced, driving cattle and horses before them to break and distract the enemy's fire, and at the same time firing from behind the walls and hedges with steadiness and celerity. The insurgents being many of them good shots (Wexford abounding in water-fowl), the fire was as heavy as it was well directed. Falling back on the town under shelter of a charge of cavalry, the yeomanry were now beset on every side, and were fired at from the windows. The rebels, repulsed at the bridge, forded the river out of reach of the musketry. The inhabitants setting fire to the houses in the neighbourhood of the troops, the streets were so full of smoke that they could not discern their opponents till they saw the charging pikes.

The flames from either side of the street met in an arch over the yeomen's heads, singeing their hair, and burning the red plumes from their helmets and the tufts from their shakos. Making a brave stand in the Market-house Square, the garrison was at last compelled to retreat to Wexford, as Enniscorthy was being gradually surrounded, and a night attack on their position seemed imminent. As the green flags, with the yellow harps blazoned on them, pressed fast into the town, the glare of the burning houses lit the yeomanry on the road to Wexford. The troopers carried before them, on their horses, the old people, the sick, the wounded, the women, and the children. Many ladies, wild with horror, waded the river Slaney with their children on their backs, and flew to the woods, where they were hunted for days after, as if they had been wolves. The Catholics of Enniscorthy, who had plied the rebels with whisky during the night, now welcomed them with screams of joy. They set fire to all the chief Protestant houses, dragging out the men and murdering them in the street before the eyes of their wives and children. By midnight, four hundred and seventy-eight houses, taverns, store-sheds, and malt-houses had been reduced to ashes. The cellars were broken open by fanatics who drank themselves mad, shouting that no heretic should be left alive in Old Ireland. More than a hundred of the infantry, militia, and cavalry, not reckoning the Protestant volunteers, fell in that day of street fighting; while upwards of five hundred dead rebels strowed the fords, island, and banks of the Slaney and the entrances of the town.

The next morning the Irish destroyed the church of Enniscorthy with ferocious delight. They made bonfires of the organ, the pews, the communion-table and pulpit before the church door, and flung the Bibles and Prayer-books into the flames. They carried off the church bell on beams to Vinegar Hill, as an alarm-bell for the camp they were making there, and to beat the hours.

Vinegar Hill, which rises beyond the last huts of Enniscorthy, is conical, with a gradual ascent from cultivated fields and strips of pasture and potato-land, divided by deep clay ditches, hedges, and loose stone walls. On the top of the crater-like cone stood the enclosed ruins of a windmill, which was used as a prison for Protestants, and as a shamble by their executioners. Good roads wound round the base of the hill, which commanded the river Slaney. It was well chosen for guerilla troops, who could fight from wall to wall, and the fosses and trenches would be troublesome to cavalry and artillery. Father John entrenched it above and below, and

on the top he placed batteries. Ten thousand peasants soon flocked to the rendezvous. A large garrison was placed in the town, with an officer's guard, relieved every day from the hill. The glebe offices were used as storehouses for provisions and arms. Strong pickets, sentinels, and videttes were placed at the avenues leading to the town, and parties were sent out to bring in Protestant prisoners to be piked and shot during the daily parades in the camp.

From ten to twenty priests attended the insurgents, each of whom daily said mass at the head of his own column, and read the roll-call of his own parishioners, exhorting them to extirpate heresy. Commissaries, each with his retinue of pikemen, levied provisions for the rebels. The farmers and neighbouring gentry sent cattle, beer, and wine to propitiate Father John and the other chiefs. The hill was covered with rough tents of blankets, chintz bed-curtains, tablecloths, and window-curtains, part of the plunder of the town, thrown over poles bent into arches. The men slept on blankets round the fires, and, afraid of being robbed, lay on their stomachs, with their hats and shoes tied under their breasts. The camp was a scene of drunken uproar, debauchery, and cruelty. While the stolen cattle were being killed and broiled in stewing-pans, some of the pikemen roasted on bayonets large pieces of meat with the hide still on, leaving the carcasses to rot outside the tents. The bagpipes, fiddles, and fifes played night and day; the drunken men danced while the half-starved prisoners were being shot against the windmill walls, and Father John and his brother field officers were feasting outside their tents, under the green flag that waved on the top of the hill.

The atrocities of the rebel executions (not that the yeomanry were less bloodthirsty) equalled those of the French Revolution. From thirteen to fifteen Protestants were put to death every morning, the executioners crossing themselves and praying before they discharged their muskets. They tortured many prisoners—putting out their eyes and then starving them. They compelled Protestants to shoot each other. If a man was able to "prove himself a Christian" by saying Catholic prayers, they sometimes liberated him. Some men were buried half alive, and in one or two cases even then escaped and recovered.

About five hundred persons, men of fortune, justices, clergymen, merchants, farmers, labourers, and mechanics, perished in these massacres. Several scenes of great pathos occurred during these cruel trials in the camp. On the 30th of May, William Neil, a farmer of Ballybrennen, and his two sons, Henry and Bryan, were taken to Vinegar Hill. Joseph

Murphy, the leader of the pikemen, swore that he would bring in no more Orangemen unless they were put to death quicker. A conference was held, and the father and two sons were, of course, instantly condemned. They first led out Bryan, who begged them to shoot him, and not to torture him with pikes. One of the men said he should not die so easily, and struck him on the head with an adze; as he reeled back, two others stabbed him with spears, and a third then shoved the rest aside and shot the man. The father was then brought forward, and, soliciting to be shot, was thrust on his knees and fired at by the executioner three times. Father Roche, who attended the execution, then ordered the man who fired to try if his piece would go off in the air. On its doing so, Father Roche liberated the farmer, imputing his escape to Divine Providence. Another of Neil's sons was burnt by the rebels in a barn, with two or three hundred other Protestant prisoners, at Scullabogue.

Another day, John Mooney, a doctor's servant, was dragged out of the mill and placed beside a row of sixteen dead men. Brian, the executioner, according to custom, desired him to turn his back. Mooney refused, saying he was not afraid to face a bullet; and seeing the executioner was ragged, took off his coat, waistcoat, and hat, and gave them to him for his trouble, telling him to come nearer and do the business properly. The ruffian, struck with his courage, swore it was a proof of his innocence, and he would have nothing to do with him. On this, Murtagh Brien, alias Kane, a savage wretch, rose from his knees (for he was praying), and presenting his blunderbuss, insisted on shooting the heretic; but Brian interfered, threatening to blow out the brains of any man who even attempted to injure Mooney, and dismissed the prisoner.

The men in the camp used to cry out to the prisoners, "There will be soon but one religion on the face of the earth. This is the handiwork of God, for Father John Murphy catches red-hot bullets in his hand. We tell you a priest can bring a lighted candle out of a pail of water." The priest also reviled them. "You sons of Belial," they said, "that withstood our holy religion, which existed eight hundred years before yours began, you will see how these pikemen will treat you unless there is soon a great reformation in you."

On the 14th of June, a poor woman, named Hall, went to the Vinegar Hill prison to see her husband, who was shut up there. She forced her way through the rebels, and found them dragging his body by the heels, a man with a green sash on superintending the execution. As she knelt and took

the body in her arms the clouds thundered and lightened, on which the rebels fell on their knees and blessed themselves. She said, "God is angry at your act."

"No," they replied, with an oath, "God is sounding the horn of joy because an Orangeman is killed." Upon this her husband, whom she had thought dead, stretched out his feet, turned to her, said faintly, "Molly, my dear, take me from these people," and expired. The body was black as if with lashes, and was pierced in the breast with a bullet. The rebels refused to let her take the body, and said, if she was so fond of a dead husband, they would cut his body in pieces and fasten them to her. There was an old man with a scythe, who used to go round the bodies after an execution and strike on the head those who still breathed. Many were buried while still gasping. The rebels frequently pierced the bodies with swords, or dragged them with shouts round the hill. Many of the prisoners were shaved and had pitch caps placed on their heads. Some were lashed with brass wire (this mode of torture was fashionable recently in Jamaica, but it was not the negroes who used it). As the Protestants grew scarcer, the rebels used slower tortures. A favourite cruelty of theirs was to put a wedge-shaped stone in a Protestant's mouth, and then to stamp on the broader end.

Father John Murphy was a bold, light-complexioned man, of about forty-five. He was not very tall, but well made, strong, and agile. He was very passionate, and when in a rage was savage as a mad tiger. He wore pistols in a cross-belt over his vestment, and carried a pyx, oil for extreme unction, and a crucifix in his pocket. Thomas Dixon, another Wexford chieftain, was the son of a publican, who had first been a tanner, and then the master of a merchant vessel. His wife was even more savage and relentless than himself. There were also gentlemen among the rebel generals. John Colclough was an amiable and excellent man, who protested against all excesses. Mr. Grogan, of Johnstown Castle, another chief, was an old infirm man, who had been three times high sheriff. The rebel governor of Wexford, Keogh, was a half-pay captain, who had served with credit in America. Another leader, who bitterly repented having joined so bloodthirsty a set of patriots, was Beauchamp Bagnal Harvey, of Bargay Castle, an eccentric and good-natured barrister—thin, shambling, short, with features cramped with the small-pox, and a gay, tremulous voice. Father Clinch, another of the priests most active in urging on the troops and in selling them scapulars to protect from lead and steel, was a burly man, of huge stature, who rode a large

white horse, and wore a scimitar, with a broad cross-belt, and a pair of long horse-pistols.

While the camp was being organised, and Vinegar Hill was being thus soaked with Protestant blood, Wexford had been seized by the insurgents, and a provisional government established. The rebels had already shown a desire to imitate the French Jacobins by dancing round a *trée* of liberty at Enniscorthy, by openly comparing two of their leaders to Santerre and Marat, and by singing semi-French songs with the chorus of "*Viva-là*." The chief Wexford Protestants were seized, and thrust into a sloop in the harbour, the town jail, or the market-house. Murder soon commenced.

On the morning of the 19th of June, Thomas Dixon, the rebel captain, rode to the jail door, and swore loudly that by sunset not a prisoner should be left alive, nor a soul left to tell the tale. Soon after the town bell rang, and the drums beat to arms to assemble the pikemen who were to march to the Three Rocks against General Morris's brigade. That same evening Dixon collected his men, and hoisting a black flag, which had on one side a large blood-red cross, and on the other the initials M.W.S. ("*Murder without sin*"), signifying it was no sin to murder a Protestant, led the prisoners to the bridge where they were to be executed. Each batch was preceded by a black flag, some drummers and fifers, and was escorted by a strong guard of pikemen. The mob consisted of more women than men, and they shouted at the death of each victim. The usual manner of putting them to death was this: Two rebels pushed their pikes into the prisoner's breast, and two into his back. They then lifted him up writhing in torture, held him suspended till he died, and then threw him over the parapet into the water. Some Protestants, however, saved themselves by going through Roman Catholic ceremonies, or by repeating the Ave Maria.

While the massacre was proceeding, a rebel captain besought the popish bishop, who was calmly sipping his wine after dinner, to save the prisoners. The bishop replied that it was no affair of his—the people must be gratified, and requested the captain to sit down and take a glass of wine. The captain, however, indignantly refused, and took his leave. When about ninety-seven victims had already suffered, Roche came galloping into the town and ordered the drums to beat to arms, as Vinegar Hill was nearly surrounded by the king's troops, and every man was wanted in the camp. At this very moment the bridge was drenched with blood, and blood was streaming down the pikes of the four executioners, who had a man aloft struggling on their spears. When the ill

news arrived, the assassins hurried off, leaving three prisoners to be led back to the jail. Dixon, returning, ordered more Protestants from the jail, prison-ship, and market-house to be murdered in batches of from ten to twenty. Six Protestants out of ten had been already impaled, when Father Corrin came running up to save the residue. Finding all his arguments useless, the priest at length took off his hat, and desired the murderers to kneel down with him and pray for the souls of the poor prisoners before they put them to death. Having got them in this attitude he said—

“Now pray to God to have mercy on your own souls, and teach you to show that kindness towards these men which you expect from Him in the hour of death and in the day of judgment.”

He then rose and led the Protestants back to prison unopposed. The massacre ceased about eight o'clock in the evening; out of forty-eight in the market-house, only nineteen had escaped.

In the mean time, the camp on Vinegar Hill was gradually being surrounded by General Lake with infantry, militia, and cavalry. A vast mob of Shanavests, Caravats, United Irishmen, White Boys, and Peep o' Day Boys, were occupied in murdering prisoners, dancing, drilling, feasting, and praying, within sound of the big bell stolen from Enniscorthy. Father Murphy, the tigerish priest, was there in his vestments and cross-belt; and Father Clinch, the giant, on his bony white horse. There were thirteen guns, the largest a six-pounder, on the hill, and many carts full of shot. The rebels also used round stones and hard clay balls instead of iron or lead, and manufactured a rough kind of gunpowder that lost its force after a few days. Their pieces they fired with lighted sods of turf and wisps of straw.

Even at the moment that Vinegar Hill was surrounded, the rebels continued their cruelties. Flying parties were continually bringing in fresh victims to be shot, piked, or slashed with scythes outside the windmill wall; men still alive were thrown into marl-pits or hurled into burning houses. Catholics shot their oldest neighbours and friends who had sought shelter in their lofts or pigsties. The houses of the gentry were attacked by night by men who, covered with featherbeds as shields, drove in the doors and windows with sledgehammers. Often the rebels were repulsed by the desperate fire kept up by Protestants driven to despair, and fighting for their wives and children. In one horrible instance a beautiful girl was shot in mere wantonness and thrown into a shallow grave, her golden hair remaining outside the earth

and blowing to and fro for days, till some rebels in pity gave the mangled body a more complete interment.

The war had become a religious war. There was fear on the one side, and hatred on the other. The Protestant yeomanry plundered and burnt houses with or without reason. They flogged and shot any one they met, and often on the most unreasonable suspicions. They hung and burnt the rebels by scores whenever they had an opportunity. The Hessians in particular were as cruel as mercenaries generally are. They repeated in Ireland the atrocities which had before rendered their name detestable in Scotland and in America. The volunteers were also brutal, and hardly less ferocious in their cruel retaliations.

The rebels under the green flag on the windmill, little conscious how soon and with what terrible certainty the lion's paw was about to come down upon them, still entertained the most extravagant hopes. The burly vociferating priests, who urged them to sweep Ireland free of heretics, and sold them "Gospels" to preserve them from sword and bullet, kept them blind to all sense of danger, assured them that three hundred thousand pikemen would soon beleaguer Dublin, and that twenty thousand French blue-coats were on the point of landing at Bantry to drive out the English, and plant the green flag on Dublin Castle. Father Murphy was to lead them to glory; Father Roche was to shout "Erin-go-Bragh" at the lord-lieutenant's table; Garret Byrne and his men were to camp in the Phoenix Park, and swing General Lake on the highest gibbet. Father Clinch would catch the Protestant bullets in his hand, and give them to the boys to pepper the red-coats with. Viva-là! There should be no more singing "Croppies lie down" in heretic barracks; no more roaring "Boyne Water" at fox-hunting dinners. It was death or liberty now; Ireland for the Irish, and the heretics to their own hot quarters. Not a soul with the "black drop" in him should remain alive. So yelled the half-naked thousands in the windmill camp outside Enniscorthy.

Meanwhile, and with terrible precision, the Ninth Dragoons and Hompesch's Hussars closed round the swarming ant-hill. On the one side were half-naked, hairy-chested, yelling peasants, with scythes, hay-knives, scrapers, currying-knives, adzes, old rusty bayonets fixed on poles, or spears sharpened into swords, and armed with hooks; on the other, the stiff firm Fencibles, the militia, and the stout, clumsy yeomanry cavalry, moving like automatons with mathematical accuracy, sabres in a line, pigtails in a row, cartouche-boxes level as a die. The rebels had muskets, and could skirmish, and

détour, and extend, and contract their lines; but they could not fire volleys, and, being ignorant of artillery practice, they could neither point their light guns with accuracy, nor keep up a steady, continuous fusillade. Their artillery-men were generally prisoners not to be depended upon, and they had taken no care to drill themselves or to preserve discipline. They were furious in the attack, like most of the Celtic races, and desponding after a repulse. At bay, behind stone walls and hedges, in defiles, or on the mountain-side, they were dangerous; but even against a single brigade of a regular army they were no more to be dreaded than a mob of mischievous boys. Crowded in masses of thousands, with no great mind to direct them or to inspire them with confidence, with no real leader, and scattered into separate detachments, they could neither attack with success nor rally when broken. Not the horsewhip of Father Murphy nor even the pistol-shots of Father Clinch could reduce to order those once-routed masses in the huge frieze great-coats.

On the 16th of June, General Lake resolved to relieve Wexford and Enniscorthy, and rescue the royalist prisoners. The general's orders were, that General Dundas and General Loftus should unite forces at Carnew, while General Johnson and Sir James Duff should drive the rebels from Carrickbyrne Hill, and taking a position near Old Ross, patrol the country towards the Black Stair Mountain. Sir Charles Asgill was to occupy Gore's Bridge, Borris, and Graigenamena; General Moore was to land at Ballyhack Ferry, and unite with General Johnson at Foulkes's Mill. In the mean time, the gun-boats and armed vessels were to enter Wexford harbour to assist in the attack on the town; and the gun-boats from Waterford were to support General Moore and his corps at Clonisher. The columns of attack consisted of portions of the Dublin, County Sligo, Royal Meath, and Roscommon Militia, the 89th Regiment of Foot, the Suffolk Fencible Infantry, the 5th battalion of the 60th Regiment, the 1st battalion Light Infantry, and the 4th Light Battalion; while the base of the hill was to be secured and swept by the 9th Dragoons, the Dunlavin Yeomanry Cavalry, and Hompesch's Hussars. The Irish Royal Artillery were also to co-operate with howitzers.

The columns of attack reported themselves on the evening of the 20th as in readiness for the advance at daybreak. Two brigades were, however, missing—General Moore's (subsequently the hero of Corunna) and General Needham's. On his march to Taghena, Moore, fiercely attacked near Foulkes's Mill, had driven back the rebels who assailed his cannon at a

bridge, and followed them into Wexford. As for Needham, fearful of surprise in the deep covered ways, and embarrassed with four hundred carts full of military supplies, he arrived too late to join in the attack on the hill; which could not be delayed, as the rebels were threatening to send reinforcements to Enniscorthy, which was being stormed by Johnson's brigade.

About seven o'clock on the 21st of June the great bell of the windmill beat out its alarm. Sir James Duff and the red-coats were advancing by the Forns road, General Johnson having reported his arrival on the opposite side of the Slaney, near Enniscorthy. General Loftus and his light infantry supported either flank of Duff's brigade as he advanced up the hill under a shower of howitzers. The men in the frieze coats grasped their pikes and muskets, and waited grimly behind their brass guns and by the high clay banks round the windmill; while along the south-east ridge of the hill the rebels yelled and beat their drums. Many of them wore the brass-plated and red-tufted shakos and the helmets of murdered yeomanry and militia. General Loftus then took a narrow road to the left, diverging from the main one, and occupied a green knoll in a small field enclosed with stone walls. He rapidly broke gaps in the wall; the artillerymen, unlimbering the guns from the horses, lifted them over one by one, and opened fire on the lower ranks of the enemy—a double forest of pikes—mowing down nearly a hundred with the first shower of grape-shot. At the same time, with colours flying and drums beating, Generals Lake, Dundas, and Willford, flanked by Colonel Campbell's light infantry, charged up the hill on the south-east side, while Johnson's brigade mounted from Enniscorthy, bayonets gleaming and plumes in a line.

In vain Father Murphy's horsewhip and Father Clinch's brandished scimitar; in vain priestly hands waving to heaven with crucifix and breviary; in vain consecrated scapular and endless benedictions. The cannons flashed out fitfully, but could not stop the swarming red-coats. Pikemen lined the hedges and walls one after the other with the true Irish courage, and fought from dyke to dyke. The fire was hot and fast, and the rebels fought with despair till they fell dead in the trenches, or were thrust back with bayonets over the broken walls. The agile, barefooted striplings leaped and ran faster than the cavalry horses, and were so tenacious of life that the soldiers swore that they withstood bullets through the lungs, and that cutting their heads off only half killed them.

The night before General Johnson had been attacked by the rebels, who had advanced in close columns from Enniscorthy, covered by swarms of sharpshooters, and had driven them back to the supporting columns, which had halted on an eminence where the general commanded them. The peasants were astonished at the shells, and much terrified at the scattering fragments and the carnage that they occasioned. "They spit fire on us," they cried. "We can stand anything but those guns that fire twice." Whenever the round-shot plunged into the face of the hill the rebels scrambled for them, shouting and laughing. At last a shell from a howitzer dropped, and fifty of these frieze coats were fighting for it, when it burst and scattered death amongst them.

This was the night before the general attack. At daybreak, Johnson forced the rebels from the height, hedge by hedge, back into Enniscorthy. After halting an hour, to allow the attack on the hill to employ the main body of the enemy, the general pushed his columns into the town. The rebels made a stubborn resistance, the pikemen fighting for every street, and the fire being hot from every window, every yard and alley was contended for. One rush of pikemen captured a six-pounder in the square before the court-house, but it was instantly retaken, and the bridge swept of the rebels. The light infantry hesitating to scale the hill, Johnson called on the County of Dublin regiment to do the work, on which they gave three cheers, and, led on by Colonel Vesey and Lord Blaney, pressed up the steep hill-side, reaching it as the other columns crowned it, and pushed the great scattered host of grey-coats back headlong over the brow.

The day was lost to Father Murphy's army. The men with the talisman scapulars were falling by twenties under the sabre and the bayonet; wigs, pikes, swords, muskets, battered hats, and torn great-coats strewed the hill. The great host had melted in a thaw of terror. The rebels were in full retreat down the section of the hill left open by Needham's absence. Pistols were flashing at fugitives; along miles of country road bleeding men were crawling over bog and fen to die in lone corners, under stone walls, and in bramble coverts. The green flag was down at last from the windmill. The great bell was dented with cannon-balls.

As for Father Clinch, on the big white horse, the Earl of Roden chased him for a mile, received his fire, and then shot him in the neck. An officer riding up, gave the giant priest the *coup de grâce*. He had his vestments in his pocket, besides forty guineas, a gold watch, and a snuff-box.

Soon after this rout, Bagnal Harvey and many other rebel

leaders were hanged, and Father John Murphy was taken prisoner at an alehouse. When he was brought before the general's aide-de-camp, he struck a fierce blow with his fist at Major Hall, who had irritated him by some question. In his pocket were found some letters from Wexford ladies, begging him to save the lives of their husbands and relations. He was hanged the same day, his head fixed on the market-house at Tullow, and his body burned.

Three of the chief leaders were gibbeted on Vinegar Hill, near the windmill. Their bodies were, from feelings of compassion, hidden in large pitched sacks. The rebellion was now all but stamped out. In August, General Humbert and twelve hundred French landed at Castlebar, but they were driven to surrender at Ballinamuck. From that time the rebels became mere wandering thieves, hunted down, and burnt out whenever they could be met with in arms.

So ended an unhappy and useless rebellion, which cost several thousand lives, and left the Irish less free than it had found them.

Persons who had opportunities of watching this disastrous outbreak have left on record one or two deductions which are not uninteresting. It was found that the village bullies, famous for their prowess with the shillelagh, were by no means in the front ranks in the various engagements, while the quiet, steady men distinguished themselves by great bravery. It was also noticed that while the fanatic and stricter Catholics were often cruel, treacherous, and unrelenting, the rakes and drunken scapegraces were frequently generous and merciful. Of the two thousand Irish priests, it should in justice be mentioned, that less than twenty figured as leaders in the rebel camps, and that, in spite of many sad cruelties and atrocities, outrages on women were very rare during the whole rebellion.

EMMET'S INSURRECTION.

IN 1803, the year after the discovery of Colonel Despard's conspiracy in England, Robert Emmet, the son of a Dublin physician, an impulsive young enthusiast, who had been for some years in voluntary exile in France, returned to Ireland with the purpose of initiating a second insurrection. Robert's elder brother, Thomas, a barrister, also an exile, and also eager for Irish independence, had met him at Amsterdam, and filled him with delusive hopes.

"If I get ten counties to rise," the dreamer had said to a friend, "ought I to go on?"

"You ought if you get only five, and you will succeed," was the answer.

Emmet was a handsome, sanguine, high-spirited, eloquent young man, of fine talents, great energy, and chivalrous courage; but led away by impetuous passions to a belief in a palpable impossibility. He had entered the Dublin University at sixteen, and had even then been notorious for his wild republicanism. Moore, the poet, mentions him as his colleague at a juvenile debating club, and held in great repute, not only for his learning and eloquence, but for the purity of his life, and the grave suavity of his manner. The dangerous subjects propounded by these hot-headed young politicians were such as, "Whether an aristocracy or democracy is more favourable to the advancement of science and literature;" and "Whether a soldier was bound on all occasions to obey his commanding officer." The object of these stripling conspirators was to praise the French republic, and to denounce England by innuendo or open sedition. The students were fired by recollections of Plutarch's heroes and Plato's Utopia; there were often real wrongs enacting before their eyes; their own fathers and brothers had been slain or hung; and, looking

across the water, they could see French sympathisers stretching out their hands with promises of aid. The conclusion of one of Emmet's boyish speeches shows how much of the William Tell there was even then in his heart :

"When a people advancing rapidly in knowledge and power," said the debating-club orator, "perceive at last how far their Government is lagging behind them, what then, I ask, is to be done in such a case? *Why, pull the Government up to the people.*"

Next day Emmet was struck off the college roll, and the plotting publicans and farmers rejoiced in a gentleman leader.

From a portrait of Emmet in later life, we can picture him in '98 with his tall, ascetic figure, his long Napoleonic face, and his thin, soft hair brushed down over his high forehead. In 1802, care and thought had bent his brows into a too habitual frown, had compressed his lips, and turned down the outer angles of his mouth to a painful and malign expression; but still, bend the brows or tighten the lips as time might, the face was always the face of a man of singular courage, and of acute, though unbalanced genius.

There is a story told of this young politician, in early life, that proved his secretive power and resolution. He was fond of studying chemistry, and one night late, after the family had gone to bed, he swallowed a large quantity of poison in mistake for some acid cooling draught. He immediately discovered his mistake, and knew that death must shortly ensue unless he instantly swallowed the only antidote—chalk. Timid men would instantly have torn at the bell, roused all the family, and sent for a stomach-pump. Emmet called no one, made no noise; but, stealing downstairs and unlocking the front door, went into the stable, scraped some chalk which he knew to be there, and took sufficient doses of it to neutralise the poison.

In 1798, when that self-willed and reckless, but still generous and single-hearted young officer, Lord Edward Fitzgerald, began to conspire against the English Government, the two Emmets leagued with the United Irishmen, and Thomas, the barrister, were seized, with the other Leinster delegates. That seizure added the whole conspiracy as far as Dublin was concerned. Thomas Emmet said before the Secret Committee of Safety that he was sure that Lord Edward would have ceased to arm and discipline the people the moment that their wrongs were redressed, and force had become unnecessary. He denied that the conspirators had any intention of murdering the English judges and noblemen,

they wished only to have held them as hostages for the conduct of England. At that same committee Thomas Emmet told the Lord Chancellor boldly to his face that the '98 insurrection had been produced by the oppressive free quarters granted to the soldiers and yeomanry, the burning of houses, the tortures, and the military executions in the counties of Kildare, Carlow, and Wicklow. There is no doubt that the cruelties of Vinegar Hill and Wexford led to retaliations almost as cruel. The yeomanry, half of them raw lads, flushed with newly-acquired power, and savage because their families had either suffered or been in danger, were often brutal and ruthless; innocent persons were shot, and harmless persons were plundered. Juries were too eager to condemn; judges inclined always to death. The chance had come to bleed the rebels, and the Government lancet was keen and cut deep.

In the prisons, well-born and refined men like Thomas Emmet suffered cruelly. The cells were crowded and unhealthy, the jailers insolent and cruel. There was no discipline, and the thieves' orgie was interrupted only by the tolling of the death-bell. In such a den the brave wife of this sincere but misguided man immured herself for twelve months, refusing to go out unless dragged away by force; only once stealing out at night, and in disguise (by the connivance of the jailer's wife, whose rough nature she had softened by her tears), to visit a sick child, for whom her heart was almost breaking. The sufferings of his brother and his brother's wife no doubt increased Emmet's hatred to the existing government more even than all the sabrings and platoon-firing in Wicklow and Wexford. The Union Bill passed in 1801, in spite of Grattan's scornful and passionate invectives; and Lord Castlereagh's triumphant and cold arrogance soon frenzied the United Irishmen, and drove such men as Emmet to believe in open insurrection as their only hope.

Wolf Tone had spoken highly of the talents of the Emmet family. He described Thomas Emmet as a man of a great and comprehensive mind and a warm heart, one who would adhere to his principles through all sacrifices, and even to death. Of another brother Grattan said: "Temple Emmet, before he came to the bar, knew more law than any of the judges on the bench; and he would have answered better, both in law and divinity, than any judge or bishop of the land." The heart of the young conspirator, fresh from exile, burned as he heard with perfect faith all the exaggerated stories of the recent Protestant cruelties. He remembered

the promises of the French plotters; he did not foresee that Napoleon was too selfish and too busy just then to do much for Ireland; money was scarce, merchants were timid, the peasantry was cowed and scared; the Presbyterians were incensed by the cruelties at Wexford, and the Catholics distrustful of the north. Ardent and impetuous, Emmet had returned, eager to draw the sword, about the same time, and probably in conjunction with an Irish officer named Russell, who had been released from Fort George, after the troubles of '98, on condition of his transporting himself out of his Majesty's dominions, and who had now returned with a secret French commissioner as general-in-chief.

This Russell was a religious enthusiast, a wild interpreter of prophecies. He was to head an insurrection in Down and Antrim contemporaneously with a landing of the French in Scotland and with Emmet's seizure of Dublin Castle.

To other motives for ambition, Robert Emmet now (in 1803) added the strongest of any. Falling in love, with all the passion of his vehement nature, he had won the heart of a daughter of that great forensic orator, Curran. Mr. Curran was irresolute in the cause of the United Irishmen, and did not share in the dreams of the handsome young enthusiast. The prairie was ready to light, but the fire had still to be put. The lives of thousand of rash men were dependent on the momentary caprice of this fugitive, who, led away by enthusiasm, would have seen ten thousand men fall dead by his side, nor have felt a moment's regret, if he could only have planted the green flag and the "Sunburst" on the walls of Dublin Castle, and have filled its cellars with English prisoners. The one idea had grown dominant, and he had now braced himself to make the Curtius' leap. On his first return he had taken the name of Hewitt, and hidden himself in the house of a Mrs. Palmer, at Harold's Cross. There he corresponded with the leading conspirators, and sketched out his rough plans. On the 24th of March, 1803, he went with a Mr. Dowdall, who had been formerly secretary to the Whig Club, and contracted for a house at a place called Butterfield Lane, near Rathfarnham. But their mysterious and stealthy movements soon exciting suspicion, and the spot not being central enough, they soon left it. About the end of April, when Ireland's meadows began "the wearing of the green" more luxuriantly and rebelliously than ever, Emmet's friends took for their young leader a roomy malt-house in Marshal's Alley, Thomas Street, which had been long unoccupied. It was a retired place, the space was ample, above all, it was central and near the heart of the city, at which the first

desperate blow was to be struck. There Emmet lodged, while men were forging pike-heads, moulding cartridges, running bullets, stitching green and scarlet-faced uniforms, hemming green flags, and filling rocket-cases—taking only a few hurried hours of sleep on a mattress, when, exhausted in mind and body, he sank back amid the clang of the hammers and the clatter and exultation of twenty hardworking associates. In one dépôt alone this indefatigable conspirator had accumulated forty-five pounds of cannon-powder, eleven boxes of fine powder, one hundred bottles quilted with musket-balls and bound with canvas, two hundred and forty-six ink-bottles filled with powder and encircled with buck-shot, to be used as hand-grenades, sixty-two thousand rounds of ball cartridge, three bushels of musket-balls, heaps of tow mixed with tar and gunpowder for burning houses, twenty thousand pikes, bundles of sky-rockets for signals, and many hollow beams filled with combustibles. The arms were stored in various dépôts through the city, but chiefly in Mass Lane and Marshal's Alley. The White Bull Inn, in Thomas Street, was a haunt of the conspirators, and there tailors and other workmen were made drunk, decoyed to the dépôt, and forced to lend their aid. Spies and suspected persons found lurking near the dépôts were lured in and detained. The volcano would soon burst out, the hidden fires were fast foaming upwards towards the surface.

When already the police agents were beginning to have glimpses of danger, and to patrol the bridges and quays of Dublin armed, an accident had almost betrayed Emmet's plans. An explosion took place at one of the dépôts in Patrick Street during the manufacture of some gunpowder. Those who know the recklessness of the lower orders of Irish, especially under excitement, may easily guess the cause of the accident. Some of the workmen, in the absence of their foreman, would smoke over a barrel of gunpowder, or some of the rebel smiths would hammer at the red-hot pike-heads, and drive the sparks to where their comrades were filling rocket-cases. The half-drunken rebels were suddenly astonished by a burst of flame and a roar of momentary thunder. One man, in dashing up to a window to escape suffocation, gashed open an artery in his arm, fell back, and bled to death. A companion was taken prisoner by the police, who instantly rushed in. Luckily, however, for Emmet, Major Sirr and the Dublin police, over-secure, were easily pacified by lies and misrepresentations, and the Government took no alarm. The levées at the Castle went on as usual, though there were still rumours of a "rising"

that made the Lord-Lieutenant order the patrols of certain stations to be doubled.

In the mean time, Robert Emmet was racked with fears and anxieties, and with sorrow for the recent loss of life (strange contradiction in a man who was about to send thousands to death). He dreaded detection just as the great enterprise was about to bear fruit. He moved now for the third time, hiding in the *depôt* at Mass Lane. There, with feverish restlessness, he spent all day, urging on the blacksmiths and bullet-makers, and at night slept for an hour at a time, when exhausted, between the forge and the rocket-makers' table.

There were not yet more than eighty or a hundred conspirators actively engaged with Emmet, Dowdall, and Quigley, but these men firmly believed all Dublin—nay, all Ireland—would rise when once they emerged from the *depôt*, and their young Hannibal had shouted in the streets the first “Erin-go-Bragh!” There was too much of Hamlet about Emmet for such an enterprise as this; he had not the experience of men, or the power of command, requisite to conduct such a revolt. He was too sanguine, too credulous, too mild and tender-hearted, too trustful, too easily deceived by promises and pretences. He did not know how the nation had suffered in '98, and how humbled it was since the defeats of that year. He was not one of those Cæsar-like beings who overrule other men's wills, and magnetise all with whom they come into contact. Some of his associates, fearing discovery, proposed at once flying to arms; others thought action still premature. Seven days were spent in these debates; at last it was agreed to surprise the arsenals near the city, and take the Castle by a *coup de main*. As in '98, the mail coaches were also to be stopped on the same day, as a signal for the country to rise.

Imagine the feelings of this man, to-day a fugitive skulking from Major Sirr and his armed agents, to-morrow, as he thought, to be the patriot chief who was to restore liberty to Ireland! To-morrow the lover of Sarah Curran would clasp his beloved to his breast, and be greeted by her father as a conqueror and a victor. To-morrow, England, France, Europe, the world, would know his name—the good and free to bless, the weak and wicked to curse and execrate. In such a fever of conflicting passions, Emmet drew up an impetuous manifesto from “The Provisional Government to the People of Ireland.” It concluded thus—

“Countrymen of all descriptions! let us act with union and concert; all sects—Catholic, Protestant, Presbyterian—are equally and indiscriminately embraced in the benevolence of

our object; repress, prevent, and discourage excesses, pillage, and intoxication; let each man do his duty, and remember that, during public agitation, inaction becomes a crime: be no other competition known than that of doing good; remember against whom you fight—your oppressors for six hundred years; remember their massacres, their tortures; remember your murdered friends, your burned houses, your violated females; keep in mind your country, to whom we are now giving her high rank among nations; and in the honest terror of feeling, let us all exclaim, that as, in the hour of her trial, we serve this country, so may God serve us in that which will be last of all!”

Towards dusk on the 23rd of July Emmet prepared for action. He put on a general's uniform, green, laced with gold on the sleeves and skirts, and gold epaulettes, white waistcoat and pantaloons, new boots, a cocked-hat with a white feather, a sash, a sword, and a case of pistols. About fifty men had assembled outside the dépôt; to these men Emmet distributed pikes and ammunition. In a moment, as if by enchantment, all the streets and alleys leading to Mass Lane and Thomas Street swarm with ruffians clamouring for arms, filling cartouche-boxes, pouches, bags, and pockets, loading muskets, shaking links and torches, and waving swords and green flags. Already the narrow street near the rebel dépôt is one close-wedged bristling mass of pikes, and into the dusky summer night air spring every now and then signal-rockets, that burst into showers of starry fire. The men are flushed with whisky, and make the dingy houses ring with their shouts and shrieks of delight as Emmet, as dark and determined-looking as the young Napoleon at the Bridge of Lodi, slashes the air with his sword and waves his white-plumed hat. In Dirty Lane the insurgents, already numbering five hundred or more, fire off their blunderbusses and pistols, heedless of alarming the garrison they were intent on surprising.

One of Emmet's own coadjutors describes this moment very vividly—

“About six o'clock, Emmet, Malachy, one or two others, and myself, put on our green uniform, trimmed with gold lace, and selected our arms. The insurgents, who had all day been well plied with whisky, began to prepare for commencing an attack upon the Castle; and when all was ready, Emmet made an animated address to the conspirators. At eight o'clock precisely we sallied out of the dépôt, and when we arrived in Thomas Street the insurgents gave three deafening cheers.

"The consternation excited by our presence defies description. Every avenue emptied its curious hundreds, and almost every window exhibited half a dozen inquisitive heads, while peaceable shopkeepers ran to their doors, and beheld with amazement a lawless band of armed insurgents, in the midst of a peaceable city, an hour at least before dark. The scene at first might have appeared amusing to a careless spectator, from the singular and dubious character which the riot wore; but when the rocket ascended and burst over the heads of the people, the aspect of things underwent an immediate and wonderful change. The impulse of the moment was self-preservation; and those who, a few minutes before, seemed to look on with vacant wonder, now assumed a face of horror, and fled with precipitation. The wish to escape was simultaneous; and the eagerness with which the people retreated from before us impeded their flight, as they crowded upon one another in the entrance of alleys, court-ways, and lanes, while the screams of women and children were frightful and heartrending.

"'To the Castle!' cried our enthusiastic leader, drawing his sword, and his followers appeared to obey; but when we reached the market-house, our adherents had wonderfully diminished, there not being more than twenty insurgents with us.

"'Fire a rocket!' cried Malachy.

"'Hold awhile,' said Emmet, snatching the match from the man's hand who was about to apply it. 'Let no lives be unnecessarily lost. Run back and see what detains the men.'

"Malachy obeyed; and we remained near the market-house, awaiting their arrival, until the soldiers approached."

The night was dark; the excitement along the quays, in the swarming "Liberty," and below the Castle, was tremendous. There is no excitement so wild as Irish excitement. Bands of pikemen were marching to various points of the city, and others were rushing, open-mouthed, to the depôts for arms and powder. Already drums were beating at the Castle and in the various barrack-yards, and patches of scarlet were steadily moving towards the spot where rockets were sprung and guns discharged.

That night Lord Kilwarden, chief justice of the King's Bench, an amiable and just old lawyer, who had never lent himself to such ruthless severities as Lord Norbury and other partisans, had smilingly dressed at his country-house, and trim, powdered, and in full evening dress, handed his daughter, Miss Wolfe, into his carriage, and with his nephew, a clergy-

man, driven cheerful and chatty to a party at the Castle. All the stories of this good and worthy man redound to his credit. In 1795, when he was attorney-general, a number of striplings and boys had been indicted for high treason. The poor lads appeared in court wearing those open collars and frilled tuckers made familiar to us by Gainsborough's pictures. As Kilwarden entered the court, the Jeffreys of that day called out brutally—

"Well, Mr. Attorney, I suppose you are ready to go on with the trials of these tuckered traitors?"

Generously, indignant and disgusted at hearing such language from the representative of divine justice, Kilwarden replied—

"No, my lord, I am not ready."

Then, stooping down to the prisoners' counsel, he whispered—

"If I have any power to save the lives of these boys, whose extreme youth I did not before know, that man shall never have the gratification of passing sentence upon a single one of these tuckered traitors."

The large-hearted man was as good as his word. He procured pardons for all the prisoners on condition of their voluntarily expatriating themselves. One lad alone obstinately refused to accept pardon on such a condition, and was tried, convicted, and executed.

The relatives of that unhappy boy persisted in considering their kinsman as an especial selected victim, and swore vengeance against the good old judge. On this unfortunate summer night the carriage got embedded in the mob; the pikemen soon closed round it; pistols and blunderbusses were held to the head of the powdered coachman, sunk deeper than usual into his seat with fear, and at the heads of the footmen clustering behind. There was a murderous cry, as a pikeman named Shannon tore open the door of the carriage. It was Shannon, a relation of the boy who had been hanged.

"It is I, Kilwarden, chief justice of the King's Bench!" the old nobleman blandly cries, as he tried to calm the fears of his frightened daughter.

"Then you're the man I want," roars Shannon, and digs his pike into the old lord's chest. Before it is withdrawn, half a dozen other weapons meet in the old man's body, and he is trampled under foot. His daughter, alone and unprotected, breaks through the pitying crowd, and is the first to enter the Castle, and sobbingly relate the horrors of that cruel night. Kilwarden's nephew was pursued and piked.

Many other murders, equally useless, equally unjust, are

perpetrated that night. The savage, half-drunken pikemen, without commander—for Emmet had no power over them, and they were now split up into parties by the soldiers—murdered every suspicious and obnoxious person they met. A police officer and John Hanlan, the Tower-keeper, were two of the victims. Colonel Brown, a man respected by all Dublin, was also brutally assassinated as, misled by the darkness, he was trying to join his regiment. Ignorant of the precise movements of the rebels, he got entangled in their chief masses, was struck down by a shot from a blunderbuss, and instantly chopped to pieces. All enemies, and neutrals, of whatever rank, who were not murdered, had pikes thrust in their hands, and were compelled to follow the cruel madmen to face the English soldiers.

Emmet, an hour ago confident of success, now felt his utter powerlessness to tame the horrible monster which he had invoked. His men were scattered; an attack on the Castle was impossible. The people could not be rallied to it. They were only intent on murder in the streets, and were beset by police and soldiers wherever they collected. A few brave fellows, stanch as bulldogs, had flown at them, and were holding grimly on till the huntsmen could arrive. Mr. Edward Wilson, a police magistrate, with only eleven constables, had the courage to push on to Thomas Street, where three hundred pikemen instantly surrounded his small detachment. Undismayed, Mr. Wilson called to the rabble to lay down their arms, or he would fire. The rebels wavered, and muttered together; but one villain, savage at the threat, advanced, and stabbed the magistrate with a pike. Mr. Wilson instantly, however, shot him dead, and his men fired a volley. The undisciplined Celts are always the same—furious in the onset, without fear and without thought; in the retreat impatient, fickle, and headlong. The rebels fell back confused over their dead, and opened right and left to let their men with firearms advance to the attack. Mr. Wilson then thought it time to retreat slowly towards the Coombe.

Lieutenant Brady was soon after equally venturous with forty men of his regiment, the 21st Fusiliers. He subdivided his small force, and placed them in positions useful for keeping up a cross fire. The soldiers were tormented by bottles and stones from every window, and by random sharpshooters from the alleys, yards, and entries, but they kept up a rolling and incessant fire till the pikemen at last broke, shouted, and fled. Lieutenant Coltman, of the 9th Foot, with only four soldiers and twenty-four yeomanry from the barrack division

in coloured clothes, also helped to clear the streets and apprehend armed men or rebels seen firing. And now horses could be heard, sabres came waving down the street, bayonets moved fast and close, drums beat louder, then the rebels were charged fiercely, and shot down wherever they resisted. The poor wretches fled to the suburbs and to the mountains. Before twelve the insurrection was quelled.

Poor Emmet! so passed his dream away. The great bright bubble of his life's hopes had melted into drops of human blood. He and about fourteen other armed men fled to the Wicklow mountains and skulked about from farm-house to farm-house, from glen to crag, from valley to village. As the pursuit grew hotter, and the troops began to come winding round the Scalp, and scattering along the blue rocky mountain roads, the fugitives separated, each to look after himself. Emmet could, it was said, have escaped in a friendly fishing-boat to France, but a wild impulse of love and reckless despair seized him. He turned back from the sea, and set his face towards Dublin, once more to clasp Sarah Curran in his arms, and bid her farewell for ever. He regained the disturbed city safely, and took up his quarters once more in his old place of refuge at Harold's Cross, in the house of a clerk named Palmer. He was known there as Mr. Hewitt. He had planned a mode of escape, if any attempt at arrest should be made, by leaping from a parlour window on to an outhouse, and from thence getting into the fields. But an indefatigable pursuer was soon on Emmet's track. On the evening of the 25th of August, Major Sirr rode up to the house accompanied by a man on foot. Mrs. Palmer's daughter opened the door. Sirr instantly darted into the back parlour. There sat a tall young man, in a brown coat, white waistcoat, white pantaloons, and Hessian boots, at dinner with his landlady. Sirr instantly gave him into the custody of his man, and took the landlady into the next room to ask the stranger's name, as it was not in the list of inhabitants wafered on the door of the house according to law. While Sirr was absent, Emmet tried to escape, and the officer struck him down with the butt-end of his pistol. Sirr then went to the canal bridge for a guard, placed sentries round the house, while he searched it, and planted a sentry over the prisoner. Emmet again escaping while Sirr was taking down the landlady's evidence, Sirr ran after him, and shouted to the sentinel to fire. The musket did not go off. Sirr then overtook the prisoner, who surrendered quietly, and on being apologized to for his rough treatment, said, "All is fair in war." At the Castle, Emmet at once acknowledged his name.

On the 31st of August, Emmet was tried, pleaded Not Guilty, but made no defence. Curran had sternly refused to defend his daughter's unhappy lover.

Mr. Plunket, who prosecuted for the Crown, said, in the opening of his speech—

"God and nature have made England and Ireland essential to each other; let them cling to each other to the end of time, and their united affection and loyalty will be proof against the machinations of the world.

"And how was this revolution to be effected? The proclamation conveys an insinuation that it was to be effected by their own force, entirely independent of foreign assistance. Why? Because it was well known that there remained in this country few so depraved, so lost to the welfare of their native land, who would not shudder at forming an alliance with France, and therefore the people of Ireland are told, 'The effort is to be entirely your own, independent of foreign aid.' But how does this tally with the time when the scheme was first hatched—the very period of the commencement of the war with France? How does this tally with the fact of consulting in the dépot about co-operating with the French, which has been proved in evidence?"

"So much, gentlemen, for the nature of this conspiracy, and the pretexts upon which it rests. Suffer me for a moment to call your attention to one or two of the edicts published by the conspirators. They have denounced that if a single Irish soldier—or, in more faithful description, Irish rebel—shall lose his life after the battle is over, quarter is neither to be given nor taken. Observe the equality of the reasoning of these promulgers of liberty and equality. The distinction is this: English troops are permitted to arm in defence of the Government and the constitution of the country, and to maintain their allegiance; but if an Irish soldier, yeoman, or other loyal person, who shall not, within the space of fourteen days from the date and issuing forth of their sovereign proclamation, appear in arms with them—if he presumes to obey the dictates of his conscience, his duty, and his interest—if he has the hardihood to be loyal to his sovereign and his country—he is proclaimed a traitor, his life is forfeited, and his property is confiscated. A sacred palladium is thrown over the rebel cause—while, in the same breath, undistinguishing vengeance is denounced against those who stand up in defence of the existing and ancient laws of the country. For God's sake, to whom are we called upon to deliver up, with only fourteen days to consider of it, all the advantages we enjoy? Who are they who claim the obedience? The prisoner is the principal.

I do not wish to say anything harsh of him ; a young man of considerable talents, if used with precaution, and of respectable rank in society, if content to conform himself to its laws. But when he assumes the manner and tone of a legislator, and calls upon all ranks of people, the instant the provisional government proclaim in the abstract a new government, without specifying what the new laws are to be, or how the people are to be conducted and managed, but that the moment it is announced the whole constituted authority is to yield to him—it becomes an extravagance bordering upon frenzy ; this is going beyond the example of all former times. If a rightful sovereign were restored, he would forbear to inflict punishment upon those who submitted to the king *de facto* ; but here there is no such forbearance—we who have lived under a king, not only *de facto* but *de jure* in possession of the throne, are called upon to submit ourselves to the prisoner, to Dowdall, the vagrant politician, to the bricklayer, to the baker, the old-clothes man, the hodman, and the ostler. These are the persons to whom the proclamation, in its majesty and dignity, calls upon a great people to yield obedience, and a powerful Government to give ‘a prompt, manly, and sagacious acquiescence to their just and unalterable determination!’ ‘We call upon the British Government not to be so mad as to oppose us.’

“Gentlemen, I am anxious to suppose that the mind of the prisoner recoiled at the scenes of murder which he witnessed, and I mention one circumstance with satisfaction—it appears he saved the life of Farrell ; and may the recollection of that one good action cheer him in his last moments. But though he may not have planned individual murders, that is no excuse to justify his embarking in treason, which must be followed by every species of crimes. It is supported by the rabble of the country, while the rank, the wealth, and the power of the country is opposed to it. Let loose the rabble of the country from the salutary restraints of the law, and who can take upon him to limit their barbarities? Who can say he will disturb the peace of the world, and rule it when wildest? Let loose the winds of heaven, and what power less than omnipotent can control them?”

Emmet, who had stood all day, bowed to the court with perfect calmness, and addressed it with impetuous eloquence. He said : “My lords, what have I to say that sentence of death should not be passed on me according to law? I have nothing to say that can alter your predetermination, nor that will become me to say, with any view to the mitigation of that sentence which you are here to pronounce, and I must abide

by. But I have that to say which interests me more than life, and which you have laboured (as was necessarily your office in the present circumstances of this oppressed country) to destroy—I have much to say, why my reputation should be rescued from the load of false accusation and calumny which has been heaped upon it. I do not imagine that, seated where you are, your minds can be so free from impurity as to receive the least impression from what I am going to utter. I have no hopes that I can anchor my character in the breast of a court constituted and trammelled as this is. I only wish, and that is the utmost I expect, that your lordships may suffer it to float down your memories untainted by the foul breath of prejudice, until it finds some more hospitable harbour to shelter it from the storm by which it is at present buffeted.

“Were I only to suffer death, after being adjudged guilty by your tribunal, I should bow in silence, and meet the fate that awaits me without a murmur; but the sentence of the law, which delivers my body to the executioner, will, through the ministry of that law, labour, in its own vindication, to consign my character to obloquy; for there must be guilt somewhere,—whether in the sentence of the court or in the catastrophe, posterity must determine. A man in my situation, my lords, has not only to encounter the difficulties of fortune, and the forces of power over minds which it has corrupted or subjugated, but the difficulties of established prejudice. The man dies, but his memory lives; that mine may not perish—that it may live in the memory of my countrymen—I seize upon this opportunity to vindicate myself from some of the charges alleged against me. When my spirit shall be wafted to a more friendly port—when my shade shall have joined the band of those martyred heroes who have shed their blood on the scaffold and in the field, in defence of their country and virtue, this is my hope—I wish that my memory and name may animate those who survive me, while I look down with complacency on the destruction of that perfidious Government which upholds its domination by blasphemy of the Most High; which displays its power over man as over the beasts of the forest; which sets man upon his brother, and lifts his hand, in the name of God, against the throat of his fellow who believes or doubts a little more than the Government standard—a Government steeled to barbarity by the cries of the orphans and the tears of the widows which it has made.”

[Here Lord Norbury interrupted Mr. Emmet, observing that mean and wicked enthusiasts, who felt as he did, were not equal to the accomplishment of their wild designs.]

He then avowed his belief that there was still union and strength enough left in Ireland to one day accomplish her emancipation. He sternly rebuked Lord Norbury for his cruel and unjust efforts to silence him, and repudiated his calumnies. He denied that he had sought aid from the French except as from auxiliaries and allies, not as from invaders or enemies.

"I have been charged," he said, "with that importance in the efforts to emancipate my countrymen as to be considered the keystone of the combination of Irishmen, or, as your lordship expressed it, 'the life and blood of the conspiracy.' You do me honour over-much—you have given the subaltern all the credit of a superior. There are men engaged in this conspiracy who are not only superior to me, but even to your own computation of yourself, my lord; before the splendour of whose genius and virtues I should bow with respectful deference, and who would think themselves disgraced to be called your friend, and who would not disgrace themselves by shaking your blood-stained hand.

[Again the judge interrupted him.]

"What, my lord! shall you tell me on the passage to that scaffold which that tyranny, of which you are only the intermediary executioner, has erected for my murder, that I am accountable for all the blood that has and will be shed in this struggle of the oppressed against the oppressor; shall you tell me this, and shall I be so very a slave as not to repel it?

"I do not fear to approach the Omnipotent Judge, to answer for the conduct of my whole life; and am I to be appalled and falsified by a mere remnant of mortality? By you, too, who, if it were possible to collect all the innocent blood that you have shed in your unhallowed ministry in one great reservoir, your lordship might swim in it.

[Here the judge interfered.]

"If the spirits of the illustrious dead participate in the concerns and cares of those who are dear to them in this transitory life—O ever dear and venerable shade of my departed father, look down with scrutiny upon the conduct of your suffering son, and see if I have even for a moment deviated from those principles of morality and patriotism which it was your care to instil into my youthful mind, and for which I am now about to offer up my life.

"My lords, you are impatient for the sacrifice—the blood which you seek is not congealed by the artificial terrors that surround your victim, it circulates warmly and unruffled through the channels which God created for nobler purposes,

but which you are bent to destroy, for purposes so grievous that they cry to heaven. Be ye patient! I have but a few words more to say. I am going to my cold and silent grave—my lamp of life is nearly extinguished—my race is run—the grave opens to receive me, and I sink into its bosom! I have but one request to ask at my departure from this world: it is the charity of its silence! Let no man write my epitaph; for as no man who knows my motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudices or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed, until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done!”

The judge was remorseless and the Government was stern. Emmet suffered the penalty for high treason in Thomas Street, the very day after the trial. He ascended the scaffold with a calm resignation and an unswerving courage. He avowed himself a sceptic. To Dr. Dobbin, who importuned him as they rode together in a hackney coach to the place of execution, he said:

“Sir, I appreciate your motives, and thank you for your kindness, but you merely disturb the last moments of a dying man unnecessarily. I am an infidel from conviction, and no reasoning can shake my unbelief.”

Curran, when he defended Owen Kirwan, the tailor of Plunket Street, derided the rebellion of Emmet as a mere riot, but there can be no doubt that if the first hundred pikemen had made a rush at the Castle they might have seized that stronghold, and drawn on themselves a later but an equally certain destruction, after much bloodshed and murder. The Fenians now talk of Emmet as “rash and soft,” but Englishmen can only pity a young and enthusiastic genius, whose dirge Moore sung with such pathos;

“She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps.”

and lament that such a gallant spirit should have squandered itself on such mischievous chimeras.

TRAFALGAR.

IN 1803, Napoleon, having secured the alliance of Spain, ran his sword through the Treaty of Amiens, and war then broke out between England and France. Lord Nelson was appointed commander of the Mediterranean fleet, and for fourteen months blockaded the harbour of Toulon, watchful as a cat for a mouse. On the 18th of January, while the English were anchored off Sardinia, the French fleet slipped off to sea, but Nelson was upon their track the instant the news reached him.

Although only forty-six years of age, Nelson was already a shattered man. Fragile, thin, and sickly, weakened by ague in childhood, beaten down by fever in the East Indies, almost killed by dysentery at Honduras, always sick at sea, an eye lost at Corsica, an arm at Cadiz, cut about the head at the battle of the Nile, struck in the side in another engagement, his cough dangerous, he scarcely hoped to fight more than one more battle. Yet his heart was sound as ever, and the unquenchable lion spirit glowed within him, in spite of vexatious disappointments, the French reluctance to a fair open sea-fight, and all the mean Admiralty intrigues, shuffles, and ingratiitudes. "My own fleet," said the sea hero, in his own fervid way, "is well officered and well manned; would to God the ships were half as good!" The ships were, in fact, scarcely fit to sustain the alternate fretfulness and violence of that stormy winter in the Mediterranean. "The French fleet," he wrote home, "is in high feather, and as fine as paint can make them; but our weather-beaten ships, I have no fear, will make their sides like a plum-pudding, and some day we shall lay salt upon their tails."

The pursuit was tedious and baffling—between Biche and Sardinia, to Naples, then quick to snap them off Egypt; now

a sweep across the channel between Sardinia and Barbary; next frigates discharged like rockets at Gibraltar and Lisbon; after this a dash to Barbadoes, and back home again, fevered, chafed and vexed; then on to Cadiz, a sweep across the Bay of Biscay, a cruise towards Ireland, a visit to Cornwallis at Ushant, and lastly a desponding and angry return to Portsmouth. The sailors, who loved "Nel," and vowed that he was "brave as a lion and gentle as a lamb," shared in the regret and vexation of their commander. A great opportunity of glory had been lost; above all, a chance of thrashing the French. "I would not," he once wrote to Mr. Elliot, the minister at Naples, "upon any consideration have a Frenchman in the fleet except as a prisoner; they are all alike. Not a Frenchman comes here. Forgive me, but my mother hated the French." That was the clue to the prejudice which was part of Nelson's blood and of his brain. Admiral Latouche had boasted that he had once chased Nelson; our hero kept the letter containing the boast, and swore if he ever took the writer, he should eat it. He was never cruel to Frenchmen, yet his advice to his midshipmen, to whom he was always gentle as a father, was—

"Hate all Frenchmen as you do the devil;

"Obey orders without questioning;

"Treat every one, who hates your king, as your enemy."

At Portsmouth, Nelson learned that Sir Robert Calder had fallen in with the French fleet off Finisterre, and had only scratched them when he ought to have run his cutlass through their hearts. The *Victory* unloaded. Nelson embowered down at ever-pleasant Merton, making hay, watching sheep, catching trout in the winding Wandle, idolising Lady Hamilton, that beautiful but wanton woman, forgot ambition, and grew more intent on rick awnings than French canvas. One daybreak, however, Captain Blackwood brought word that the French had refitted at Vigo and got into Cadiz. Nelson paced "the quarter-deck" walk in his garden restlessly. He pretended to be indifferent, and quoted a playful proverb: "Let the man trudge it who's lost his budget." He was happy, and his health was better. "He wouldn't give sixpence to call the king his uncle." Lady Hamilton knew the heart of the brave man she loved, and pressed him to go. The French fleet was his property; it was the reward of his two years' watching. He would be miserable if any one else had it. "Nelson, offer your services." The tears came into his eyes at her heroism. At half-past ten that night he started in a post-chaise for London. His diary for that day lays bare his heart before us—

"Friday night (Sept. 13), at half-past ten," he says, "I drove from dear, dear Merton; where I left all which I hold dear in this world, to go to serve my king and country. May the great God, whom I adore, enable me to fulfil the expectations of my country! and, if it is His good pleasure that I should return, my thanks will never cease being offered up to the throne of His mercy. If it is His good providence to cut short my days upon earth, I bow with the greatest submission; relying that He will protect those so dear to me, whom I may leave behind; His will be done. Amen! Amen! Amen!"

The probability of his death had entered his mind, that is evident; presentiments are never anything, after all, but such probabilities.

The embarkation of Nelson at Portsmouth was a scene worthy of Grecian history. Although he tried to steal secretly to his ship, crowds collected, eager to see the face of the hero they venerated. Many of the rugged sailors were in tears; old men-of-war's-men knelt and prayed God to bless him as he passed to the boat. They knew he was the sailor's friend and father; they knew him to be as humane as he was fearless, unselfish, and eager to pour out his blood for England. No basely earned money had defiled his hands; his heart was pure crystal; it had no flaw. As Southey says finely, "Nelson had served his country with all his heart, with all his soul, and with all his strength, and therefore they loved him as truly and fervently as he had loved England." That one-eyed, one-armed, shrunken invalid officer was still the tower and the bulwark of his native land.

On arriving at Cadiz, Nelson took all an old sportsman's precautions not to flurry the game he had been so long stalking. The French wanted encouraging. They were shy. Nelson kept his arrival as secret as possible. The *Gibraltar Gazette* did not publish the number of his vessels. He kept fifty miles to the west of Cadiz, near Cape St. Mary; for it has been often observed, that rats won't bolt if terriers get too near the holes. He instantly seized all the Danish vessels carrying provisions to Cadiz for the French fleet. His final stratagem was the bait that at last drew forth the enemy. He detached some vessels on an imaginary service, knowing that fresh ships were almost daily arriving for him from England. This brought out Villeneuve at last, although he had just declared in a council of war that he would not stir from Cadiz till his fleet was one-third stronger than the English.

Nelson still wanted frigates, "the eyes of the fleet," as he

always called them; moreover, he dreaded the junction of the Carthagena fleet on the one side, and of the Brest squadron on the other. Yet at this crisis, with only twenty-three English ships to face thirty-three French, his great heart and romantic chivalrous nature roused him to an act of the utmost generosity. Sir Robert Calder had to go back to England to be tried by court-martial for his behaviour in the last action off Finisterre. Sir Robert was one of Nelson's few enemies, and he therefore treated him with the most considerate respect. He wished him to share in the glory of the coming battle, but Sir Robert being eager for his own justification, Nelson sent him home in his own ninety-gun ship, which could ill be spared. This was chivalry carried almost too far for the national good.

On the 9th of October, 1805, Nelson had written to his favourite officer, the brave and simple-hearted Collingwood, enclosing him his plan of attack, wishing to give full scope to his captain's judgment in carrying out his intentions.

"My dear Coll," he said, in his hearty way, "we can have no little jealousies. We have only one great object in view, that of annihilating our enemies, and getting a glorious peace for our country. No man has more confidence in another than I have in you; and no man will render your services more justice than your very old friend, NELSON AND BRONTE."

The order of attack was grand in its simplicity. The true sea-warrior instinct and experience had struck out a plan as admirable as if it had been forged by the brain of a Newton. The fleet was to move in two lines, and like two swift sword-fish pierce into the enemy; it was to be preceded by an advanced squadron of eight of the swiftest two-deckers. Collingwood was to chop the enemy in two about the twelfth vertebra from the tail ship. Nelson himself was to give the *coup de grâce* at the centre—the heart—whilst the advanced squadron was to cut off about three or four from where he would break through. In this way the assailants would be one-fourth superior to those portions they broke off. There was professional genius in these well-aimed blows.

Nothing was sham, mysterious, nor inflated about his directions. Nelson's "precise object" was a close and decisive action; therefore, "if signals were not seen or clearly understood, no captain would do wrong," he said, "if he placed his ship alongside that of an enemy." One of his last orders was that the name and family of every man killed or wounded in the action should be, as soon as possible, returned to him, to transmit to the Patriotic Fund.

About half-past nine on the morning of the 19th, the *Mars*,

the nearest of the line of scout-ships, repeated the signal that the enemy was at last stealing out of port. The wind was light, with partial breezes. Nelson instantly gave the signal for a chase in the south-east quarter. About two, the repeating ships announced the French fleet at sea. The next day, seeing nothing, and the wind blowing fresh from the south-west, Nelson began to fear the French had run back to shelter. A little before sunset, however, Blackwood in the *Euryalus* reported, that the French were still pressing westward, and that way Nelson had determined they should not go but over his sunken fleet. Still, however, thinking they were inclined to run for Cadiz, Nelson kept warily off that night.

At daybreak, the French fleet of thirty-three sail of the line, and seven large frigates, formed a crescent, in close line of battle off Cape Trafalgar, near the southernmost point of Andalusia. They were on the starboard tack, about twelve miles to leeward, and standing to the south. Eighteen of the enemy were French, and fifteen Spanish. Nelson had twenty-seven sail of the line, and four frigates. The French vessels were larger and heavier than ours, and they had on board four thousand skilled troops, and many dreaded and extremely skilful Tyrolese riflemen.

Soon after daylight, Nelson was on deck, eagerly eyeing the French crescent. He had on his admiral's flock-coat—his “fighting coat,” as he called it—which he had worn in many victories; but he did not put on the sword which his uncle, Captain Suckling, had used, when, on that very day many years before, he had beaten off a French squadron. Nelson had wished this day to be the day of battle, and had even half superstitiously expected the coincidence. He wore, as usual, on his left breast, four stars of various orders of knighthood, one of them being the Order of the Bath, which he specially valued as the personal and free gift of the king. Dr. Scott, the chaplain, Mr. Scott, Lord Nelson's public secretary, and Mr. Beatty, the surgeon, trembled when he thus made himself a conspicuous mark for the enemy by these decorations. “In honour,” he had exclaimed on a former similar occasion, “I gained them (the orders), and in honour I will die with them.” Other captains had been more prudent, others equally reckless. Captain Rotherham, of the *Royal Sovereign*, had been warned not to wear his large gold-laced cocked hat. “Let me alone,” said the old bull-dog, testily; “I have always fought in my cocked-hat, and I always shall.” And so in his cocked-hat he paced the deck and went into action. Collingwood, that brave Newcastle

man, could be brave and prudent too. He ordered his lieutenant (Clavell) to pull off his boots and put on silk stockings, as he himself had done. "For," said he, "if we should get a shot in the leg, it would be more manageable for the surgeon." He was also very particular that his boatswain bent all the old sails, to save the newer canvas.

The blue, liquid battle-plain was ready for the fight. There was no need of digging graves in that vast cemetery. Europe and Africa were watching the combatants. Already the shot was piled, and the powder passed up from the magazines. The sailors stood laughing by their guns, thinking what a fine sight the captured French vessels would make at Spit-head. The men that in half an hour would be stretched dead and mangled on the red and splintered planks, were busy getting their tompons, fire buckets, and cartridges ready, or lashing cutlasses round the masts ready to hand. As the men were clearing Nelson's cabin, and removing any bulk-heads that were still left, they had to displace the picture of Lady Hamilton—that high-spirited and beautiful woman, originally a maid-servant, then an artist's model, who had obtained so extraordinary a hold over Nelson's mind—the admiral called out to the men, anxiously—

"Take care of my guardian angel!"

This picture (probably by Romney) was at once his idol and talisman. He also wore a miniature of Lady Hamilton next his heart.

Nelson seldom began a battle without a prayer. He had always a profound sense of God's omnipotence and omniscience. He now retired to his cabin, and wrote a simple but fervid prayer. He annexed to this prayer in his diary a sort of will—his last request to his country in case he fell, as he seems to have expected to do. It was headed: "October 21, 1805.—Then in sight of the combined fleets of France and Spain, distant about ten miles."

He recommended Lady Hamilton to his country for her great services to the nation. 1. For obtaining, in 1796, the letter from the King of Spain to the King of Naples, announcing his intention of declaring war against England, which had given to Sir John Jervis an opportunity of striking a first blow, which, however, he did not do. 2. For using her influence with the Queen of Naples to allow the fleet to be victualled at Syracuse, which enabled it to return to Egypt and destroy the French fleet at the battle of the Nile. He also left to the beneficence of his country his adopted daughter, Horatio Nelson Thompson (and gloriously a grateful nation—i.e. ministry—attended to this last request).

This adopted daughter, really his own, was then five years old, and Nelson's last moments at Merton had been passed in praying over her as she lay asleep in her little bed. The singular document ended thus:

"These are the only favours I ask of my king and country, at this moment when I am going to fight their battle. May God bless my king and country, and all those I hold dear! My relations it is needless to mention; they will, of course, be amply provided for."

Blackwood and Hardy were the witnesses.

The wind was now from the west, light breezes with a long heavy swell. Blackwood, who came on board the *Victory* at about six o'clock, found Nelson in good spirits, but grave and calm, and not in that glow and exultation which he had shown before Aboukir and Copenhagen. He had already expressed his belief that the French would make a dead set at the *Victory*. The French had now tacked to the northward, and, to Nelson's great regret, formed their line on the larboard tack, thereby bringing the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pedro under the British lee, and leaving the port of Cadiz open for themselves. Nelson at once gave signal to prepare to anchor, and the necessity of this measure was strongly on his mind to the last. He told Blackwood to use the frigates as much as possible.

"I mean to-day," he said, "to bleed the captains of the frigates, so I shall keep you on board until the very last minute."

"During the five hours and a half," says Blackwood, "that I remained on board the *Victory*, in which I was not ten times from his side, he frequently asked me what I should consider as a victory, the certainty of which he never for an instant seemed to doubt, although from the situation of the land he questioned the possibility of the subsequent preservation of the prizes. My answer was, 'That considering the handsome way in which the battle was offered to the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the proximity of the land, I thought if fourteen ships were captured it would be a glorious result.' To which he always replied, 'I shall not, Blackwood, be satisfied with anything short of twenty.'" A telegraphic signal had been made by him to denote that he intended to break through the rear of the enemy's line, to prevent their getting into Cadiz. "I was walking with him," continues Captain Blackwood, "on the poop, when he said, 'I'll now arouse the fleet with a signal;' and he asked if I did not think there was one yet wanting. I answered, that I thought the whole of the fleet

seemed very clearly to understand what they were about, and to vie with each other who should first get nearest the *Victory* or *Royal Sovereign*. These words were scarcely uttered, when his last well-known signal was made, 'ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY.' The shout with which it was received throughout the fleet was truly sublime."

There has been a good deal of paltry discussion as to whether Nelson wrote or only modified this signal. It matters little; he sanctioned it, and it was that sanction alone that gave it immortality. The shout that welcomed it was like a roll of thunder, because the signal came like a voice from England and from home. It was an omen of victory.

About seven o'clock the French wore, and stood in a close line on the larboard tack towards Cadiz, the sun full upon their sails, their three-deckers rising from the water like floating cities. About ten, Nelson became anxious to close with the enemy.

"They put a good face on it," he said to Blackwood, "but I'll give them such a dressing as they never had."

"At this critical moment," says Blackwood, "I ventured to represent to his lordship the value of such a life as his, and particularly in the present battle, and I proposed hoisting his flag in the *Euryalus*, whence he could better see what was going on, as well as what to order in case of necessity; but he would not hear of it, and gave as his reason the force of example; and probably he was right. My next object therefore, was to endeavour to induce his lordship to allow the *Téméraire*, *Neptune*, and *Leviathan* to lead into action before the *Victory*, which then was headmost. After much conversation, in which I ventured to give it as the joint opinion of Captain Hardy and myself how advantageous it would be to the fleet for his lordship to keep as long as possible out of the battle, he at length consented to allow the *Téméraire*, which was then sailing abreast of the *Victory*, to go ahead, and hailed Captain E. Harvey, to say such were his intentions if the *Téméraire* could pass the *Victory*. Captain Harvey being rather out of hail, his lordship sent me to communicate his wishes, which I did, when, on returning to the *Victory*, I found him doing all he could rather to increase than diminish sail, so that the *Téméraire* could not pass the *Victory*; consequently, when they came within gunshot of the enemy, Captain Harvey, finding his efforts ineffectual, was obliged to take his station astern of the admiral."

Nelson then went over the different decks, where the men stood grouped in eights round their favourite guns. He spoke

to them in his own kind and pleasant way, and saw that the preparations were everywhere complete. As he ascended the quarter-deck ladder it was as if he ascended to a throne, and the men greeted him with three cheers.

The French fleet, commanded by Admiral Villeneuve in the *Bucentaur*, included Nelson's old antagonist, the *Santissima Trinidad* (of one hundred and forty guns), two vessels of one hundred and twelve guns, one of one hundred, six of eighty-four and eighty, the rest being seventy-fours of a large class, together with seven frigates of heavy metal, forty-four and forty guns each, besides other smaller vessels. The Spaniards were commanded by Admiral Gravina, who had under him Vice-Admiral Don J. d'Aliva and Rear-Admiral Don B. M. Cisneros. Villeneuve had under him Rear-Admirals Dumanoir and Moyon. Four thousand troops were embarked on board the fleet under the command of General Contarini in the *Bucentaur*, amongst whom were several of the most skilful sharpshooters that could be selected, and many Tyrolese riflemen. Various sorts of combustibles and fire-balls were also embarked. The Spaniards appeared with their heads to the northward, and formed their line of battle with great closeness and correctness; and as the mode of attack by Nelson was unusual, so the structure of their line was new. It formed a crescent convexing to leeward, and Admiral Collingwood, in leading down to the centre, had both the van and rear of the enemy abaft his beam. They were formed in a double line thus—

1 2 3
 4 5 6

French and Spaniards alternately, and it was their intention, on our breaking the line astern of No. 4 (which manœuvre they expected we should, as usual, put into execution), for No. 2 to make sail; that the British ship in hauling up should fall on board of her, whilst No. 5 should bear up and take her, and No. 1 bring her broadside to bear on her star-board bow. This manœuvre only succeeded with the *Tonnant* and *Bellerophon*, which were amongst the ships that suffered most. Before their fire, therefore, opened, every alternate ship was about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern, forming a kind of double line, and appeared, when on their beams, to leave a very little interval between them, and this without crowding their ships. Admiral Villeneuve was on board the *Bucentaur*, eighty guns, in the centre, and the *Prince of Asturias* bore Gravina's flag in the rear.

Collingwood led our lee line of thirteen ships; Nelson, the

weaker line of fourteen. Nelson steered two points more to the north than Collingwood, in order to cut off the enemy's retreat towards Cadiz. The lee line, therefore, was first engaged. Villeneuve was desperate; he had resolved to fight against the wish of the Spaniards, partly because he thought that Nelson had not arrived, and because he knew that Napoleon, furious at his poor success with Sir Robert Calder, had already sent M. Rosaly to supersede him. His crews were in a feverish clamour of bragging excitement, every one shouting at the same time, as usual with the Gaul at moments of danger.

Nelson's eyes brightened with delight when he saw Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, go straight as an arrow at the centre of the enemy's line, chop it through astern of the *Santa Anna*, a three-decker (112), then open fire and engage that vessel at the muzzle of her guns on the starboard side.

"See!" he cried—"see how that noble fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into action."

Collingwood at the same moment looked back exultingly at the *Victory*, and said to his captain (Rotherham of the cocked-hat): "Rotherham, what would not Nelson give to be here?" Only the day before, Nelson had reconciled Collingwood and Rotherham. Saying, "Look! yonder are the enemy," he had made them shake hands.

Villeneuve, from amid a group of his moustachioed and chattering officers, was watching the English advance: our men came on gay and confident as boys starting for cricket.

"Nothing," he said, "but victory can attend such gallant conduct." At half-past eleven the French guns opened on the *Royal Sovereign*; as the *Victory* came sweeping down, the French ships ahead of her, and across her bows, at fifty minutes past eleven began to try the distance, by firing single guns. Perceiving a shot pass through her maintop gallant-sail, they opened a feu d'enfer, chiefly (as is their custom) at the rigging, to disable her before she could grapple. Nelson instantly ordered Blackwood and Captain Prowse, of the *Sirius*, to go on board their ships, and tell all the line-of-battle captains as they passed to disregard his plan of action if in any other way they could get quicker and closer alongside an enemy. "He then," Blackwood says, "again desired me to go away; and as we were standing on the front of the poop, I took his hand, and said, 'I trust, my lord, that on my return to the *Victory*, which will be as soon as possible, I shall find your lordship well, and in possession of twenty prizes.' On which he made this ominous reply:

'God bless you, Blackwood: *I shall never speak to you again.*'"

The two columns, led on by their brave chiefs, continued to advance, with light airs and all sails set, towards the van and centre of the enemy, whose line extended about N.N.E. and S.S.W.

Nelson gave orders to hoist several flags on the *Victory*, for fear that a single one might be shot away. The French, strangely enough, showed no colours till late in the action, when they required them as signals of striking. As usual, the English admiral had forbidden musketry in the tops, as he considered it a paltry mode of homicide, which might kill a commander, but could not decide a battle.

Nelson then ran straight at the bows of the *Santissima Trinidad*, a monstrous four-decker, the ninth ship in the van of the French double crescent line; the *Victory* opening on her with her larboard guns at four minutes past twelve.

Meanwhile, Collingwood, having poured a deadly dose of a broadside and a half (full measure) into the stern of the *Santa Anna*, had driven into the French ship, so that the yards of the two vessels were locked together. His hands were soon full, for the *Fougueux* came malignantly on his lee quarter, and three more of the enemy's French ships bore down on the bow of the *Royal Sovereign*. The *Victory*, silent and stern as if its crew were invulnerable, never fired a shot, but moved on, calm as Fate and irresistible as Death, till fifty of her men were struck down, thirty wounded, and her maintopmast, with all her studding-sails and booms, was shot away. Nelson said that, in all his battles, he had never seen men so cool and resolute as his. At length, the simple word was given, and the *Victory* spoke at last, vomiting out spouts of fire, and belching her winged thunder to the right and to the left.

It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships; Hardy informed the admiral of this, and asked him which he would prefer. Nelson replied: "Take your choice, Hardy; it does not signify much." The master was ordered to put the helm to port, and the *Victory* then ran on board the *Redoubtable*, just as her tiller-ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside; but instantly let down her lower deck ports, for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action. Her tops, like those of all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen.

A few minutes after this proof of distrust, Captain Harvey, in the *Téméraire*, also fell on board the *Redoubtable*, and the

Téméraire had also an enemy on her side, so that the four vessels now lay in a compact tier, their heads in one way as if in dock. Nelson soon pounding his antagonist deaf and dumb, passed astern of the *Bucentaur*, hauled in on her starboard side, poured in a slaughtering broadside in passing, then stood for that floating mountain, the *Santissima*, playing his larboard guns with incredible rapidity on both the *Bucentaur* and the *Santissima*, while the starboard guns of his middle and lower decks were steadily devoted to that rather tough antagonist the *Redoutable*. It now became necessary for the *Victory* to fire at the *Redoutable* with depressed guns, three shots each, and with reduced charges of powder, for fear of the shot passing through the Frenchman and injuring the *Téméraire*. The guns of the *Victory's* lower deck touched the *Redoutable's* side; so, for fear of the Frenchman catching fire and destroying both vessels, the fireman of each gun stood ready with a bucket full of water, which he immediately dashed into the hole made by the English shot.

The remaining ships of Nelson's column, after the *Téméraire*, which pressed forward to his support, were the *Neptune*, T. F. Fremantle; *Conqueror*, Israel Pellew; *Leviathan*, H. W. Boyntoun; *Ajax*, Lieutenant J. Pilfold; *Orion*, Edward Codrington; *Agamemnon*, Sir Edward Berry; *Minotaur*, C. I. M. Mansfield; *Spartrite*, Sir F. Laforey; *Britannia*, Rear-Admiral Earl of Northesk, Captain Charles Bullen; *Africa*, Henry Digby. Owing to the judicious mode of attack which Nelson had adopted, his fast-sailing ships, like sharpshooters in an army, had half joined the battle before the slow-sailing ones came up fresh and vigorous to their support, and, as a corps of reserve, helped the better to determine the day.

The *Victory* was fighting hard amid a ceaseless blaze of flame. Luckily, the French were not such good scamen as Nelson, and, in consequence of keeping the wind nearly on their beam, lay in a deep trough of the sea, and rolled so heavily that their broadsides sometimes flew over and sometimes fell short of our ships. Still a cruel raking fire swept the *Victory's* decks.

Mr. Scott, the admiral's secretary, was killed by one of the first cannon-balls, whilst in conversation with Captain Hardy, and near to Lord Nelson. Captain Adair, of the Marines, who himself soon afterwards fell, immediately endeavoured to remove the mangled body, but it had already attracted the notice of the admiral.

"Is that poor Scott," said he, "who is gone?"

Presently, whilst Nelson was conversing with Captain Hardy on the quarter-deck, during the shower of musket-

balls and raking fire that was kept up by the enemy, a double-headed shot came across the poop and killed eight of the marines. Captain Adair was then directed by Nelson to disperse his men more round the ship. A few minutes afterwards a shot struck the fore-brace bits on the quarter-deck, and, passing between Lord Nelson and Captain Hardy, drove some splinters from the bits around them, bruised Captain Hardy's foot, and tore off his shoe-buckle. They mutually looked at each other, and Nelson, whom no danger could affect, smiled and said—

"This is too warm work, Hardy, to last!"

This was the climax of the battle. Our brawny sailors, stripped to the waist, huge cable pigtailed dangling at their backs, their skins black with powder or smeared with blood, were running out the guns, loading savagely, and firing as fast as the wadded shot could be driven in. The captains were bellowing through their speaking-trumpets, the gunners' boys running to and from the magazines through showers of shot and splinters, and the midshipmen peppering the enemy's tops with all the glee of schoolboys out at their first partridge shooting. The musketeers in the *Redoubtable's* tops fired especially sharply whenever the smoke-cloud rolled away from the *Victory*, and there came a glint of the epaulets of our officers. In the French mizen-top there knelt a keen-eyed Tyrolese, in glazed cocked hat and white frock, who was especially active. He was a fellow who, after hours of crag-climbing, had known a week's food and profit depend on the one shot at a steinbock, and he did not throw away his cartridges.

At fifteen minutes past one, a quarter of an hour before the *Redoubtable* struck, Lord Nelson and Captain Hardy were walking near the middle of the quarter deck; the admiral had just commended the manner in which one of the ships near him was fought. Captain Hardy advanced from him to give some necessary directions, Nelson was near the hatchway, in the act of turning, with his face towards the stern, when a musket-ball struck the admiral on the left shoulder, and entering the epaulet, passed through his spine, and lodged in the muscles of his back, towards the right side. He instantly fell with his face on the deck, in the very place that was covered with the blood of his secretary, Mr. Scott. Captain Hardy, on turning round, saw to his horror the sergeant of marines, Secker, with two privates raising Nelson from the deck.

"Hardy," said his lordship, "I believe they have done it at last; my backbone is shot through."

Some of the crew bore the admiral down to the cockpit, several wounded officers and about forty men being also carried below at the same time, amongst whom were Lieutenant Rann and Mr. Whipple, captain's clerk, both of whom died soon afterwards. Whilst the seamen were conveying Lord Nelson down the ladder from the middle deck, he observed, careless of his own sufferings, that the tiller-ropes had not been replaced, and desired one of the midshipmen to remind Captain Hardy of it, and to request that new ones should be immediately rove. He then covered his face and stars with his handkerchief, that he might be less observed by his men. He was met at the foot of the cockpit ladder by Mr. Walter Burke, the purser, a relation of the great orator, who, with the assistance of a marine supporting his legs, with some difficulty conveyed him over the bodies of the wounded and dying men—for the cockpit was extremely crowded—and placed him on a pallet in the midshipmen's berth, on the larboard side. Surgeon (afterwards Sir William) Beatty was then called, and very soon afterwards the Rev. Mr. Scott. His lordship's clothes were taken off, that the direction of the ball might be the better ascertained.

"You can be of no use to me, Beatty," said Lord Nelson; "go and attend to those whose lives can be preserved."

When the surgeon had executed his melancholy office, and found the wound to be mortal, he repressed the general feeling that prevailed. He had again been urged by the admiral to go and attend to his other duties, and he reluctantly obeyed, but continued to return at intervals. As the blood flowed internally from the wound, the lower cavity of the chest gradually filled; Lord Nelson, therefore, constantly desired Burke to raise him, and, complaining of an excessive thirst, was fanned and supplied by Scott with lemonade. In this state of suffering he anxiously inquired for Captain Hardy, to know whether the annihilation of the enemy might be depended on; but it was upwards of an hour before that officer could, at so critical a moment, leave the deck; and Lord Nelson became apprehensive that his brave associate was dead. The crew of the *Victory* were now heard to cheer, and he anxiously demanded the cause, when Lieutenant Pasco, who lay wounded near him, said that one of the opponents had struck. A gleam of joy at each shout lighted up the countenance of Nelson, and as the crew repeated their cheers, and marked the progress of his victory and more captures, his satisfaction visibly increased.

At half-past two the *Santa Anna* struck to Collingwood. When the Spanish captain came on the deck of the *Royal*

Sovereign, he asked the name of the conquering vessel. When they told him, he patted one of the guns with his hand, and said, smilingly :

"I think she ought to be called the *Royal Devil*."

The *Bellerophon* had also done well. At half-past twelve she had broken through the enemy's line, astern of the Spanish two-decker *Monaca*. She engaged her at the muzzles of her guns, blew up her hanging magazine, and captured her. She then ran on board of *L'Aigle*, a vessel crowded with troops. The tremendous fire soon only left fifteen of our men alive on the quarter-deck ; but the fire from her lower-deck drove the French from their guns, and *L'Aigle* soon afterwards struck to the *Defiance*. The lower-deck men had chalked on their guns, as their motto, the words, "Victory or death." The *Bellerophon* was three times set on fire, and three times the fire was put out, quietly, without fuss or excitement. A captain of the marines, on his way to the cockpit to have his arm amputated, had apologised to Lieutenant Cumby for quitting the deck "for so trivial an occasion."

The Spaniards had fought well, but they, too, now gave way. The *Argonauta* and *Bahama* had each lost four hundred men, the *St. Juan Nepomuceno* three hundred and fifty. The men of the *Santissima*, unable to endure our fire, leaped overboard, and were helped into the *Victory*. The crews of five of the French ships, fought by us muzzle to muzzle, had shut their lower deck ports, and deserted their guns.

In the mean time, Nelson lay in agony and in great anxiety about the action. He kept saying :—

"Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed; I am certain that he is dead."

Mr. Bulkly, the captain's aide-de-camp, then came below, and, in a low voice, communicated to the surgeon the particular circumstances respecting the fleet which had detained Captain Hardy, but promised that he would take the first moment that offered to leave the deck. The excessive heat of the cockpit, from the number of the dead and wounded, increased the faintness of the dying admiral, and his sight now became dim.

"Who brought the message?" he said, feebly.

"Bulkly, my lord," replied Burke.

"It is his voice," said Nelson. "Remember me, Bulkly, to your father."

Captain Hardy came down from the deck in about fifty minutes, and anxiously strove to conceal his feelings. The friends shook hands in silence. Nelson spoke first :

"Well, Hardy, how goes the day with us?"

"Very well. Ten ships, my lord, have struck."

"But none of ours, I hope?"

"There is no fear of that, my lord. Five of their van have tacked, and show an intention of bearing down upon us; but I have called some of our fresh ships round the *Victory*, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing."

Having said this, he found himself unable any longer to suppress his tears, and he hurried away.

The firing continued, and the cheering of the men was occasionally heard amidst its repeated peals. With a wish to support Nelson's spirits, that were in some degree shaken by having seen the friend he so sincerely regarded—and also by the increased pain, the agonies of excessive thirst, and the great difficulty of respiration, Burke said:—

"I still hope, my lord, you will carry this glorious news home."

"Don't talk nonsense," replied the admiral. "One would, indeed, like to live a little longer; but I know it to be impossible. God's will be done. I have performed my duty, and I devoutly thank Him for it." A wounded seaman was lying near him on a pallet, waiting for amputation, and, in the bustle that prevailed, was hurt by some person passing by. Nelson, weak as he was, indignantly turned his head, and, with his usual authority, rebuked the man for not having more humanity. Some time afterwards, he was again visited by the surgeon.

"You know I am gone—I feel it. I find," said he, "something rising in my breast, which tells me" (putting his hand on his left side) "I shall soon be gone. God be praised that I have done my duty. My pain is so severe that I devoutly wish to be released. Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer, too!" And after a few minutes, in the same under-tone, he added, "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton, if she knew my situation!"

A spirited, fierce, and rapid fire had been kept up from the *Victory's* starboard guns on the *Redoubtable* for about fifteen minutes after Lord Nelson was wounded; in which time Captain Adair and about eighteen seamen and marines were killed, and Lieutenant Bligh, Mr. Palmer, midshipman, and twenty seamen and marines were hurt, by the enemy's musketry alone. The *Redoubtable* had been twice on fire in her fore-chains and on the fore-castle, yet, by throwing some combustibles, had set fire to the *Victory's* boom; the alarm was given, and it reached the cockpit; yet neither hurry nor trepidation appeared, and the crew having put out the flames, immediately turned their attention to the *Redoubtable*, and rendered her all the assistance in their power. On the colours

of that ship being struck—twenty minutes after Nelson fell—and there being no possibility of boarding her, from the state of ruin of both ships, the great space between the two gangways, and the closing of the enemy's ports, some seamen immediately volunteered their services to Lieutenant Quilliam to jump overboard, and, by swimming under the bows of the *Redoubtable*, to endeavour to secure the prize. But Captain Hardy thought the lives of such men too valuable to be risked by so desperate an attempt. When the firing from the *Victory* had in some measure ceased, and the glorious results of the day were accomplished, Captain Hardy immediately visited the dying chief, and reported that fourteen or fifteen vessels had already struck.

"That's well!" cried Nelson, exultingly; "but I bargained for *twenty*." Then, in a louder and stronger voice, he said, "God be praised, Hardy; bring the fleet to anchor."

Captain Hardy hinted at the command having devolved on Admiral Collingwood. Nelson replied, somewhat indignantly:

"Not whilst I live, I hope, Hardy!" vainly endeavouring at the moment to raise himself on his pallet. "Do you," said he, "bring the fleet to anchor."

Captain Hardy was returning to the deck, when the admiral called him back, and begged him to come nearer. Lord Nelson then delivered his last injunctions, which were, that his hair might be cut off and given to Lady Hamilton, and that his body might not be thrown overboard, but be carried home to be buried, unless his sovereign should otherwise desire, beside the bones of his father and mother.

"Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy; take care of poor Lady Hamilton."

He then took Captain Hardy by the hand, and observing that he would most probably not see him again alive, the dying hero desired his bosom associate to kiss him. He did so on the cheek. Hardy stood for a few moments in silent agony, then, kneeling down, he kissed his dying friend's forehead.

"Who is that?" said the hero.

"It is Hardy, my lord."

"God bless you, Hardy!" replied Nelson, feebly.

Hardy then left him for ever. Nelson afterwards said:

"I wish he had not left the deck; I shall soon be gone."

Death was rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, "Doctor, I have not been a great sinner." And, after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country."

His voice then gradually became inarticulate, with an

evident increase of pain; when, after a feeble struggle, these last words were distinctly heard:

"I have done my duty; I praise God for it."

Having said this, the hero turned his face towards Burke, on whose arm he had been supported, and expired without a groan at thirty minutes after four, three hours and a quarter after he had been struck. Within a quarter of an hour of his going below there were only two of the French crew left alive on the mizen-top of the *Redoubtable*. One of these was the Tyrolese who killed Nelson. An old quartermaster recognised his hat and white frock.

This quartermaster and two midshipmen, Mr. Collingwood and Mr. Pollard, were the only persons left in the *Victory's* poop;—the two midshipmen kept firing at the top, and he supplied them with cartridges. One of the Frenchmen, attempting to make his escape down the rigging, was shot by Mr. Pollard, and fell on the poop. But the old quartermaster, as he cried out, "That's he—that's he," and pointed at the other, who was coming forward to fire again, received a shot in his mouth, and fell dead. Both the midshipmen then fired at the same time, and the fellow dropped in the top. When they took possession of the prize, they went into the mizen-top, and found him dead, with one ball through his head, and another through his breast.

The last guns discharged on the cowed and flying enemy were heard a minute or two before Nelson's great heart ceased to beat. They were his triumphant knell. Rear-Admiral Dumanoir, with four of the van, fired as they passed, into the *Victory*, the *Royal Sovereign*, and the captured Spanish vessels, to the indignation of their vanquished allies. But the fugitives were unlucky, for Sir Richard Strachan bagged them all soon after.

Our loss in this great and crowning battle was one thousand five hundred and eighty-seven men. Twenty of the enemy's ships struck, but only four were saved. A strong gale coming on that night from the south-west, Collingwood found it impossible to anchor. The Spanish admiral, Aliva, died of his wounds. Villeneuve was sent back to France, and dreading a court-martial, destroyed himself with a needle on his road to Paris.

At home the greatness of the victory seemed to be forgotten in the greatness of the nation's sorrow. England now knew what a hero she had bred. Not the poorest man in the country but felt the loss as if his father had died. The national gratitude surged over. Nelson's brother was made an earl, with a grant of six thousand pounds a year; ten

thousand pounds were voted to each of his sisters; and one hundred thousand pounds granted for the purchase of an estate. A public funeral was decreed, and a public monument in St. Paul's. The leaden coffin in which he was brought home was cut into relics. As he was lowered into the vault of St. Paul's Cathedral, the sailors, as if by agreement, tore the flag that covered his coffin into strips, to keep till their dying day, and then leave their children as heirlooms and incitements to glory.

Nor was brave Collingwood forgotten. He was made a baron, and had a pension of two thousand pounds for his life, with an annuity after his death of one thousand pounds to his wife, and five hundred pounds to his two daughters. Two days after the battle of Austerlitz the dead body of Nelson arrived off Portsmouth. Austerlitz was a great blow, but it did not make up for Trafalgar. The body of Nelson lay in state at Greenwich on January 5th, on the 8th it was taken to the Admiralty, and on the 9th was interred in St. Paul's, the Prince of Wales being present, and ten thousand soldiers of the line. Thirty-four years before, a thin, sickly boy, the son of a Norfolk clergyman, had joined his uncle's ship the *Raisonnable*, of sixty-four guns; this same boy, afterwards the bulwark of England, was now laid in his sumptuous grave, and upon his grave fell the tears of a grateful and sorrow-stricken nation. Our hearts of oak may turn to iron, our rough sailors to dexterous engineers, but will the memory of Nelson ever be forgotten while the blue sea girdles the chalk ramparts of Old England?

THE O. P. RIOTS.

THEATRICAL riots, have not been unfrequent in English theatres.

There was a great riot at the Portugal Street Theatre in 1721, in Rich's time, when Quin and his brother-actors flashed out their swords and drove out some wild young rakes who had threatened to pink the manager. There was a great scuffle before this at the same house when, wishing to insult the brazen Duchess of Portsmouth, some tipsy gentlemen drew their blades in the pit, and flung blazing flambeaux among the actors on the stage.

There was the Footman's Riot in 1737, and the prodigious mutiny, too, in Garrick's Drury Lane, in 1754, about those foreign dancers. The pit then thrashed the boxes, jumped on the harpsichord, broke up benches, slashed the scenery, and pelted poor Davy's windows in Southampton Street. There was that terrible evening, also, at the Haymarket, when thousands of enraged tailors threatened to surge into the theatre to prevent old Downton playing *The Tailors*, or a Tragedy for Warm Weather. One of them was actually bold enough, without even the help of his eight partners, to fling a pair of heavy shears at the great comedian. But as the minnow is to the whale, so were all these popular effervescences compared with those tremendous yet ludicrous disturbances in 1809, which, for no less than sixty-one nights, under the name of the O. P. Riots, agitated London, divided society, and convulsed Covent Garden.

The old Covent Garden Theatre had been burnt down September 20, 1808, it was supposed by the wadding of the musket of one of the Spanish soldiers in Pizarro. Twenty persons perished in trying to save the building. Handel's organ, the wines of the Beef-Steak Club, Munden's wardrobe,

and Miss Bolton's jewels, were all consumed. The new building cost fifty thousand pounds, besides the forty-four thousand five hundred pounds insurance. The Duke of Northumberland generously lent Kemble ten thousand pounds, and sent him the receipt to burn on the day the first stone was laid by the Prince of Wales and the Freemasons, of whom the royal "ne'er-do-weel" was grand master. Mr. Robert Smirke, jun., built the new theatre to resemble the great Doric temple of Minerva on the Acropolis. The roof was one hundred feet long and one hundred and thirty feet wide. The pit had its old twenty benches. The chief obnoxious novelty was that the third tier of boxes, letting for twelve thousand pounds a year, had small ante-rooms opening into a saloon reserved at three hundred pounds a year each for annual renters only. This especially exasperated the democratic town. A person seated in the back row of the two shilling gallery was eighty-six feet from the stage door; in the upper gallery the spectator was one hundred and four feet distant. The house was lit by glass chandeliers in front of each circle, two hundred and seventy wax-candles a night being consumed, while the stage and scenery had their three hundred patent lamps. The prevailing colour of the house was white; the ornaments gold on a light pink ground. So far so good, but no further.

The season of 1808 had been a specially interesting one. Miss Pope, "the chambermaid" *par excellence* for fifty years, had retired. In the same month, Madame Storace, the unapproachable buffa of English opera and musical farce, had also taken her leave; and soon after, Mrs. Mattocks, for nearly sixty years the gayest of stage widows, and the most inimitable of M'Tabs, had made her final curtsy. In the mean time, the management had not been idle. They had got Liston, that fine *farceur*, as a comic dancer, and Young for nervous tragedy; Incledon for noble sea songs; Munden for extravagant drollery; and Fawcett for harsh comic force. The other house, burnt down in 1808, had no one but Mrs. Jordan on whom to rely. Mrs. Dickens was also a favourite with the Covent Garden public for good sound acting; and, above all, not to mention the grace and majesty of Mrs. Siddons, there was that *cheval de bataille*, the beautiful Roman lady, Madame Catalani, with a voice that could follow a flute through all its ripplings, and a violin through all its windings.

John Philip Kemble, the son of a Staffordshire manager, born in 1757, had made his first appearance on the London boards as Hamlet, in 1783. He had been the sovereign idol of the public, and hitherto had reigned supreme in their

favour. Age had not yet made him hard, dry, cold, nor pedantic, as that fine critic, Hazlitt, afterwards thought him. Kean's thunderstorm of passionate genius had not yet shaken old Drury to its centre.

The town was menacingly silent. The young men in the public offices (great theatre-goers) alone openly denounced the new prices, the boxes being raised from six shillings to seven shillings, the pit from three shillings and sixpence to four shillings, the galleries alone being left at their former rates of two shillings and one shilling. The extension of aristocratic and exclusive privileges, the new ante-rooms where the Phrynes, Chloës, and Aspasia of the day would flaunt their newly-acquired finery, especially irritated the virtuous town. The Tory papers advocated the new prices, the Whig papers, without exception, the old. Advertisements, letters, and paragraphs, urging combination and resistance, had appeared long before the fatal day of opening. London was ripe for a theatrical mutiny.

Mr. Kemble, proud as Coriolanus, and conscious of the enormous outlay of the proprietors that had compelled the temporary high prices, was defiant and confident. On the morning of the opening, he was seen walking like a Cæsar down Bow Street, on his way to the newspaper offices with paragraphs and letters to influence and direct the public mind in the way it should go, and to assure theatre-goers that it was not by any means the engagement of Madame Catalani that had induced the obnoxious alteration.

It was Monday, the 18th of September, 1809. The new theatre, which had been built in nine months, opened with *Macbeth*—not one of Kemble's finest performances—and the musical farce of the Quaker. The house was crowded, and a great and suspiciously expectant crowd collected also around the street doors. The people in the pit shook down into their places, but were wrangling, argumentative, jostling, and restless. The pretty but rather high-coloured faces in the obnoxious upper tiers looked down anxious and alarmed; and among the rustling silks and glossy satins there were rough, angry-looking men, determinately buttoned up in great uncouth box-coats. Still, quite unconscious of their doom, the little victims played. The apparitions behind the curtain took their pots of beer cheerfully with the army of Macduff. Every one in the pit seemed to carry bludgeons, and the turbulent democracy in the galleries complained bitterly that the "rake" of their seats was so steep that of the actors at the back of the stage they could see only the legs. Meanwhile, the court physician and the two murderers sat at the banquet-

table discussing a refreshing quart of half-and-half. Liston joked; Munden twisted his mouth in extravagant drollery; and "black Jack," as the greatest Roman of them all was irreverently called in the green-room, remained stony, imperturbable, statuesque, and imperial.

The bell rang—"Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell." The musicians advanced to the attack in their unmoved mechanical way; the music began. The flute warbled, the drum vibrated, the trombone was projected into space, the violins cut capers, the horns blared. The audience rose and took off their hats, as the whole vocal power of the house appeared and sang "God save the King." All went well. Kemble was right—there was nothing in it after all.

The music ceased, and Mr. Kemble, with his fine heroic face, strode forward in that strange Macbeth attire of his to speak the poetical address for the re-opening. Then broke forth the storm—chaos had come again, chaos and old night. It was like Prospero's island, when Ariel's pack came hurrying to chase, in their wild hunt, Trinculo, Caliban, and Stephano. It was like the House of Commons when it wants to divide, and will no longer be bored. The men in the drab coats turned their broad backs to the stage, or jammed on their hats and leaped upon seats. They barked like dogs at the full of the moon; they groaned, they shouted, they screeched through excruciating cat-calls; they roared, "Off, off—old prices." They yelled execrations; they foamed like the people of Ephesus when the worship of Diana, that brought them all their money, was denounced by St. Paul. They showed in fact, violently and loudly, what absence from the theatre would better have shown, their dislike to the new prices and the new constitution of the house. There is no gratitude in the populace. The public has many pockets, but no heart.

Those strong black brows of Kemble's compressed, those dark luminous eyes clouded; but the proud actor, valuing the "sweet voices" no more than the "reck of the fen," went on reciting, in his thoughtful deliberate way, a prosaic address that claimed the credit of illustrating Shakespeare better than of old, by finer scenery :

"Thus Shakespeare's fire burns brighter than of yore,
And may the stage that boasts him burn no more!"

The dull and lifeless verses ended by allusions to the solidity and expense of the new theatre; expressing a hope that the attempt to raise national taste would be repaid by national liberality.

The play went on in dumb show; the witches' thunder was drowned by John Bull's. But whether Macbeth planned Banquo's murder, presided at the banquet, listened to the knocking at the south entry, put harness on his back, slashed desperately at the pertinacious Macduff, or fell dead on his face, no one listened, no one cared. When Mrs. Siddons exulted cruelly in the proposed murder of the royal guests, or glided on in her ghastly sleep-walk, the malcontents hooted and clamoured louder than before; nothing could pacify them.

In vain, too, Munden distorted his irresistibly face in the afterpiece; the cat-calls grew shriller, the yell for old prices still fiercer. When the dark curtain fell, two magistrates from Bow Street came forward to the footlights as if they had been engaged for a lecture, and tried to catch the ear of the house. One of them drew out a paper supposed to be the Riot Act; but retired before the threatening hisses of the enraged hydra. Once or twice the police made raids into the upper gallery, and took up outrageous democrats, who were held to bail for appearance at the next sessions. Hours after the curtain fell, the rioters continued in the house, calling in vain on the obdurate manager to return to old prices. In vain fifty soldiers, on duty at the doors or in the lobby, stormed violently into the upper gallery to capture the humbler and more demonstrative rioters; the "gods" foiled Mars by clambering down into the lower gallery, where they were cordially received by friends mad as bulls at the sight of the aggressive scarlet cloth.

The *Times*, the next morning, was patriotic and indignant. "It was a noble sight," it said, "to see so much just indignation in the public mind," and it derided the idea that prices were to be raised to swell the vanity of Mrs. Siddons and John Kemble, who must, forsooth, swagger and strut on the boards "with clothes on their backs worth five hundred pounds." The club critics, the men about town, the idle quidnuncs of all ranks, followed suit. Cruel catalogues of the great actor's faults were bandied from mouth to mouth, and one or two really clever men barbed the arrows that were shot at the proud and inflexible manager. Any fool can shoot the arrow, but it takes clever malice to shape the arrow-head and to poison the barb. Kemble was no genius, the ingrates shouted over their wine and grog; he was artificial, formal, slow, self-conscious, self-approving. He was always throwing himself into Roman statues. There was no spontaneity, ardour, nor generous impulse. His Sir Giles Overreach was tame and insipid, his King John studied, his Hamlet severe

and inflexible, his Macbeth iron-bound, his Richard the Third too deliberate, his Brutus dry. Faithless herd! they chose to forget the grand dignity of his Cato, the dark rancour of his Pierre, the intense despair of his Stranger, the dignified melancholy of his Penruddock, the heroic fervour of his Rolla, the inspired energy of his Coriolanus—in a word, his energetic and elaborate art, his unrivalled concentration and intensity. Actors are often vain. Kemble was proud as Coriolanus. Surely no proud man was ever so cruelly tortured by butterfly wits and mosquito critics. For once industrious, these satirists, with the malice of Red Indians, collected into one bantering dialogue all John Philip's oddities and obstinacies of pronunciation. The terrible list included the following eccentricities, acquired from superficial studies in old books, cognate languages, and etymology.

First and foremost, *atches* for aches, *marchant* for merchant, *innocint* for innocent, *conschince* for conscience, *varchue* for virtue, *furse* for fierce, *bird* for beard, *the* for thy, *ojus* for odious, *hijus* for hideous, *perfijus* for perfidious, *maircy* for mercy, *airth* for earth, *quellity* for quality, *sentimint* for sentiment, *etairnally* for eternally.

The conspiracy grew so fast that Kemble's friends began to believe that Sheridan and the rival house (three hundred thousand pounds and more in debt) were at the bottom of it. Methodist fanatics had been accused of burning down the theatre. The Jacobins were now supposed to be urging forward the attack on aristocratic rights and proprietors' privileges. "A plague on both your houses," thought the quiet playgoers, who only wanted to be allowed to tranquilly enjoy Fawcett's chatter, Liston's wonderful unctuous face, Munden's inimitable grimaces, and Dowton's full-blown irritability. Hot and fast as the lava on Pompeii fell showers of epigrams, such as the following :

KEMBLE, LEAVE THE PIT ALONE.

Air—"Polly, put the Kettle on."

"Johnny, leave the pit alone,
Let 'em crack their wit alone,
Can't you let 'em sit alone,
Let 'em sing O.P.?
Why, with lawyers fagging 'em,
Up to Bow-street dragging 'em,
Brandon * aims at gagging 'em,
More the blockhead he!

* The boxkeeper.

"Johnny, leave the pit alone,
 Let 'em crack their wit alone,
 Can't you let 'em sit alone,
 Let 'em sing O. P. ?

"O. P. AND M. T.

"Submit, stubborn Kemble, submit, do, I pray,
 Thy int'rest *alone* sure might tempt thee;
 For know, if for ever *O. P.*'s done away,
 Thy playhouse will always be *M. T.*"

Mr. Poole and some of the wittiest and readiest men of the day wasted their time in fabricating these stinging crackers. Busy in ridicule of poor Kemble's habitual cough and small voice, the town even forgot for a time the galling retreat from Corunna, and the miserable and disastrous Walcheren expedition.

The third night the riot grew more systematic; the rioters had now organized themselves. The moment the curtain rose on the witches and the foul night, the hissing, whistling, and cat-calling broke out in a perfect hurricane. People in the boxes screamed in trumpets and roared through bugles. The performers took it calmly, feeling the storm must rage itself out. "They did not," says a contemporary newspaper, "seem to feel in the slightest degree disconcerted or offended, but rather, indeed, relieved, as there was no necessity for speaking. Occasionally different persons among the audience addressed them, with the assurance that there was no intention to offer them any offence; and this we were happy to hear, particularly with respect to the ladies, some of whom, upon their entrance, exhibited signs of timidity. So little did the performers feel it necessary to attend to dialogue or ordinary forms, that the whole of the performance, both play and farce, had terminated by half-after nine o'clock. Throughout the night every box on the first and second tier presented placards of

"'Old prices.' 'Opposition—persevere and you must succeed.' 'John Bull against John Kemble.' 'No foreigners to tax us; we have taxes enough already.'" etc., etc.

Soon after the farce concluded, Mr. Kemble, in consequence of reiterated calls for the manager, made his appearance upon the stage, and, after some uproar, obtained a hearing. He said that he came forward to assure the audience of the anxious solicitude of the proprietors to accommodate themselves to their wishes, which declaration was received with applause; but when he added the following sentence, "Ladies and gentlemen, I wait here to know what you want," the hissing was

universal, mixed with cries of "What ridiculous and insulting affectation." The house, indeed, became stormily indignant, and Mr. Kemble felt it convenient to retire. The audience was then addressed by two gentlemen—a Mr. Leigh, and a Mr. Smyth, a barrister—then Mr. Kemble again appeared, and attempted to justify the new prices. He retired amidst hissing and some slight applause. The latter, however, soon subsided, and after about an hour spent in venting their discontent, the audience gradually dispersed. The managers of Covent Garden Theatre asserted that the average profits for the last ten years had not exceeded six per cent. on the whole capital employed. It would be candid in them, the papers said, to state the whole truth. Did they separate the actual expenses from the annuities and other payments for incumbencies laid at different times on the establishment?

All was in vain. Nothing moved the man whom friends called "firm," and enemies "obstinate." Caius Marcius all over, he remained "whole as the marble, founded as the rock." Better to die, better to starve, than beg Hob with the cat-call, and Dick with the horrible watchman's rattle, for their "sweet voices." "The night is long that never finds the day," he said to himself, and thought,

"I am half through,
The one part suffer'd, the other I will do."

Quite forgetting, on the other hand, that

"Things bad begun make themselves strong by ill."

(Are there not aphorisms in Shakespeare for every moment of life and for all possible conditions of events?) The Coriolanus of Drury Lane was not entirely on the defensive; he sent orders to all his partisans and friends, and they bled freely at the nose for him; he hired tough-armed fighting watermen to repress the pit; he made the stage machinery rumble to frighten the bugle-players, and, as a fine theatrical *coup d'état*, he opened all the trap-doors on the stage suddenly when the pittites seemed prepared to storm it and tear the scenery into shreds.

On the fourth night, a gentleman, after the close of the farce, observed, from one of the boxes, "That this was the fourth night on which the most obstinate perseverance was made in these most obnoxious charges; yet neither the staves of constables, the arms of fighting watermen, the Riot Act, the presence of magistrates, the menacing noise of engines, nor the odious exposure of secret trap-doors, could intimidate the audience to comply with the manager's unjustifiable demand. One proprietor, who was also an actor, had passed by the

voice of the audience with more insult and more contumacy than was ever shown by a minister to the voice of the people. With all his boast of the liberality of the managers, and the necessity of the increase of prices, he had refused to an old English club, who drank port wine and ate beefsteaks, a room which they had always enjoyed, in order to make a dressing-room for a foreign singer. Respectable men were dragged to Bow Street for manifesting what Lord Mansfield had stated was their inalienable right."

This gentleman, who addressed his O. P. constituents from the boxes, referred to a decision of the great *Lord* Mansfield, May 11, 1775, "*The King versus Leigh*," in which that celebrated judge laid it down that any visitor ~~to~~ the playhouse has an unalterable right to express his instantaneous approbation or disapprobation of the piece or the actors. The rioters boasted loudly that that night they were not insulted by constables, riot acts, or threats of the Bastille, but that they had obtained an apology at the bottom of the bills the night before. This announcement was succeeded by the usual concord of sweet sounds proceeding from shrill penny whistles, squeaking trumpets, raving watchmen's rattles, etc., interrupted by frequent calls for "Managers! managers!" and "Kemble! Kemble! come forth."

Several placards were, as usual, suspended from the boxes and held up in the pit. One of them had inscribed on it, in large characters :

"Old prices, without any further insult or evasion." "No Catalani. Native talents," &c.

Another was inscribed :

"Kemble here, John Bull advises,
To raise your fame and sink your prices."

After a considerable interval Mr. Kemble came forward. A great tumult then took place. The placards were more conspicuously waved and shaken, and some time elapsed before silence could be obtained. Mr. Kemble was still stiff-necked, and his speech was drowned in fresh surges of noise. He had hoped previous explanations would have satisfied the public.

In the *Morning Chronicle* (September 22nd, 1809) appeared the following squib :—

"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

"This is the house that Jack built.

"These are the *boxes* let to the *great*, that visit the house that Jack built.

"These are the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes* let to the *great*, that visit the house that Jack built.

"This is the *cat* engaged to squall to the *poor* in the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes* let to the *great*, that visit the house that Jack built.

"This is John Bull, with a *bugle-horn*, that hissed the *cat* engaged to squall to the *poor* in the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes* let to the *great*, that visit the house that Jack built.

"This is the *thief-taker*, all shaven and shorn, that took up John Bull with his *bugle-horn*, who hissed the *cat* engaged to squall to the *poor* in the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes* let to the *great*, that visit the house that Jack built.

"This is the *manager*, full of scorn, who raised the price to the people forlorn, and directed the *thief-taker* all shaven and shorn, to take up John Bull with his *bugle-horn*, who hissed the *cat* engaged to squall to the *poor* in the *pigeon-holes* over the *boxes* let to the *great*, that visit the house that Jack built."

On the 22nd the audience were more numerous, and, if possible, more clamorous than on any preceding night. In addition to the usual placards, were the following:—

"Let the first causers of disturbance be sent to Bow Street. Those are the managers." "Let the managers play to empty benches, and they will come to their senses."

"Support King George, but resist King John! The former gives us through his minister some statement of the causes which render increased taxation necessary, and the objects to which its production is to be applied; the latter deals only in the loose and general plea of necessity, and scorns to enter into explanations."

"Don't contaminate the British stage with Italian duplicity or French trickery."

Several other appropriate and pungent placards were exhibited, which, joined with the martial tempestuous music of trumpets and bugle-horns, and the frequently repeated challenge of the great belligerent power, rendered it at last necessary, on the part of their opponents, to make an overture of negotiation.

Mr. Kemble appeared upon the stage: there was instant silence. He proposed that the affairs of the theatre should be submitted to a committee of gentlemen; and this proposition, which appeared to the audience to have the complexion of a trick, was very ill received by them.

A leading feature of the proceedings on this evening was a very generous and chivalrous speech made to the audience by a Mr. O'Reilly, who, after severely censuring the manager, said, in common justice to Catalani, "Some artful people avail themselves of your honest indignation against the manager to promote their interests, to gratify their prejudices, by exciting you to abuse an unoffending individual. How can you be so imposed upon? How can you be so inconsistent? How can you be so unmanly as to abuse a woman? What

has Catalani done to offend you? (Applause and hisses.) I see the placards of 'No Catalani!' with disgust, but I see those of 'Dickons and no Catalani!' with disgust and astonishment. For what a contrast!—let me appeal to your common sense. This Catalani, whom I never saw or heard but on the stage, is capable of affording the most exquisite pleasure to all who have any taste for vocal power. She stands confessedly unrivalled. Then, if you desire the pleasure of hearing her, is it not more for the interest of you, the people, to have her here, where you can hear her for one or two shillings, than to have her at the Opera House, where you cannot enter without paying five shillings or half a guinea, which many cannot afford. Will you, to gratify others' prejudices, deny yourselves pleasure? I have heard it whispered that a great many insidious manœuvres are going forward against this woman, and therefore I am interested for her. I have even been told that it is not improbable the managers would have no objection to an apology for rescinding their agreement with her. It may be calculated that as Madame Catalani has been detached from the Opera House, that there is now no danger of her being able to procure an engagement elsewhere which can produce any of that counter-attraction to this theatre, to guard against which was probably a main cause of her original engagement here. This calculation I state as merely possible—but will you second it? Will you promote the unworthy speculations of selfishness?"

This speech was received with general applause.

On the 23rd, Mr. Kemble came forward and stated that a committee of gentlemen was appointed to inspect the accounts, and to decide if the old or the new prices were the most fit and reasonable, and that, till that report was sent in, the theatre would be closed. The whole audience rose at this triumph, and shouted and hurraed for Mr. Kemble. He announced that Madame Catalani had relinquished her engagement, and retired amid counter-storms of applause and disapprobation.

The new sensational placard that night was one with a coffin and cross-bones on it, and the words, "Here lies the body of *New Prices*, who died 23rd September, 1809, aged 6 days."

The following epigram appeared a few days after:—

"John Bull has gained one point, that's flat;
For Kemble has whipt out the CAT,—
Shut up his house and gone to bed,
With fewer *ATCHES* in his head."

The enraged and stubborn English public had no mercy for its dogged opponents. They forgot that Lord Mansfield's right of expressing dislike to piece and actor did not also include the privilege of stopping the whole performance, of ruining the proprietors, scaring away quiet people, and destroying the property of the house. They would not listen to the fact that while the property of Covent Garden Theatre was divided into twelve shares, Mr. Harris had seven; Messrs. Martindale and White (the latter of whom, married the daughter of Mr. Powell, the celebrated actor, and became a purchaser at the same time with Mr. Harris) three; and Kemble only two.

The committee consisted of the following gentlemen:—Alderman Sir Charles Price, Bart., M.P.; Sir Thomas Plumer, Kt., the solicitor-general; John Sylvester, Esq., the recorder of the city of London; John Whitmore, Esq., governor of the Bank of England; and John Julius Angerstein, Esq. The report of this committee was: "That the rate of profit actually received upon an average of the last six years, commencing in 1803 (the period of the then co-partnership in the theatre), upon the capital embarked therein, amounted to six three-eighths per annum, charging the concern with only the sum actually paid for insurance upon such part of the capital as was insured; that if the whole capital had been insured, the profit would have been reduced to little more than five per cent., though for want of this full insurance the proprietors, being in part their own insurers, sustained a loss by the late fire, for which no compensation has been made, to the amount of their whole profits for the above period of six years." The report further stated that the committee was fully satisfied that the future profits of the new theatre at the proposed advance in the prices of admission would amount to no more than three and a half per cent. per annum upon the capital expended upon the theatre, if the same were insured; and that upon the supposition of insurance, at the former prices of admission, the proprietors would, in the judgment of the committee, annually sustain a loss of three-quarters per cent. per annum on their capital. Upon this report being made public, the question arose whether the common interest of five per cent. was or was not included in the estimate of profits, which called forth the further declaration, that, after deducting the legal interest of five per cent. on the capital, no more than one three-eighths per cent. remained to the proprietors for their whole profits.

The receipts of six years had amounted to three hundred and sixty-five thousand nine hundred and eighty-three

pounds; the highest, the Master Betty year (1804), being seventy thousand seven hundred and twenty-seven pounds. The average was three hundred pounds a night; there being two hundred acting nights in the year. The expenses in six years had been three hundred and seven thousand nine hundred and twelve pounds.

Notwithstanding, however, that the commissioners were men of business, used to accounts, hence not likely to be deceived themselves, and of a respectability which seemed to preclude the presumption of their deceiving others, their report was very far from proving satisfactory to the public. On reopening the theatre on the 10th of October, therefore, the same discordant and hideous noises were resumed, with cries of "Old prices," "Items," "Imposition," "You don't hoax us," "No garbled extracts to humbug John Bull." Placards were exhibited inscribed with:

"Mr. Kemble, lower your prices; for no evasion
Will suit John Bull on this occasion."

"John Kemble, let your monopoly cease,
And then raise your prices as high as you please."

"No private boxes for intriguing."

"A long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull altogether for old prices."

"John Bull, be very bold and resolute! Never depart from your resolution, but firmly keep your noisy station."

For the first two or three nights after the reopening, these disturbances began at the commencement of the play; but afterwards the rioters, becoming tired of paying the full price, and more wary, did not begin till the half-price. Each night of the riot appears to have had its own distinguishing incident. On one occasion a gentleman attracted much notice by appearing in a great-coat and a nightcap. On another, a *gemman* in a box, having entered into an altercation with a gentleman in the pit, expressed a wish to speak. Silence having been restored, he began by alluding to what had fallen "from *that there* gentleman in *that there* hat." The "wild waters" were still in a roar. The rioters now began to clang dustmen's bells, blow coachmen's horns, hiss, and click watchmen's rattles. The mob had grown stark staring mad upon the O. P. question. All the herds of Circe were let loose, and the mob ran riot in their partisanship with the Whigs or the Reformers. The O. P. rioters laughed, sang, groaned, and wore the letters O. P. in their hats and on their waistcoats. They formed rings and got up mock fights in the pit, which terminated in roars and shouts of laughter.

The special moment of the evening was when a simultaneous rush was made from the back of the pit down upon the orchestra. Pigeons were let loose from the boxes to show that John Bull was not to be "pigeoned." "Artillery whistles" screeched in the air. The placards and banners (a hint from pantomimes) broke out again a hundred strong, and turned the boxes into booths. The inscriptions now were:—

"Mountain and Dickons,
No cat, no kittens."

"Britons who have humbled a prince, will not be conquered by a manager."

The O. P. dance, the rioters' favourite nightly diversion, was a performance as noisy and almost as demoniacal as the Carmagnole of the French revolutionists. It consisted of an alternate stamping of the feet, accompanied with the cry of "O. P.," in regular and monotonous cadence. It began calmly, and increased in violence and rapidity till it ended in frenzied leaping, maddened confusion, and Bodlam broke loose.

The races up and down the pit benches were also very popular, while ruffians with false noses, or dressed as women, grimaced about the house or insulted the ladies in the obnoxious private boxes. Kemble and the managers at last lost their temper at all this, and took a false step. They got the Bow Street magistrates to lend them old Townsend and a band of runners armed with bludgeons. Mendoza, the prize-fighter, gave orders to all who would help him against the O. P. party, and beat them into submission. Another pugilist led also into the arena a threatening regiment of gallows' birds, broken-nosed, bull-necked, and scarred rowdies, with low, bumpy foreheads and pig-like eyes; fellows with arms like Hercules and backs like Atlas. Lord Yarmouth, conspicuous by his flaming red whiskers, and Berkeley Craven proved their Norman descent by fighting side by side with these greasy, large-nosed, black-haired bruisers.

The pit bore this and the constables' staves pretty well till half-price time on the second night, when, with an Indian yell of rage, a hundred fists were at once clenched, and the rioters fell dauntlessly upon the hired legions, felling them and drubbing them on every side. Eyes grew black, mouths puffed, and noses bled.

Another flaunting banner informed the house that the salaries of the Kembles and Madame Catalani amounted for the season to twenty-five thousand five hundred and seventy-five pounds. The speakers called Kemble a "fellow" and a

"vagrant," and swore they would be sung to by native night-ingales, and not by foreign screech-owls. Peas were thrown on the stage to endanger the dancers. Ladies wearing O. P. medals were cheered. Men dressed as sailors and middies delivered ribald speeches. Everybody exulted when Charles Kemble fell by accident in the very height of a mortal combat with George Frederick Cooke as Richard Crookback. A gentleman in the boxes played "Colleen" on the flute all through the first piece; bitten apples were thrown at Mrs. Charles Kemble when she was playing Lucy, in the Beggar's Opera. Mr. O'Reilly denounced the sort of ladies who frequented the privileged boxes. In vain Townsend and his myrmidons dashed into the pit and galleries, tore off the placards and banners, or arrested the ringleaders of the evening, while the indefatigable Brandon had men taken up for continually coughing or even for crying "Silence" in an aggravating way.

The *Times* grew more angry, and denounced Mrs. Siddons for receiving a salary of fifty pounds a night. Why, the lord chief justice sat every day in Westminster Hall, from nine to four for half that sum. Hard-lined, high-coloured, gross caricatures, represented Sarah, John, and Charles Kemble as sturdy, impudent beggars, with John Philip in front exclaiming, "Pity our ach-es, and our want-es." The O. P. dance grew so popular that even princes of the blood came to see it. One night a lady who was seen lending a pin to fasten an O. P. placard in front of the boxes received an ovation from the whole house.

Kemble was a man of temper, nerve, and firmness. The prize-fighters were not his hiring; but he now sometimes bemused himself (in a grave way) with old port. Cooke, who had received lectures from his manager, exulted in these occasional aberrations, and, repeating Black Jack's own galling words to himself, used to say:

"Kemble, you were very drunk last night. If I were you I should avoid it when going on the stage. You should time it—you should time it as I do."

Kemble's speeches were, however, often reasonable, and full of common sense. He proved to the rioters that even in Queen Anne's time, a hundred years before, when food was cheaper, the price to the pit had been three shillings. He told them the proprietors for ten years past had not received six per cent. on their fluctuating and precarious investment. He assured them that actors did benefit by the receipts, and that their salaries were three times as large as their predecessors'. He ended by a generous outburst that ought to have touched the English heart.

"This," he added, "I declare to you upon my honour—I, *who would not tell a lie for all that this theatre is worth!*"

The tumults and riots still went on. The O. P. rioter had now reduced things to a system. In his enormous seven-caped great-coat he had nightly to squeeze himself through the iron hatch under the jealous scrutiny of Brandon and the money and cheque takers, his dozen feet of placards wound round his body, a rattle, a dustman's bell, a post-horn, drum, or a trombone, and his white nightcap and short bludgeon pent in his pocket. He had to "roar himself as hoarse as a night coachman in winter," to stamp the fierce O. P. dance, to join in real and sham combats, and to risk his limbs in frantic rushes down to the orchestra. To reward such arduous service four hundred and forty-five pounds were collected.

The chief rioters usually left the theatre in procession, howling at the offices of the opposition newspapers, or shouting Horace Smith's song of "Hoigh ho, says Kemble," under the very windows of the unbending manager. Mr. Kemble's house was 89, Great Russell Street, north side—a house pulled down when the eastern wing of the British Museum was erected. On one occasion, when the mob had threatened a visit to the manager's house, the magistrates ambushed soldiers close at hand, and gave orders what to do in case the doors were forced or set on fire.

At last a lull came. The jubilee procession in honour of George the Third, in which the cars of the allegorical four quarters of the world were drawn by scene-shifters in their plain clothes, drew nobody.

Cooke, in the epilogue to the Grecian Daughter, alluding to the disaffection as past, lit up the flames again, and the house shook with applause when Charles Kemble died as Dionysius. A fresh cause of offence also occurred. One of those warm, fussy persons, who always appear at such times of public excitement, coming one night into the theatre, in full Whig uniform (blue coat and buff waistcoat, and with the dangerous letters O. P. in his hat), was saluted with the familiar and commendatory address of "Here comes the honest counsellor!" and way was made for him to the centre of the pit. Thus encouraged, and it was thought authorised, the people again gave free scope to their clamour, and "Old prices," and "Clifford for ever!" became the rallying-words of the night. Brandon, the boxkeeper, got this Mr. Clifford apprehended outside the theatre, as a rioter, and carried before a magistrate at Bow Street, by whom, however, he was immediately discharged. Mr. Clifford then indicted Brandon for an assault and false imprisonment, in which indictment Brandon was

cast for five pounds. When the jury came in with their verdict for the plaintiff, a burst of applause and uproar broke forth in such a manner as to entirely destroy the decorum of a court of justice. Cries of "Huzza!" by hundreds at once were communicated like electricity to the multitude in the open hall, and echoed on the instant through Palace Yard.

In consequence of the issue of this trial, a dinner of about three hundred people took place on the 14th of December, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, Mr. Clifford in the chair, and a committee was formed to defend the persons then under prosecution for the like conduct. These symptoms of a regularly-organised opposition, added to the late decision of the jury, showed the proprietors the necessity of an immediate compromise. Mr. Kemble requested admission to the meeting, and striding in, like Coriolanus into the house of Aufidius, the following resolutions were amicably agreed upon: "That the boxes should continue at seven shillings; that the pit should be lowered to the old price, three shillings and sixpence; that the tier of private boxes in the front of the house should be thrown open and restored to the public at the end of the season; and that all prosecutions on both sides should be stopped."

The night of the Strand dinner they performed at Covent Garden the Provoked Husband and Tom Thumb. At half-price, as usual the O. P.'s poured in, with bugles, bells, and rattans, and began their charivari as usual, till Mr. Kemble appeared in his walking-dress, half-boots, great-coat, round hat, and cane, just as he had come from the tavern. After half an hour's endeavours to obtain silence, he acquainted the house with the treaty he had just signed. He retired amid incessant cries of "Dismiss Brandon!" "No private boxes!"

In vain Mr. Munden, as the king, bowed and scraped, made the most conciliatory grimaces, and talked confidentially to the nearest rows of the pit. The rioters called out, "It is from your master we want an answer." At last some one flung a paper on the stage. Munden took it up, read it, bowed, and retired. He returned, leading in the abashed, humbled, and penitent Brandon, who tried to read an apology; but the storm grew to a whirlwind, and oranges and sticks were thrown at the over-zealous boxkeeper till he withdrew, disconsolate enough. It was in vain that Mr. Harris came forward, scratching his crop uneasily, and pleaded for his faithful servant. The howl was, "He must be dismissed. It's a *sine quâ non*."

On the following night, Kemble, as Penruddock, surrendered,

and poor Brandon retired from office. He also apologised for the introduction of the fighting-men. He was sorry for what had passed. It would be his first pride to prevent anything of the kind occurring again. Then broke forth a thunderburst of cheers, and the O. P.'s in the pit hoisted their final placard three times. It was inscribed :

"We are satisfied."

The Rev. Mr. Geneste, an authority on these matters, thought the new prices were unbearable. He says: "It must be allowed that seven shillings is a very high price for an evening's amusement. In the time of Charles the Second the boxes were four shillings, and the pit two shillings and sixpence. This had probably been the price from the Restoration. On particular occasions, the boxes were raised to five shillings, and the pit to three shillings. It does not appear that any other advance took place for about seventy years. At last the raised prices gradually became the regular prices. Thus the matter rested for about fifty or sixty years. In 1791-1792, when the Drury Lane company removed to the Opera House, the boxes were raised to six shillings, and the pit to three shillings and sixpence."

Looking calmly back, there can be no doubt that Kemble, although stiffnecked, arrogant, and imprudent in his way of treating the rioters, was in the main right. If the public objected to the new prices, they had their remedy in their own hands; they could have stopped away. According to the opinion laid down by Lord Mansfield, the riot was a distinct conspiracy, and should have been punished as such.

Can we doubt that Kemble went home from the reconciliation dinner still, in his inner soul, inflexible as Coriolanus, and muttering in his grand academic manner, and in his asthmatic voice, those bitter words of Caius Marcius?—

"It is a purposed thing, and grows by plot,
To curb the will of the nobility;
Suffer it, and live with such as cannot rule,
Nor ever will be ruled."

THE TWO GREAT MURDERS IN RATCLIFF HIGHWAY (1811).

BEFORE gas-lights and the new police had rendered London as safe as it is at present, the east end of the metropolis was infested by the dregs of the ruffianism, not merely of Europe, but of all the world. Outlaws of all countries sought refuge among the crews of our Indiamen, to obtain sanctuary from pursuers, or to earn money enough for a revel on shore. Thievish Hindoos, cruel Malays, manslaughtering Americans, savage Frenchmen, brutal Germans, fiery Slavonians, butcherly Russians, the lees and outcast of both Christendom and savagedom, frequented the brandy-shops and low dancing-rooms of Wapping, Stepney, Poplar, Ratcliff Highway, and the purlieus of the Docks. With this seething mass of villany, it could scarcely be wondered at that a great crime should be at last committed.

Within a few minutes of midnight, on Saturday, December 7, 1811, Mr. Marr, a young, newly-married man, keeping a small lace and hosier's shop at No. 29, Ratcliff Highway, sent out his servant girl to pay a baker's bill and to get some oysters for supper. Mrs. Marr was at the time in the kitchen, rocking her baby in its cradle. The apprentice, a young ruddy Devonshire lad, named Goven, aged fourteen, was either busy in the shop or at work downstairs. The girl was alarmed as she left the house on that peculiarly gloomy December night, by seeing a man in a long dark coat standing in the lamp-light on the opposite side of the street, as if watching her master's house. The watchman, a friend of Marr's, had also previously noticed this mysterious man continually peeping into the window of Marr's shop, and thinking the act suspicious, had gone in and told the proprietor. A few minutes after Mary the servant left, as the watchman was returning on his

ordinary half-hourly beat, Marr called to him to help him put up the shutters, and the watchman then told Marr that the man who had been skulking about had got scared, and had not been in the street since. In the mean time, the girl, looking in vain for an oyster-shop still open, had wandered from street to street and lost her way. It was nearly half an hour before she got home: when she arrived there, to her surprise she found no lights visible, and heard no sound within the house. She rang, then gently knocked, but there was no reply. She rang again, after a pause, more violently. Presently (but we take this fact, with some slight doubt, from Mr. De Quincey's wonderful narrative of the tragedy) she heard a noise on the stairs, and then footsteps coming down the narrow passage that led to the street door. Next, she heard some one breathing hard at the key-hole. With a sudden impulse of almost maniacal despair, she tore at the bell and hammered at the knocker: partly, perhaps, unconscious of what she did, partly to rouse the neighbourhood and paralyse the murderer, feeling now certain that a murder had been committed. Mr. Parker, a pawnbroker next door, throwing up his bedroom window, the servant told him that she felt sure her master and mistress had been murdered, and that the murderer was even then in the house. Mr. Parker half dressed himself, and, armed with a kitchen poker, vaulted over the low brick wall of his back yard, and entered Mr. Marr's premises. A light was still glimmering through the half-opened back door, by which the murderer must have just escaped. The shop was floating with blood. Marr lay dead behind the counter, near the window, his skull shattered by blows of a mallet, and his throat cut. The bodies of Mrs. Marr and the apprentice, also killed in the same way, were lying in the centre of the shop floor. The wife had apparently been murdered as she came upstairs, alarmed by the scuffle; the apprentice boy after some resistance, for the whole counter and even ceiling was sprinkled with his blood. Some one in the crowd suggested a search for the child. It was found in the kitchen, crushed and with its throat cut, the cradle beaten to pieces, and the bed-clothes piled over it. At this horrible aggravation of a hideous series of crimes, the mob gave a scream of rage and horror. The servant girl became speechless and delirious, and was carried away by the neighbours.

The murderer must have worked with terrible swiftness and sagacity. The watchman remembered that, a little after twelve, finding some of Marr's shutters not quite secure, he called to him, and some one answered, "We know it." That

must have been the murderer. Not more than two guineas had been stolen from the house. An iron-headed mallet, such as ships' carpenters use, and with the initials J. P. on the handle, was left behind by the murderer. It was quite clear that the wretch must have stolen in, the moment the shutters were up and while the door was closing. He had glided in, first stealthily locking the door, and then asked to look at some unbleached cotton stockings. As Marr had turned to take these from a pigeon-hole behind the counter, the first blow must have been struck, for the stockings were found clenched in poor Marr's hands. The murder of the child seemed alone to prove that revenge had been the motive.

Next week many persons were arrested about Shadwell on suspicion of the murders, but they were all exonerated and discharged. A sailor, half crazed with drink, accused himself of the murders; but his insanity was soon discovered.

On the Sunday week, the Marrs were buried; thirty thousand labouring and seafaring people watching the funeral with faces of "horror and grief." All London was stricken with fear; fire-arms and thousands of rattles were purchased. There was a horrible alarm that the unknown monster, having failed to secure plunder the first time, would attempt further crimes; the bravest man now dreaded the approach of night.

That dread was too well founded. On Thursday, the 19th of the same month—only twelve nights after the Marr murder, and near the same place—another butchery took place. It occurred at the King's Arms public-house, at the corner of New Gravel Lane—a small street running at right angles to Ratcliff Highway. Mr. Williamson, a man of seventy, and his wife, kept the house; the other inmates were a middle-aged Irishwoman who cleaned the pots and waited in the tap-room, a little granddaughter about fourteen years old, and a young journeyman, aged about twenty-six, a lodger. Mr. Williamson was a respectable man, always in the habit of turning out his guests at eleven o'clock, and finally shutting up at twelve, when the last neighbour had sent for his ale.

Nothing particular happened in the house while it was open that night, except that some timid persons noticed a pale, red-haired man, with ferocious eyes, who kept in dark corners, went in and out several times, and was met wandering in the passages, much to the landlord's annoyance.

When the guests had left, and the lodger had gone to bed on the second floor (the child being asleep on the first), Mr.

Williamson was drawing beer on the ground floor. Mrs. Williamson was moving to and fro between the back kitchen and the parlour. The servant was cleaning the parlour grate and placing wood for the morning.

The lodger, nervous in bed, and only able to doze, woke at half-past eleven, thinking of Mr. Williamson's wealth, the murder of the Marrs, and his landlord's carelessness about leaving his door open so late in a dangerous and ruffianly neighbourhood. Suddenly he heard the street door below slammed and locked with tremendous violence. He leapt out of bed, and lowering his head over the balustrade, heard the servant scream from the back parlour, "Lord Jesus Christ, we shall all be murdered!" He felt at once it was the murderer of the Marrs. Half crazed with terror, and unconscious of what he did, Turner crept downstairs and looked through the glass window of the tap-room (Mr. De Quincey says through the door that was ajar). He could not see the murderer at first, but heard him behind the door, rapidly trying the lock of a cupboard or escritoire. Presently there appeared a tall, well-made man, dressed in a rough drab bear-skin coat, who knelt over the body of the landlady and rifled her pockets. He pulled out various bunches of keys, one of which fell with a clash on the floor. The listening man noticed that the murderers shoes creaked as he walked, and that his coat was lined with the finest silk. With the keys now stolen, the murderer retired again to the middle section of the parlour. Even in his fear Turner felt that there was now a moment or two left for escape. The sighs of the dying women, the clash of the keys, and the jingling of the money, would prevent his footsteps on the creaky stairs from being heard. Softly, and with his bare feet, he ran upstairs to escape by the roof, but in his terror he could not find the trap-door. He then ran to his room, forced the bed to the door as gently as he could, and tied the sheets together to drop from the window, which was twenty-two feet to the ground. This rope he fastened to an iron spiko he luckily found in the tester of the bed. In a few minutes he had let himself down, and was caught by a watchman who was passing at the time. His first thought had been to save the child, but he was afraid she might cry if he awoke her suddenly, and then both the child and he would have been murdered. Almost speechless, all Turner could do, on reaching the ground, was to point to the door of Williamson's house, and stammer, "Marr's murderer is there." It was not twelve o'clock yet, and several persons soon assembled: two of the most resolute men, named Ludgate and Hawse, arm-

ing themselves with iron crows, broke open the door. They found the bodies of Mrs. Williamson, and the servant Bridget Harrington, with their throats cut, near the fireplace in the parlour. In the cellar they discovered the body of the landlord, which had been thrown downstairs. He had defended himself with an iron bar wrenched from the cellar window; his hands were cut and hacked, his leg was broken, and his throat was cut. The little grandchild was discovered tranquilly asleep. A rush was then made behind, where a noise was heard of somebody forcing windows; and as the door was forced, a man leaped out, crashing down the glass and window-frame. There was behind the house a large piece of waste ground with a clay embankment, belonging to the London Dock Company, and across this the man escaped through the rising mist.

The agitation of the neighbourhood at the news was an irresistible frenzy. People leaped down from windows; every house poured forth its inmates. Sick men rose from their beds. One man, who died, indeed, the next week, snatched up a sword and went into the street. The one desire was to tear and hew the wolfish demon to pieces in the very shambles where he had been found. The drums of the volunteers beat to arms; the fire-bells rang. Every cart and carriage was stopped, every boat on the river, every house in the neighbourhood was searched, but in vain. Rewards of fifteen hundred pounds were at once offered by government and the parish of St. George.

The very next day an Irish sailor, named John Williams, *alias* Murphy, was apprehended at the Pear Tree public-house, kept by Mrs. Vermillot, where he lodged. About half-past one on the night of the first murder, he had come up into the loft, where there were five or six beds, two Scotchmen and several Germans. The watchman was crying the half hour at the time. The Germans were sitting up in bed with a lighted candle reading; but they put it out because Williams said, roughly, "For God's sake put out that light, or something will happen!" In the morning a fellow-lodger, named Harris, told him of the murder before he got up. He replied surlily, "I know it." Since then he had been restless at nights, and had been heard to say in his sleep, "Five shillings in my pocket?—my pockets are full of silver." Alarmed, at the Marrs', the murderer had taken nothing there, although there was a sum of one hundred and fifty-two pounds in the house, besides several guineas in Marr's pocket. The mallet left, with another maul and an iron ripping chisel, at Marr's, was identified as belonging to

Peterson, a Norwegian ship carpenter, who had left it in a tool-chest in Mrs. Vermillot's garret at the Pear Tree, from which it was now missing. Mrs. Vermillot's children remembered the mallet from having often played with it. The prisoner's washerwoman also proved that a shirt which he had recently worn came to her bloody and torn, and he had told her he had had a fight. It was proved that he knew Marr and Williamson, and several publicans certified that they had resolved to refuse him their houses because he was always meddling with their tills. It was also proved that he had recently cut off his whiskers, and that muddy stockings he had worn had been found hidden behind a chest.

This was on the Friday; on the Saturday he was committed for trial. On his way to prison, but for a powerful escort he would have been torn in pieces by a fierce mob. At five o'clock he was left in his cell at Coldbath Fields, and his candle removed. In the morning he was found dead, hanging by his braces to an iron bar.

A few weeks later, the guilt of this horrible wretch was finally and completely proved. In a closet at the Pear Tree public-house, some men, searching behind a heap of dirty clothes, found plugged into a mouse-hole a large ivory-handled French clasp-knife, the handle and blade both smeared with blood. Williams had been seen using the knife about three weeks before the Williamsons' murder. They also found a blue jacket of Williams's, the outside pocket of which was stiff with coagulated blood, as if the murderer had thrust the money into this pocket with his hand still wet.

A lady who saw Williams at the police-court examination, described him to De Quincey as a middle-sized, placid man, rather thin and muscular, and with reddish hair: his features were mean and ghastly pale. It did not seem real blood that circulated in his veins; but green sap welling from no human heart. He was known for an almost refined and a smooth, insinuating manner; he is even said to have once asked a girl he knew, if she would be frightened if she saw him appear about midnight at her bedside armed with a knife? To which the girl replied:

"Oh, Mr. Williams, if it was anybody else I should be frightened, but as soon as I heard your voice I should be tranquil."

The interment of this wretch was ghastly enough. A quaint, grim print of the procession still exists. On Monday, December 30th, the body was taken in procession from Coldbath Fields to the watch-house near Ratcliff Highway. The corpse lay on a high platform, in a very high cart drawn by

one horse. The platform was composed of rough deal battened together, and was raised at the head so as to slope the body, while a partition at the other end, towards the horse, kept the feet from slipping. The body was dressed in a clean white frilled shirt open at the neck, the hair was neatly combed, and the face washed. The countenance was ruddy, the bare arms and wrists were a deep purple; the lower part of the body was covered with clean blue trousers and brown stockings (no shoes), and at the head was the stake that was to be driven through the suicide. On the right leg was fastened the iron which Williams had on when he was committed to prison. The fatal mallet was placed upright at the left side of his head, and the ripping chisel on the other side.

About six o'clock the procession of three hundred constables and headboroughs, most of them armed with drawn cutlasses, moved slowly towards Marr's house, where the cart stopped a quarter of an hour. The jolting having turned the murderer's head away from the house, a man clambered on to the platform and placed it directly facing the spot. The procession then moved on, down Old Gravel Lane and Wapping High Street, and, entering New Gravel Lane by Wapping Wall, reached the second house, where the constables again halted the cart. Then, entering Rateliff Highway, they turned up Cannon Street, and near the turnpike, where the New Road crosses, they reached the grave—which was dug purposely small and shallow. After a deep and solemn silence for about ten minutes, the body was jolted into its infamous hole, amid the yells and cheers of thousands. The stake was driven through the body with the murderer's mallet, quick-lime was thrown upon the carcase, and the grave was filled in.

It is useless to discuss the motives of Williams's crimes. Mr. De Quincey hints that Marr and Williams had sailed to Calcutta in the same Indiaman, and that on their return they had both courted the young woman whom Marr afterwards married. The second murder may have been the result of a wish for money with which to find means for escape: a thirst for money, and an unquenchable lust for blood, are apparent in both. This good, at least, arose from the horrible tragedies: they showed to the excited and terrified city the utter incompetence of the old watchmen, and prepared men's minds for the necessity of a larger, younger, and more disciplined body of police.

There were many reasons for these murders arousing such intense public attention. The papers of the year previous to the Marr and Williamson murders record many undiscovered

crimes. These had already excited an amount of fear which Williams's crimes heightened to an universal paroxysm. Every sailor or dock-labourer found stabbed or drowned was supposed to be another victim of a mysterious gang, that no one doubted haunted the east end of London. Until Williams hung himself in his cell, and until the clay-stained trousers and the gory knife and jacket were found, the panic continued and made night a hideous time. But, then, the great storm of fear subsided slowly into a ground-swell of sluggish distrust and apprehension. The military patrols were soon denounced as dangerous to the liberties of the country, and discontinued; and the constables resumed their inefficient and sleepy pottering about the broader streets and the neighbourhoods of favourite public-houses.

Gas, introduced into London on August 16, 1807, began, towards 1814, to get more general in the larger streets; the clearer and fuller light gave confidence to lonely pedestrians, and scared the prowling thief and the lurking assassin. Improvements moved slowly in the Tory country. It was not till 1829 that Sir Robert (then Mr.) Peel remodelled the police, and gave us for our greater security the present force.

Mr. De Quincey, in his picturesque but rather erroneous version of the double tragedy, has drawn attention in a most thrilling way to its chief points of pathos and intensity. He has, however, passed over in silence some points of the highest interest, and in his dates has even given the wrong year. Let us notice a few of his errors. He makes Marr's servant girl absent an hour. She was really absent only thirty minutes, seeking in vain an oyster-shop still open, and during those thirty minutes she returned once, looked in at the window, and saw her master, already doomed, still busy behind the counter. Mr. De Quincey says there was no noise heard by the neighbours during the murder; it is in evidence that a neighbour did hear a chair being drawn about the floor, and also heard the apprentice call out as if he were being struck or scolded. Mr. De Quincey dwells with a tragic power that places him high among prose poets, on the awful moments between life and death, when the journeyman, Turner, stood watching through a glass door the murderer plying his work; but he forgot the still more dreadful crisis when the man, flying from red-handed death, and crazed with fear, sought in vain for the trap-door in the roof, well known to him. Mr. De Quincey elsewhere colours too highly. The poor frightened man had no time nor presence of mind to tear his sheets and blankets into strips, or plait and splice them. No; he did as any one else would have done. Ho

sought no elaborate iron support; he tied the sheets together and dropped from the window. The lull of the mob when the head constable gave orders for silence, in order that the murderer's whereabouts might be detected, is also a finely-conceived fiction. While a butcher with his axe and a smith with a crowbar were forcing open the cellar-flap, and some neighbours were also throwing the front door off its hinges, the murderer was actually heard dashing through a lower back window, and escaping up a clayey embankment, where his footprints were found. Hence, on the next day, any men seen in Wapping with clay-soiled trousers were arrested.

But, from the first, Judgment was close upon the murderer. He was known to be acquainted with the Marr and Williamson families; he had been observed hanging about tills, and suspiciously haunting taprooms and public-house passages; he was seen washing suspiciously dirty stockings and trousers, which he then concealed; he cut off his whiskers for no apparent reason; besides other clues of evidence already mentioned. To crown all, Williams was so notoriously an infamous man, for all his oily and snaky duplicity, that the captain of his vessel, the *Roxburgh Castle*, had always predicted that whenever he went on shore he would mount the gibbet.

THE LUDDITES.

THE Luddite rioters of Nottinghamshire and Yorkshire derived their name from General Lud, their mythical leader, that awe-striking name and title being, however, borne by several of their chiefs at different times and in different districts. The deplorable outrages committed by these men—the breaking into houses to seize fire-arms and obtain money for the purposes of their mischievous and dangerous association—lasted for nearly forty years, during which time, with the exception of a few lulls, the great manufacturing districts were in as disturbed and lawless a state as the Border country when such marauders as Hard-Riding Dick or William of Deloraine drove honest men's cattle, burned keep-towers, and harried farm-houses.

All social diseases have their climax. The night, they say, is darkest just before daybreak. To miseries and misfortunes there is a culminating period. It was in 1812 that the Luddites were fiercest, maddest, and most desperate, deriding all philosophy and forgetting all the tenets of political economy in the fierceness of their indignation. Their object was to destroy the new frames which about the end of the last century were introduced (“with power”) to finish woollen goods. Up to this time cloth had been [finished by a tedious and costly process, a man being required to each machine, and three times the expense being incurred. The machine was a ponderous, unsightly instrument, square at the extremity of the blade, but otherwise not unlike the shears used by sheep-shearers. One blade was passed under the balk cloth to be finished, and the other over it, the latter cropping off the nap of the wool as the blades were dexterously pushed backwards and forwards by the workmen. The men engaged in this primitive occupation were known

by the name of croppers. The process was as much behind the age as the Hottentot system of spinning is behind the latest processes of Manchester. The croppers, whose occupation was thus interfered with, became as violent as the silversmiths of Ephesus, and were the chief leaders in the Luddite riots. They were generally of the stubborn, resolute Yorkshire race; ignorant, violent, determined, holding together for good or ill, and resolved to destroy the new frames, which they believed would throw poor men out of work and starve their families.

There is a wild old Yorkshire legend extant, which pretty well proves the opinion entertained of the croppers by their contemporaries. We give it in the words of a most reliable authority: "The tradition is, that in consequence of their dissipated and wicked ways, all the croppers at their departure hence went to a certain place that—to describe it negatively—was neither purgatory nor paradise, and that in the course of time they became so numerous in that particularly warm region, and withal so very, very unruly, that the devil was at his wits' end what to do with them, and had no pleasure of his existence in their company. Get rid of them he could not. There they were, and, notwithstanding all remonstrances, they declared that they would neither depart nor yet mend their manners. One day, while pondering upon his difficult position, a brilliant idea suddenly occurred to his Satanic Majesty. He knew the fondness of the croppers when on earth for ale, whether good, bad, or indifferent, so he went to the door of the infernal regions, and bawled out with all his might, 'Ale! ale! ale!' The effect was magical. At the joyful sound the croppers were instantaneously seized with a burning thirst. They rushed out to a man helter-skelter to where the delightful news came from. No sooner were they safely out than Satan quietly but quickly slipped in, banging the door to and locking it after him, shouting through the keyhole to the astonished and deluded croppers outside, 'Now, d—n you, that I have got you out, I'll keep you out, and I'll take good care no more croppers ever come in here!' And this is stated to be the reason that from thenceforth no more croppers entered the infernal regions."

No Ribbonmen ever banded together with more sudden determination in their movements; their drilling and their attacks were conducted with military precision. Mere agricultural labourers might have shown as much courage, but could not have formed such subtle combinations. Every man had his allotted place by number (as in a regiment) in the musket, pistol, or hatchet companies. The form of initiation

was known by the technical name of "twisting in." The oath taken was as solemn and terrible as that used in the secret tribunals of the middle ages. It was as follows: "I, ———, of my own voluntary will, do declare and solemnly swear that I never will reveal to any person or persons under the canopy of heaven the names of the persons who compose this secret committee, their proceedings, meetings, places of abode, dress, features, connections, or anything else that might lead to a discovery of the same either by word, or deed, or sign, under the penalty of being sent out of the world by the first brother who shall meet me, and my name and character blotted out of existence, and never to be remembered but with contempt and abhorrence; and I further now do swear, that I will use my best endeavours to punish by death any traitor or traitors, should any rise up amongst us, wherever I can find him or them; and though he should fly to the verge of nature, I will pursue him with unceasing vengeance. So help me God, and bless me to keep this my oath inviolable."

At the time of the crisis of disorder in 1812, when the Luddite conspiracy was getting over the greater part of two counties, Enoch and James Taylor constructed the obnoxious frames in their smithy, which stood on what is now the playground of the town school at Marsden. These enterprising men had begun life as common blacksmiths, but by industry, perseverance, and inventive genius, had become known as skilful machine-makers. The giant hammer used in the Yorkshire smithies was in 1812 playfully known among the grimy artisans who wielded it as "Enoch;" and when the Luddites made one of their midnight marches to destroy a finishing-frame, the cant saying was—alluding to the firm at Marsden and the hammer that was to crush their work—

"Enoch made them, and Enoch shall break them."

Suffering, and believing that they would suffer more, these impetuous men totally forgot that all improvements in a trade tend to enlarge that trade; that all lessenings of cost in the production of a fabric tend to increase the sale of that fabric; and that, if the finishing-machines reduced the number of croppers, the manufacture of them undoubtedly led to the employment of more hammermen. To these truths they were indifferent; all they knew was, that the new frames lessened the immediate work for the croppers, and they were determined not merely to destroy those frames already in use, but to terrify employers from further adopting them.

Yet the croppers themselves, as long as they could get work, were well-to-do men, their wages being twenty-four shillings a week. The Marsden people were, indeed, seldom in distress,

for the great cotton trade was already developing, and warp and weft ready for the hand-loom were brought from Lancashire fortnightly and put out to Marsden weavers. But let us be just; the times were hard everywhere, and a shilling did not bring then what it had brought before, and what it brings now. Men worked week in and week out, and only just, after all, kept the wolf from the door. Oh! there was a sharp biting suffering before thoughtful working men could combine in that thirty years' conspiracy that brought many brave lads to the gallows, and sent so many to pine away the rest of their miserable and wasted lives in the dismal restrictions of New South Wales. Time is full of common sense; it brings men to the truth; yet for nearly a whole generation it never stopped these disturbances, erroneous as they were. The man who thinks that these troubles indicated no foregone misery and wrong, would call a dying man's groans and screams mere practical jokes.

The Yorkshire nature is stanch and dogged; it was not going to bear starvation quietly, while proud, arrogant, and often cruel manufacturers were fattening on the very flesh and blood of the workman and his pining children. The poor man had borne the contemptuous denial of his rights, the incessant suspension of the laws of the land, trade monopolies, tyrannical, stupid, and heartless governments, civil and religious disabilities, and unjust and useless wars; but dear bread—that was the last straw that broke the camel's back. The artisan saw only in the new machinery means to still further enrich his oppressors and starve himself. When the rich man can be weary of life, is it to be wondered at that the poor man finds life sometimes intolerable? The panacea seemed to be combination. General Lud got recruits in Derbyshire, Lancashire, Cheshire, Nottinghamshire, and especially in the south-western districts of Yorkshire. There were food riots at Sheffield, Mansfield, and Macclesfield. Food riots are as certain a proof of something wrong in the body politic, as certain pustules are proofs of small-pox. The stocking-weavers in Nottinghamshire began the bad work by holding nocturnal meetings, by forming secret societies, by appointing delegates and local "centres," by extracting black mail from manufacturers, and requiring implicit obedience in their adherents, after administering an oath. From shattering frames, the Yorkshire men began to talk of upsetting the government. Religion was even pressed into the rioters' service, and a crusading spirit inculcated on those who joined the Luddites. The disorders came to a head in 1812, partly from the lenity shown to Luddite prisoners at the Nottingham assizes in

March, and more especially by the dreadful price which provisions had then reached. The poor hardly ever tasted nourishing, flesh-making wheaten bread; tea and coffee were almost unknown; clothing was extravagantly dear; and the workman had to gain strength for the twelve hours' toil in the bad atmosphere of a mill from a paltry meal of porridge. All this was hard to bear, even with freedom; but it was intolerable in a country where the intellect and conscience of the nation were enslaved, and where the poor had no other privilege than that of paying an undue share of the taxes levied on them by an enormously wealthy and tolerably selfish landed interest.

The riots soon overran the West Riding, beginning at Marsden. After trying their destructive powers on a small scale there, the frames at Woodbottom and Ottiwells were marked out for destruction, and the lives of their owners, the Armitages and the Horsfalls, were threatened. These gentlemen took prompt and energetic measures for the protection of their property. A bridge over the river at the Woodbottom Mill had an iron gate placed across the centre which could be securely fastened against all invaders. It had iron spikes at the top, and a row of iron spikes down each side. This bridge—with its gateway and protection spikes—remained in its original integrity until a very recent day.

"At Ottiwells," adds a local authority, "at the upper end of the road fronting the mill, and on an elevation, level with the present dam, a cannon was planted behind a wall pierced with openings three feet high and ten inches wide. Through these apertures the cannon could be pointed so as to command the entire frontage of the mill, and fired upon an approaching enemy. This somewhat primitive battery still exists, but the artillery disappeared long ago; and though now walled up, the outlines of the embrasures formerly left for the cannon to be discharged through may yet be distinctly discerned. In addition to these means of defence, the workmen employed at the mills were armed, and kept watch and ward during the night."

Mr. Horsfall, resolute and prompt, was not to be easily frightened, and the Marsden croppers were none of them Luddites. The inhabitants of Marsden and the surrounding villages were also compelled to deliver up all fire-arms in their possession, until the reign of terror should pass away.

There were both infantry and cavalry in Marsden. The 10th King's Bays, the 15th Hussars, and the Scots Greys, were alternately billeted (at quite inadequate rates) in the town, impoverishing and sometimes ruining the landlords, irritating

the high-spirited, oppressing the neutral, and contaminating the whole neighbourhood. These regiments were not allowed to remain long in one place, for fear of the men becoming tainted with Luddite opinions. The soldiers marched every night to the market-place at Marsden, and, having been paraded, were then told off into two divisions, the one to patrol on the road to Ottiwells and Valeside, and the other to spend the night between Marsden, Woodbottom Mill, and Lingards. As their movements were well known, and the clash of their swords and the tramp of their horses' feet were to be heard at a long distance at night, it was easy for the Luddites to steal away behind hedges, crouch in plantations, or take by-roads to their work of destruction. The cats had belled themselves this time, and the mice could play as they liked.

On the 11th of April fire was set to the gunpowder lying about the West Riding. On that day, the croppers at Mr. Wood's mill at Longroyd Bridge, near Huddersfield, were planning a night attack on the mill of a Mr. Cartwright, at Liversedge. The leading conspirator was an impetuous cropper, named George Mellor (twenty-two). His chief lieutenants were Thomas Smith (twenty-three), William Thorpe (twenty-two), and a mean subtle fellow, afterwards an informer, Benjamin Walker (twenty-five). Joshua Dickenson, a cropper, came to the shop on the Saturday before named, and brought a pint of powder, a bag of bullets, and two or three cartridges, to distribute among the Longroyd Mill men. They met at night, about ten o'clock, when it was not quite dark, about three miles from Cartwright's mill, in the fields of Sir George Armitage, at the obelisk (or, as the Luddites quaintly nicknamed it, "the dumb steeple"). When more than a hundred men had assembled, Mellor and Thorpe, the two young leaders, mustered the Luds, and called them over, not by names, but by numbers, in military fashion; there were three companies—the musket, the pistol, and the hatchet companies; the rest carried sledgehammers, adzes, and bludgeons. They were formed in lines two deep, William Hale (No. 7), a cropper from Longroyd Mill, and a man named Rigge, being ordered by Mellor to go last and drive the Luds up, and see that no coward stole off in the darkness; for there were many Luds who only joined through fear of being assassinated, and had no real heart in the matter. The order to march was at last given; the band proceeded over wild Hartshead Moor, and from thence into a close sixty yards from Rawfold Mill, where the musket-men put on masks, got ready their fire-arms, and took a draught of rum to cheer them on to the attack. Mellor then formed his company of musket-men into lines of thirteen

abreast, and moved on to the doomed mill, followed by Thorpe and his pistol-men.

In the mean time, Mr. Cartwright, who had apprehensions of an attack, was asleep in the great stone many-windowed building. The great water-wheels were still; the only sound was the ripple of the water in the mill-dam. The alarm-bell, rising above the roof, stood out dark against the sky. There was no light at any window, and no noise. The five workmen and their allies, the five soldiers, were asleep. The armed men, intent on destruction and ready for murder, to their design stole on like ghosts. Soon after twelve, Mr. Cartwright, who had just fallen asleep, was awoken by the violent barking of a large dog kept chained inside the mill for such a purpose.

The millowner leaps out of bed to give the alarm; as he opens his bedroom door he hears twenty or thirty of the three hundred panes of glass on the ground floor shattered in; at the same time there is a rattle and blaze of musketry at the ground and upper windows; the bullets whistle, and splinter, and flatten against the inner walls. At the same time a score of sledgehammers are heard working at the chief door, and voices shouting and threatening at the other entrances, and indeed on all sides, except that on which the mill-pool lies.

The hour is come at last. But Mr. Cartwright is Yorkshire too, resolute, bold, and of a good heart. He shouts to his men; they fly to arms, and load and cock their muskets. He and one or two of his workpeople run to the alarm-bell and pull fiercely at the rope, till it clashes out its summons to the Hussars at Liversedge and friends near or far.

This drives the Luddites stark staring mad as the firing becomes hotter; and a dozen of them cry out:

"Fire at the bell-rope!" "Shoot away the bell!" "D—— that bell! get it, lads!"

(For, they knew the soldiers would be on them soon with their sabres if that bell clanged many minutes longer.) Presently the bell-rope breaks, and two men are sent up to clash the bell and fire alternately. Cartwright and his men fire from the upper loops of the mill obliquely at the howling crowd that flash off their guns, and ply their hammers, and snap their pistols at the detested mill, where the ten men are glaring at them from under covert. The fire from and against the mill is hot, pelting, and furious.

"Bring up Enoch!" roar stentorian voices.

A big hammerman advances to the door, and pounds at it with Enoch as if it were a block of iron.

The rest shout :

"Bang up, my lads!" "In with you!" "Are you in, my lads?" "Keep close." "In with you, lads!" "D—— them! Kill them, every one!"

Mellor then cries, with horrible imprecations—

"The door is opened!"

But it is not. They are wrong this time. Enoch has been hard and heavy at it, it is true; the panels are broken, so that a man's head might go through, but the locks and bolts are not burst yet. The planks are split with hatchets, the malls have broken and chopped it into holes, but the door still keeps faithful and fast. The stone jambs of one entrance are wrenched out, the frameworks are smashed in, still Cartwright and his men keep up their fire from between the flagstones that barricade the upper windows, and some of the Luddites are struck. There is a cry that some one is shot, and a man has fallen on his face. Booth is down, and there is hot blood on Dean's hands. Dean has been shot through the door as he applied his hatchet.

There are only nine panes of glass left in the ground floor; but Enoch has failed this time. The firing has now gone on for twenty minutes, and still flashes to and fro over the mill-pool, from door to window, and from window to door. A man named Walker is looking in at a broken window, when a ball from one of Cartwright's men strikes the edge of his hat. The enraged Luddite instantly leans in and fires at where the flash came from, taking the best aim he can. As he said afterwards :

"I was determined to do it, though my hand was shot off for it, and hand and pistol had gone into the mill."

It is very dark: nothing can be seen on either side but the jet of fire upwards and downwards as the besieged fire from behind the paving-stones, and the Luddites from their platoons.

But now from the clamorous crowd outside came groans and screams; and the mob, either intimidated, dreading the coming sabres, or falling short of powder and ball, began to slacken their fire. That gave the mill people fresh courage, for they knew the Luddites were losing heart. Now, the the firing entirely ceased, except a shot or two at intervals. The wounded men were groaning with pain, and their comrades were trying to carry them off. The Luddites broke and separated towards Huddersfield; one man fell in the mill-dam; others slunk back to the Dumb Steeple Field; a few crept up the beck.

Mr. Cartwright, listening, could hear the heavy groaning

of the poor wretches left under the windows wounded, but he was afraid to go out, lest it should afterwards be said that he had murdered the stragglers in cold blood. Then, the victorious defenders rejoiced, but kept the alarm-bell going. On a friend arriving, Cartwright went cautiously out and examined the field of battle, and removed the wounded men to a public-house near. When the day broke, Cartwright went and examined the ruined mill: the windows were destroyed, the doors chopped and broken, the paths to Huddersfield strewn with malls, hatchets, and hammers. There was a Luddite's hat floating in a dismal way about the mill-dam.

That night many glimpses were obtained of the retreating rioters.

Some of the frightened Luddites were soon tracked. On the night of the attack on Rawfold Mill, a man named Brooks, who was wet through and without a hat, called at High Town on a man named Naylor, from whom Mellor, the leading spirit all through this bad affair, borrowed a hat for his coadjutor. On the day after, a woman living at Lockwood saw a great many cloth-dressers come to the house of a man named Brook, whom she heard evidently telling "some sorrowful tale." She could tell that by the motion of his hand. She heard only a few words, and those were:

"That of all the dismallest dins anybody ever heard, that was the dismallest, and that you might have heard it half a mile, and I had rather be clemmed to death than be in such a stir again."

Before any of the men could be arrested, the irritation produced by the failure of the attack on Rawfold's mill had led to a fresh crime. A day or two after the repulse, the croppers at Mr. Wood's mill at Longroyd's Bridge were talking together, lamenting the loss of life amongst the Luddites at Cartwright's mill. Mellor, always foremost, then said there was no way of smashing the machinery but by shooting the masters. No one present seems to have protested against this proposition. Mellor, who had been to Russia, had brought back with him a large pistol of a peculiar kind, with a barrel half a yard long. It had been sold to a man named Hall for some pigeons. This pistol was borrowed on the afternoon of the 28th of April. At Hall's house, Mellor loaded this pistol so heavily, that Hall asked Mellor if he meant to fire that. He thought the piece would jump back. Mellor replied, coolly, "Yes; I mean to give Horsfall that." About five o'clock that day, Mellor came into a room at Longroyd Mill, where a man named Walker was at work

with three other men, and asked him to go with him and shoot Mr. Horsfall. The man did not then consent; but half an hour after, Mellor came again, put a loaded and primed pistol into his hand, and told him he must go with him and shoot Horsfall. Walker examined the pistol, found it nearly full, and consented.

This Mr. Horsfall—the man whom the four Luddites waited for in the narrow strip of plantation on the Huddersfield road—was an excitable, impetuous man, violent in manner, but kind and forgiving to his own workpeople. Against the Luddites, however, he was always implacable. Though he had offered to his neighbours, the Armitages, to pull down the obnoxious frames, he had been heard to express his wish to ride up to the saddle-girths in Luddite blood. The children, as he rode through Lingard's Wood, used to run out and cry, "I'm General Lud!" and he would invariably pursue the urchins with his horsewhip. This rash and impulsive man was about forty, and in the full flush of vigorous manhood. It was said that the Luddites had, on the night of the defeat at Rawfold's, tossed up a shilling to settle whether Cartwright's mill or Horsfall's mill should be first attacked.

The other men were in a wood twenty yards nearer Huddersfield. They were to fire after Mellor and Thorpe had fired.

This was at about six o'clock. At about half-past five Mr. Horsfall had mounted at the door of the George Hotel, Huddersfield, rash and defiant as usual, and ridden off. A few minutes after he was out of sight, Mr. Horsfall's friend, a Mr. Eastwood of Slaithwaite, who had often expostulated with the daring and obnoxious millowner on the imprudence of his intemperate language about the Luddites, called at the George to propose, for protection and companionship, to ride home with him. On hearing he had gone, he cantered quickly after him, hoping to overtake him. About six, Mr. Horsfall pulled up his horse at the Warren House Inn at Crossland Moor. Finding there two of his old workpeople, Mr. Horsfall gave each a glass of liquor in a friendly way. He did not himself alight, but on the saddle tossed off a steaming glass of rum and water, and then rode off flushed with the grog. A man named Parr was about a hundred and fifty yards behind him. All the way from Huddersfield there had been an intermittent stream of people returning homeward—farmers in gigs, labourers with carts, and young squires riding gaily back to their country places.

When Mr. Horsfall comes abreast of the plantation, Parr

sees four men in dark-coloured clothes stooping about under the boughs. All at once there comes a crack, as of a gun, and a puff of smoke; then another. Mr. Horsfall's horse jibs around, and the rider falls with his face on the horse's neck. Two shots had been fired. By a great effort the wounded man raises himself painfully up by the horse's mane, and calls out "Murder!" At that moment a man in a bottle-green top-coat (one of the four in ambuscade) springs on the wall with one hand and both feet.

Parr, riding up, seeing this, called out to the murderer, "What, are you not contented yet?" and rode fast up to the wounded man, who was already dripping with blood. Horsfall said to the farmer coming so providentially to his assistance:

"Good man, you are a stranger to me, but pray ride on to Mr. Horsfall's house" (his brother's), "and get assistance. I am shot."

Parr, supporting him in his arms—for he grew sick and faint, and was falling—said:

"Are you Mr. Horsfall, of Marsden?"

As he groaned "I am," the blood spurted from his side, and he fell off his horse.

Parr then drew him to the side of the road, and a clothier, named Bannister, supported him in his arms till two boys came up with a cart, and removed the dying man to the Warren House.

When the surgeon came, he found poor Horsfall's pulse weak, faint, and tremulous, and he was pale and sick. One ball had passed through his left side to his right side, and nearly cut the femoral artery. The other ball had pierced his left thigh. He died in about thirty-eight hours.

A labourer in the adjacent fields, who saw the murder perpetrated, was seized with terror, and fled. Another man ignorant of the murder, saw four men run and clamber over a wall into Dungeon Wood. In getting over the bars, part of a pistol was seen under one of the men's coats, and the ploughman said to himself:

"There go Luds; we shall have mischief to-night!"

The man (probably Mellor), seeing the pistol was observed, drew his top-coat down over it. Smith and Walker hid their pistols in two ant-hills in the wood, and also Mellor's powder-horn. Mellor and Thorpe then ordered their companions to go Honley way, and gave them two shillings to buy beer. They went on two miles further to Honley, and there drank seven or eight pints of ale. There was a drunken collier there, and the collier, pleased with Smith's excellent

whistling, got up and tried to dance. Soon after, some pale, frightened men came in from Huddersfield market, and brought word that Mr. Horsfall had been shot, and was lying half dead at the Warren House.

The next day, Walker was sent for by Mellor to come into his shop at Longroyd Mill. Mellor, Thorpe, and Smith then produced a Bible, and ordered him to kiss it, and swear to keep the secret "in all its circumstances." Six other workmen had already been sworn. Mellor had burnt his finger in firing, and it was then bound up, while Thorpe's face had been scratched in running through the plantation.

Mellor and Thorpe's pistols had been left by the former at his cousin's at Dungeon Wood, where the apprentices hid them under some flocks, and after that in the laite. At this house Mellor also left his own bottle-green top-coat and Thorpe's, and took his cousin's drab coat away as a disguise.

The Luddites were now triumphant, while quiet and honest people were frantic with fear. We draw upon our local authority for a picture of the aspect of things at this crisis. There were, however, brave men still resolute and determined. "At Marsden, on the receipt of the intelligence, the authorities, undismayed, prepared for all emergencies and redoubled their precautions. The head-quarters of the cavalry were at the house now belonging to Mr. Robert Taylor. It was then the principal inn in the village, and known as the Old Red Lion, kept by a landlord named John Race. The large room still extending over the entire building—now applied to a far different purpose—was converted into barracks for the cavalry, their horses being kept in the adjoining stables. At Ottiwells, where a portion of the infantry was continually on guard during the night, prompt measures against a probable attack were taken. Watch and ward was maintained by the soldiery and the local constabulary, a strict surveillance was kept over all suspected individuals, and no lights were permitted in any dwellings after nine o'clock in the evening. It was naturally anticipated that Woodbottom Mill and its proprietors would be the next objects of vengeance, and preparations were made to frustrate it. For months past, Enoch and James Taylor had slept in the mill in consequence of their lives being threatened and their own dwellings being unsafe, and they formed part of the mill garrison at night. Their future partner, Arthur Hirst, was the woollen engineer at the mill, and he vigorously laboured to convert the factory into a fortified place, becoming for the time a military engineer. The windows of the first story were barricaded. The doors and window shutters were coated inside with sheet iron. All

communication between the first and upper stories could be cut off, and the defenders inside were enabled to fire upon an attacking force from the upper stories while sheltered themselves. A trap-door on a floor over the water-wheel had been so ingeniously planned by Arthur Hirst, that if the rioters had gained an entrance they would, on touching the flooring, drop through into the wheel-race below."

Such, however, was the fear of the vengeance of the Luddites, that Mellor and his companions remained undiscovered for nearly a year. Though two thousand pounds (a large sum for poor workmen) were offered for their apprehension, they remained going in and out at Longroyd Mill just as usual, though several dozen men must have known of their guilt. At last, Benjamin Walker, tempted by the reward, betrayed them, and was admitted evidence for the crown. A special commission was held at York before Baron Thomas and Judge Le Blanc for the trial of the Luddites, sixty-four in number, who were concerned in the disturbances in the West Riding. The assizes commenced on Saturday, January 2nd, 1813, and terminated on the 12th of the same month. Amongst the prisoners were three of the murderers of Mr. Horsfall, namely, George Mellor, William Thorpe, and Thomas Smith. The evidence against them was conclusive. The prisoners were defended by Henry, afterwards Lord Brougham. At that day it was a peculiarity of the law in trials for such crimes as the prisoners were charged with, that while their counsel could cross-examine the witnesses for the crown, and examine the witnesses for the defence, they could not address the jury on behalf of the accused. This palpable and cruel injustice no longer exists. Mr. Justice Le Blanc, the presiding judge, summed up the evidence clearly and impartially. At the close of the summing-up the jury retired, and returned in twenty-five minutes, bringing in a verdict of "Guilty" against all the prisoners, who, upon being asked if they had anything to urge why sentence of death should not be passed upon them, severally declared that they were "Not Guilty," Thorpe adding, "Evidence has been given false against me, that I declare." Before and after the conviction an impression possessed many minds that Smith was not as culpable as the rest, and that he was as much sinned against as sinning. This feeling was strengthened by the fact that the jury singled him out from the rest, and, the day before the execution, recommended him to mercy; but the recommendation was disregarded. The trial concluded on Wednesday, the 12th of January. In those days death followed quickly upon conviction, and on the Friday following the

execution of the three men took place at York. In the short interval between conviction and execution the prisoners were very penitent, yet persistently refused to make any acknowledgment of their guilt. Mellor declared "that he would rather be in the situation he was then placed in, dreadful as it was, than have to answer for the crime of their accuser (Walker);" adding, "that he would not change places with him for his liberty and two thousand pounds." To prevent the possibility of rescue, the place of execution was guarded by a strong force of cavalry and infantry, and at nine o'clock in the morning, in the presence of a vast assemblage of people, the murderers met their doom. Though deeply affected, they made no confession of their guilt. * On the Saturday but one following, fourteen more persons were executed at York for crimes of a similar character; a wholesale execution which has since had no parallel in England.

Walker, the informer, was ever after shunned and detested. His ill-earned money did not prosper; he became poor, and in his old age had to apply for parish relief at Huddersfield.

"The members of the firm of Messrs. Abraham and John Horsfall took the death of their son and nephew greatly to heart; and the father, Mr. Abraham Horsfall, from thenceforth appeared to imbibe a dislike to Marsden. The use of the obnoxious machinery was discontinued at Ottiwells, and cropping by hand resumed; and in a few years afterwards their mill property in Marsden was disposed of, Bankbottom mills passing into the possession of Messrs. Norris, Sykes, and Priestley; and Ottiwells into that of Messrs. Abraham and William Kinder. It is related that, after his son's death, Mr. Abraham Horsfall never again entered the mill at Ottiwells, and when riding past on his way to Bankbottom, he invariably averted his face from the mill, as if its very sight was hateful and painful to him."

On the 9th of January, Haigh, Dean, Ogden, the three Brooks, Walker, and Hirst were tried for the attack on Cartwright's mill. Haigh, Dean, Ogden, Thomas Brook, and Walker were found guilty and hanged. The rest were acquitted.

After this wholesome severity, the Luddites never made much further head in Yorkshire. The spirit of resistance was roused, leaders were wanting to the rioters, and the better class of workmen began to shrink from combinations that, beginning in destroying machinery, so soon ripened into murder.

Brandreth and his treason, terribly expiated on the scaffold

at Derby, belongs more to the history of political agitation. The Nottingham riots were not attended with circumstances so interesting as those we have given, and the burning of Messrs. Wire and Duncroft's manufactory at West Houghton, in Lancashire, on the 24th of April, 1812, we have no room to describe here.

The record of the Luddite riots is a black and warning page in the social history of England. It is a melancholy picture of ignorance, of useless crime, and of cruel vengeance, yet it was by such painful and bloodstained steps that the English workman learned the madness and folly of combinations against progress. Cobbett, with his fine vigorous Saxon sense, refuted the arguments of the Yorkshire rioters in his admirable and most useful "Letter to the Luddites." He says:

"To show that machines are not naturally and necessarily an evil, we have only to suppose the existence of a patriarchal race of a hundred men and their families, all living in common, four men of which are employed in making cloth by hand. Now, suppose some one to discover a machine by which all the cloth wanted can be made by one man. The consequence would be that the great family would (having enough of everything else) use more cloth; or, if any part of the labour of the three cloth-makers were much wanted in any other department, they would be employed in that other department. Thus would the whole be benefited by this invention. The whole would have more clothes amongst them, or more food would be raised, or the same quantity as before would be raised, leaving the community more leisure for study or recreation. See ten miserable mariners cast on shore on a desert island, with only a bag of wheat and a little flax-seed. The soil is prolific; they have fish and fruits; the branches or bark of trees would make them houses, and the wild animals afford them meat. Yet, what miserable dogs they are! They can neither sow the wheat, make the flour, nor catch the fish or the animals. But let another wreck toss on the shore a spade, a hand-mill, a trowel, a hatchet, a saw, a pot, a gun, and some fish-hooks and knives, and how soon the scene is changed! Yet they want clothes; and in order to make them shirts, for instance, six or seven out of the ten are constantly employed in making the linen. This throws a monstrous burden of labour on the other three, who have to provide the food. But send them a loom, and you release six out of the seven from the shirt-making concern, and ease as well as plenty immediately succeeds. In these simple cases the question is decided at once in favour of machines."

These arguments are irrefutable, and may be thus summarised : Improved machinery lowers the price of production. The cheaper a fabric is, the greater is the demand for it, and it at once undersells the fabric produced without machinery. Where the demand for a certain fabric increases, more hands are of course employed. Younger persons can work at machinery than at handicrafts where strength is required. Suppose machinery abolished in Lancashire : that would not prevent its being employed elsewhere. The wife and children would be thrown out of work by the stopping of the lighter machinery. The husband and father, having to support his family alone, requires higher wages. Prices are raised to meet this drain for more wages. Trade again flows to the cheaper market. The trade in the non-progressive of riotous places dwindles. Fewer workmen are required ; down go wages ; and Poverty, Famine, and Death, those cruel teachers of political economy, creep into the half-deserted factories, and push the workmen from their seats into the graves that have long been gaping at their feet.

In February, 1812, Mr. Ryder brought in a bill rendering frame-breaking a capital offence. The act passed, and was continued in force till March 1, 1814.

THE ASSASSINATION OF MR. PERCEVAL.

THE session of the year in which Wellington took Badajoz and Ciudad Rodrigo, and in which Napoleon retreated from Moscow, was an eventful one from its very commencement.

In the afternoon of May 19th, 1812, the lobby of the House of Commons was full of noisy politicians, discussing the recent grant of one hundred thousand pounds a year to the new Regent, the probabilities of a war with America, the extravagance of the new Park to which the Prince had given his name, the outrages of the Luddites, the prospects of Lord Castlereagh succeeding the Marquis Wellesley as Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and the more than likelihood of Wellington again retiring to the Portuguese frontier. Old politicians were lamenting the deaths of Pitt and Fox (1805-6); grievance-mongers were button-holding impatient M.P.s; place-hunting constituents were seeking their victims with the pertinacity of harriers that have lost their hare; men with claims, real or imaginary, on government (one among them especially brooding, soured, and malignant) were watching the opening doors. Through the crowd, unnoticed but by *habitués* of the House, passed Mr. Dundas, Viscount Palmerston, the Earl of Liverpool, Lord Mulgrave, and other members of the cabinet; but the prepossessing, courteous Premier had either not yet appeared or was hidden by the crowd round the door. That shrewd, hard-working, adroit man would soon be there, if he had not already come; and his followers and partisans were waiting, eager for his coming, and ardent for the debate, in which the Premier would calmly oppose the Catholic claims, or resist any more extended prosecution of the Peninsular war.

A slight murmur, at about a quarter-past five, at last announced the long-expected minister. At that very moment

the sharp ringing report of a pistol at the entrance of the lobby startled every one, both in the hall and in the adjacent committee-rooms. There arose a cry of—

“Murder—murder!”

“Shut the doors: prevent any one escaping.”

Then a person, with his hand pressing his left breast, rushed from the cluster of members standing round the entrance, staggered towards the door of the House, groaned faintly, and fell forward on his face. Mr. Smith, member for Norwich, was the first to approach him. Thinking it some one in a fit, he walked round the fallen man, not at first recognizing his person, or knowing that he was wounded; but finding he did not stir, he instantly stooped to assist him, and on raising his head was horrified to discover that it was the Premier. Requesting the assistance of a bystander, the two men instantly raised Mr. Perceval, carried him between them into the room of the Speaker's secretary, and set him on a table resting in their arms. He was already not only speechless, but senseless, and blood was oozing fast from his mouth.

He felt his heart. In a few minutes the pulsation grew fainter. In ten minutes he was dead.

Mr. Lynn, a surgeon of Great George Street, instantly came and examined the body. He found that a pistol-bullet had struck the Premier on the left side, just over the fourth rib. It had penetrated three inches, and passed obliquely towards the heart, causing almost instant death.

The moment Mr. Perceval fell, several voices had called out:

“That is the fellow.”

“That is the man who fired the pistol.”

The assassin was sitting, in a state of great agitation, on a bench by the fireplace, with one or two persons to the right of him. General Gascoyne, M.P. for Liverpool, with a soldier's promptitude, instantly sprang on him and clutching him by the breast of his coat and his neck, took the still smoking pistol from him, and told him that it was impossible that he could escape.

The murderer replied:

“I am the person who shot Mr. Perceval, and I surrender myself.”

Mr. J. Hume, member for Weymouth, also seized him, and took from his pocket a second pistol, ready primed and loaded with ball. Mr. Burgess, a solicitor of Mayfair, also helped to arrest the man, and to take him into the body of the House and give him into the custody of the messengers.

The murderer's agitation had by this time entirely subsided. He seemed quite sane, grew perfectly calm, and commented on some slight inaccuracy in Mr. Burgess' statement.

General Gascoyne instantly recognized the assassin as John Bellingham, a man who had been a merchant in Liverpool. Three weeks before, he had called on the general and requested his assistance in pressing his claims on parliament for redress for an unjust imprisonment at St. Petersburg, the resident ambassador having been applied to in vain. The general had recommended him to memorialise the Premier.

A great fear fell on the cabinet ministers that night when the news of the desperate and at first unaccountable assassination reached them. The Prince Regent, amid the vulgar and meretricious splendour of his pseudo-Oriental palace at Brighton, shook like a jelly. A massacre of ministers was apprehended; there were the wildest rumours current of Luddite outrages and revolutionary conspiracies. Mr. Perceval had, no doubt, been the first victim. Whose turn was to be next? Where could the sword be best aimed to reach the necks of the assassins? All was fear, gloom, and doubt. The people of England were known to be discontented; it might be necessary to use grape-shot and sabres to keep down their foolish and dangerous impatience for reform; besides, what was the correction of any abuse but an incipient revolution? "Scrape one barnacle from the vessel of state, as well stave and sink her at once in the Red Sea of Jacobinism," screamed the political Chinese.

Many of those grave and eminent men who came with hushed step into the Speaker's drawing-room, where the Premier lay dead, must, as they looked at the pale calm face, and, as the events of the life of the murdered man passed swiftly through their minds, have remembered the peroration of his speech as Attorney-General at the trial of Peltier, the French editor, in London, for his libel against Napoleon: it seemed now almost like a presentiment of his own fate.

Replying to Mackintosh, Mr. Perceval had then said (1802): "There is something so base and disgraceful—there is something so contrary to everything that belongs to the character of an Englishman—there is something so immoral in the idea of assassination, that the exhortation to assassinate this or any other chief magistrate would be a crime against the honourable feelings of the English law."

The biography of Mr. Perceval is brief. He was the second son of the Earl of Egmont, and was born in 1762. Educated at Harrow and Cambridge, he went to the Bar in 1786; in

spite of great shyness, soon became leader of the Midland Circuit, and in 1796 won his silk gown, became member for Northampton, and a *protégé* of Pitt. When that minister fought Mr. Tierney, he kindly declared Mr. Perceval competent to be his successor, and even to cope with Fox.

Perceval supported Pitt in all his measures, especially in the mischievous and unnecessary war with France. Under Addington, the busy satellite became Attorney-General. He was legal adviser of the unhappy Princess of Wales, and, under the Duke of Portland, was made Chancellor of the Exchequer, demanding 2000*l.* a year, as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, for surrendering his business at the bar. Parliament growing indignant, he reluctantly relinquished the appointment, and his friends trumpeted forth his patriotic disinterestedness. On the death of the Duke of Portland, in 1807, he became Premier.

Palpably a third-rate professional politician, scarcely fit to carry Lord Chatham's crutch, Perceval was glorified by the suddenness of his melancholy death: his smooth ready talk was called eloquence; his quickness at figures, genius for finance; his obstinate and narrow-minded persecution of his Roman Catholic fellow-subjects, intrepidity and energy. Modern historians of his own party still idolise his memory as "a champion of the Protestant faith." It must be allowed that he was a respectable man; sincere, honest, and of unimpeachable integrity. Like Pitt, he died poor, though hundreds of millions had passed through his hands.

On the 15th of May, Bellingham was tried at the Old Bailey, before Sir James Mansfield, Baron Graham, and Mr. Justice Grose. Most of the aldermen were present, besides many noblemen and members of parliament. Mr. Alley (prisoner's counsel) objected to the prisoner being called upon to plead, and applied for postponement of trial, on grounds that he had affidavits to prove prisoner insane. The court deciding that this application should not be granted, the prisoner pleaded Not Guilty.

The witnesses for the prosecution having been examined, Bellingham proposed to leave his defence to his counsel, but was informed that prisoners' counsel were not allowed to address the court in defence. He then addressed the jury in a speech of above an hour's length, interspersed with the reading of several documents. He had, he said, no personal malice against Mr. Perceval. "The unfortunate lot had fallen upon him," as the leading member of the administration which had repeatedly refused any redress for the injuries he (the prisoner) had sustained in Russia. He had been en-

gaged in business at Liverpool; in 1804 he went to Russia. His business being finished, he was about to leave Archangel for England, when a ship called the *Soleure*, insured at Lloyd's, was lost in the White Sea. Lloyd's refusing to pay the insurance, Bellingham was suspected of having something to do with their refusal (though he had not), and, in consequence, he was seized in his carriage while passing the Russian frontier, by order of the governor of Archangel, and imprisoned. He applied to the British ambassador, Lord Leveson Gower, who, having learned from the military governor at Archangel that he was detained for a legal cause, and had conducted himself in a most indecorous manner, refused to interfere. His young wife, with an infant in arms, was obliged to make the journey to England alone. He himself, after suffering unheard-of hardships, kept in a miserable condition, and bandied from prison to prison, in 1809 received at midnight his discharge from prison, and an order to quit the Russian dominions, with a pass; which was, in fact, an acknowledgment of the justice of his cause. Since his return to England, he had applied to the most influential men in the government, had been sent from one to another; last of all to Mr. Perceval, who obstinately refused to sanction his claims in parliament. If he had met Lord Gower after his resolution was taken, he (Lord G.) should have received the ball and not Mr. Perceval. He concluded his defence by justifying the murder, on account of the injuries he had received from the government. He disclaimed the plea of insanity.

The case was desperate, for the prisoner had stoutly denied his own insanity, and pleaded justification for his crime. Mr. Alley had only the one excuse to press forward—insanity. That is, not that the prisoner did not mean to shoot Mr. Perceval, but that he did so with a disordered mind.

The swearing was very hard. A lady from Southampton, who had known Bellingham from a child, declared that she believed him deranged, so far as related to his sufferings in Russia. She had never known him to be under restraint, but his father had died mad. A servant at a house in New Millman Street, where Bellingham had lodged for four months, had thought the prisoner deranged for some time past, particularly just before the murder.

The trial lasted eight hours. Lord Mansfield having summed up, the jury retired for ten minutes, and then returned a verdict of guilty. The Recorder passed sentence of death, directing that the prisoner's body should, after execution, be dissected and anatomized.

During the early part of the trial, which lasted eight hours, Bellingham trifled with the flowers placed on the front of the dock. He read his defence in a fervid but calm manner, but occasionally shed tears. At the conclusion he requested a glass of water, as any speaker on indifferent subjects might have done. He listened to his sentence, however, with the most intense awe, and was led out of court overcome with grief.

Bellingham's antecedents were not very creditable, if the contemporaneous reports can be implicitly trusted. He seems to have been a turbulent, untoward, rather unprincipled adventurer, of a subtle, dangerous, rankling disposition, inflamed almost to madness by a long series of misfortunes. He was a native of St. Neot's, in Huntingdonshire, and was born in 1771. When he was only a year old his father, a land-surveyor, betraying symptoms of mental derangement, was sent to St. Luke's, but at the end of a year was discharged as incurable, and died soon after. At the age of fourteen, John Bellingham was apprenticed to a jeweller, but ran away from his master. His mother then appealing to a Mr. Daw, her brother-in-law, to do something for her son, Daw fitted Bellingham out as a subaltern in an East India regiment. This was a social advance, and the lad's fortune seemed now secured; but ill fortune followed him. The *Hartwell*, the transport in which he sailed, was wrecked, and he returned to England, abandoning his profession, for some unrecorded reason. Mr. Daw again came forward, and probably seeing a predisposition to commerce in the ex-soldier, advanced him money to purchase the business of a tinplate worker. But the unlucky man's house took fire soon afterwards, not without some suspicion (as usual in advantageous fires) falling upon the proprietor, and in 1794, Bellingham, the young tradesman, became bankrupt.

Bellingham then commenced business at Liverpool without any capital, as an insurance broker, and married an Irish girl named Neville, by whom he had one child. They lived very unhappily, and she eventually supported herself as a milliner.

He then entered a merchant's office at Liverpool, his commercial expertness gaining him the confidence of some of the leading houses engaged in the Russian trade. He was sent out to Archangel as their commission agent, living at that great emporium of the Siberian trade in the White Sea to purchase furs, tea, hardware, tallow, flax, pitch, and timber for the English market. Here Bellingham was still very unfortunate or very dishonest, or perhaps both.

He drew bills on his principals to the amount of ten thousand pounds, squandered the money, and made no shipments of the tea, tallow, or furs so purchased. Returning to England, and failing to fulfil a contract entered into with some merchants of Hull, Bellingham was thrown into prison. He then a second time visited Archangel, but was again unlucky, and was about to return to England, finding the country getting too hot for him, some disagreeable thing having occurred about the insurance of a vessel, when he was arrested for private debts. He accused the Russian authorities loudly of corruption and injustice, claiming the protection of the English ambassador, Lord Leveson Gower, and also of Sir L. Sharp; but they, finding his arrest to be legal, and the matter not within their province, declined to interfere, and left him to the Russian tribunals.

Only those who know the profound corruption of Russian officials can imagine the misery of a provincial Russian prison. Filth, starvation, cruelty, and a hopeless delay of justice are the smallest of the evils a prisoner so friendless would have had to encounter.

Five years of such slavery in such a climate, far from wife and children, in the middle of a life that had yet to be retrieved, was enough to have maddened better men than the future assassin of Perceval.

Released at last, without trial and without redress, the very abruptness of the release going far to prove his innocence, to what happiness and welcome did this unhappy man return? To beg, to sue, to supplicate to the insolent door-porters of the Marquis of Wellesley, the Earl of Uxbridge, Lord L. Gower, Mr. A. Paget, Sir F. Burdett, and Mr. Perceval. Day by day he must have found the faces of the men he importuned grow harder and colder. Day by day hope must have lessened, and hatred struck a deeper root. Day by day his heart must have sunk within him as he passed up the old street to the old door to receive the same rebuffs.

Learned gentlemen interested in the High Court of Procrastination, members of the Prolongation Board, and all branches of the How-not-to-do-it Office, let us beg you to take warning by the fate of Mr. Perceval, and remember that while some great inventors die calmly of hope deferred, there may be rasher and more violent natures who from time to time may resort to more desperate measures, and wreak on some of you the wrongs entailed by an obstructive system. Justice delayed becomes injustice. Every inventor who dies of official neglect retards by his death the progress of our national civilization.

Bellingham suffered on the 18th of May.

When he entered the yard he walked firmly, and looking up calmly, observed, "Ah, it rains heavily!" He firmly and uniformly refused to express any contrition for his crime, or for Mr. Perceval's fate; but he lamented the pain he had given Mrs. Perceval and her children; he as steadily denied having any accomplice, when questioned on these points by the sheriffs. In answer to the clergyman, Bellingham said:

"I thank God for having enabled me to meet my fate with so much fortitude and resignation."

He remarked to the hangman:

"Do everything properly, that I may not suffer more than is necessary."

To another he said:

"Draw the cord tighter, I don't wish to have the power of offering resistance."

He ascended the scaffold with a cheerful countenance and a calm air, looked about him rapidly, but with no air of triumph or display. He at first objected to the cap being put over his face, but afterwards acquiesced. As the clock struck eight, and while the prisoner and the clergyman were still praying, the supports of the internal square of the scaffold were struck away, and Bellingham dropped.

The revenge had been achieved, the penalty for the crime had been paid; and now, leaving the assassin unpitied and unwept on the dismal table of the hospital dissecting-room, let us pass to the honoured grave of the honest statesman. The House of Commons, acting for the nation, received with enthusiasm the Prince's message recommending a parliamentary provision for the widow and children of the late Premier. On the 12th, Lord Castlereagh moved a resolution, which was carried by a large majority, that an annuity of two thousand pounds should be granted to Mrs. Perceval, and a sum of fifty thousand pounds should be vested in trustees for the benefit of her twelve children. On the 14th, three hundred members of parliament, dressed in mourning, carried up the address in answer to the Regent's message.

During the proceedings relative to the generous grant, the influential members (Canning, etc.), in their laudable desire to express their sorrow for the murdered Premier, claimed for him the highest honours due to political genius. It was not then the time to show that Spencer Perceval, though a useful and amiable man, was indisputably nothing more than a third-rate statesman.

THE BURNING OF WILDGOOSE LODGE (COUNTY LOUTH).

ABOUT nine o'clock on a wild October night, 1816 (the year after Waterloo), a lonely little chapel at Stonetown, in the county Louth, many long miles from Dundalk, is filled by a mysterious party of about forty men, wrapped in the rough heavy-caped frieze great-coats of the ordinary Irish peasant, and armed with rude guns, horse-pistols, bludgeons, old gun-barrels set in pistol-stocks, and pitchforks. The men look savage, pale, and worn; many of them have ridden from great distances—from outlying villages in Meath, Cavan, and Monaghan. There are farmers and fishermen from the coast, blacksmiths, artisans, and farming lads, men of all ages and classes; their brows are knit, their mouths are compressed by the sense of a horrible secret about which they mutter under breath. They have met for no midnight mass. They are bent on no pilgrimage to Croagh Patrick, or the entrance of Purgatory on the island in Lough Deargh. No priest is on his way to exhibit the Host to these perturbed men. The sacred bell will not tinkle that night within the roadside chapel, nor the crucifix be raised above their heads by a robed minister of God. They have not the air of men who come to kneel or who wish to unburden their souls before the holy altar. They are not bent on work to further which either the Virgin, the saints, or the angels can be invoked. They are looking at the hammers and triggers of pistols; they are loading guns; they are fixing and sharpening bayonets with hideous smiles of cruel meaning. They are cursing the boys of Drumbride and Ennisheen for being late, and cheering the gossoons of King's Court and Ballynavorneen for being early, though they had to come through all the bogs on foot.

It is not difficult to sketch the place of the Ribbonmen's meeting—a plain, whitewashed little chapel with a stain of

green before the door, and inside the railings a large iron cross, reared with the emblems of the Passion attached to it by a crown of thorns. The interior of the dimly-lit building is plain and poor, a timber roof, whitened walls, with here and there a staring coloured picture of the Virgin or St. Patrick, or a list of services or pilgrimages, a few rough chairs and benches, at the east end a deal platform, upon which the priest paces up and down while he delivers his sermon. On this platform stands the altar with the receptacle for the Host—a plated sort of watch-case surrounded by metal rays. There are a few horn-books and dog's-eared primers, and there is a cane lying in the window; for Stonetown being a poor place, the school is held in the chapel, and a' day the parish clerk and schoolmaster, Pat Devan, has been beating into the barefooted, quick, ragged, peasant children scraps of dog Latin, dreary sections of the multiplication-table, and fragments of Irish grammar. Those black sods lying in a heap by the low smouldering fire of red-hot peat are such fees as each boy brings daily to pay for his rough schooling. The chapel is hot, reeking, and close, for it has not been opened since the classes left.

Mr. Devan is held by the country people, the peat-cutters and ploughmen of Stonetown and Reaghstown, to be a prodigy of learning. The only wonder is, that he never went to carry off all the prizes at Maynooth, or to astonish the learned Jesuits at St. Omer. He can read the breviary in Latin, and can repeat the prayers for the dead almost as well as Father Murphy. He knows the Hours by heart, and can recite long poems in Irish. He can hardly ask you how you are, or how the wife and childer are, without bringing in the Latin. No one prostrates himself lower or with more solemnity when the bell rings and the Host is elevated; no one in Louth has gone more pilgrimages or performed more stations. No one can tell you more about the Holy Father, and the great ceremonies at Rome; and whisht! he is one of us; he is in all the secret societies. It is in this chapel the Ribbonmen meet and discuss their plans of attacking houses for arms, to be ready for the next rising. He denounces traitors and spies. He knows when Meath is ready, when Monaghan is up, when Cavan is troubled, when Louth has got something on its mind. As he is the clerk of the parish as well as schoolmaster, he keeps the key of the chapel, so that no one but those who ought to know it need hear of the meetings of the Whiteboys or the United Irishmen. The halo of the priesthood surrounds him also; he is at once respected and feared. The village priest, a worthy, worthy, easy man, may or may not wink at these political

meetings. At all events, he is not here to-night, but is no doubt by his own cosy fire, warming his toes and reading one of the Fathers near a table on which pleasantly steams a reasonable quiet glass of whisky-punch; or he is thinking of his pleasant college days, as he watches the last bit of peat burn clear and blue in the frugal little grate.

It is indeed a violent, troubled night for a rendezvous; one of those nights when the fir-trees writhe and struggle with the wind, the oaks rock angrily, and the elms lash the air in a restless despair. The wind is tearing off the dead leaves by sheaves at a time. Dead brown leaves dry and crackle down every lane. Clouds of yellow leaves break out of sudden corners, and fill the air for a moment, before they scatter in utter discomfiture over the loose stone walls and the lonely miles of mountain, moor, and bog. The wind has demoniacal outbursts of anger that relapse into shrewish cries at keyholes, fretful rattlings at shutters and doors, hollow moans and shuddering vibrations down chimneys. If ever the devils wander in the darkness prompting hopeless men to despair, urging bad men to murder and to cruelty, and rejoicing at the growth and progress of wickedness wherever planning or accomplishing, this is the night that should bring them on such ghastly journeys, such is the storm that should shroud and cover them in their exulting search, leaving behind a wake of wreck, death, and destruction.

Devan goes round to the men in the chapel, the fresh-coloured striplings and the old scarred wicked-looking rascals who fought in 'Ninety-eight, and gives them the sign and countersign of the night. There is not much said above a whisper, but the gestures, at which they laugh hideously, seem to typify gibbets with men hanging, and prayers offered up for such men. Then, Devan takes a peat from the fire, blows sparks from the lighted end, and waves it over his head. There is a suppressed shout and a wave of guns and pitchforks, as some one produces a bottle of whisky and an egg-shell; then the fiery liquor is passed round, till the eyes of the conspirators begin to glitter, and a cruel alacrity inspires the tired men, whom Devan now selects and divides into two bands. Now, carrying the lighted turf, Devan leads them into the road in rough military order, and carefully locks the chapel door behind him. They march from that chapel by the Mill of Louth almost silently. Are they merely going to drill, or are they going to attack some farmer's house? Some do not yet know; all that many know is that they have been called from the forge and the plough, the fishing-boat and the shibbeen, on some secret errand of the Ribbonmen committee,

and that they dared not refuse to come. But Devan, and McCabe, Marron, and M'Elarney, *they* know, for they are the leaders, and every one will soon know. Through the ranks from time to time spread the words, "Remember, boys, who hung Tierney, Coulan, and Shanley; we must show no mercy to them who showed none." Then there rolls along a groundswell of deep curses and execrations in Irish, as Devan waves the turf torch, that glows scarlet in the wind.

In the mean time, other bands are converging to the same spot. A party of men, with guns, pistols, and loaded sticks, have come from the cross-roads of Correcklick, where others have joined them; again, at the cross-roads of Ballynavorneen, men have come riding up smiling and shouting; at the cross-roads of Dumbride there have also been recruits; and even at Churchtown there was one armed lad waiting. At Churchtown, the men on foot, knowing the country every "slap" and dyke, leap away to Reaghstown Chapel, the near way across the fields; but the horsemen (many riding double) ride to Reaghstown by the road to Tullykeel.

There are near upon a hundred now; savage-looking fellows, many of them with bad foreheads, high cheek-bones, and coarse cruel mouths; they are ready for any crime. They are near the place of action; at Arthurstown Chapel more whisky is produced; they madden themselves with drink; for there is work to do, and there may be fighting, if the dragoons come down on them. The fierce fellow who leads the Reaghstown detachment boasts that he has a party that can be relied on, and he goes to Campbell, who brought up the men from Dumbride, and, flourishing a pistol, swears that if any of either party flinch he will blow their brains out.

Beyond Reaghstown Chapel the country gets very wild, and there is one narrow swampy lane which horses can hardly traverse. There is one small farm-house yonder on a piece of rising land; at this season almost surrounded by water, it is only approachable (except in a boat) by the narrow pass leading from the south side of Reaghstown Chapel lane. The bog is a wild, mournful, desolate place, much like any other of the five million acres of bog that give a mournful, monotonous character to Irish scenery; wide tussocky tracks, untouched since the Deluge, great thorny lumps of furze, tangled nets of bramble, giant hillocks of rush, tufts of coarse dead grass, acres of heather; deep trenches are cut in the madder-coloured peat earth for drainage, from which the snipe darts and zig-zags when you approach; little black peat-stacks; these form the only landmarks to break the melancholy level, or here and there a little heap of coarse reedy grass; everywhere, by the

dark chocolate slices dug but yesterday, or the dustier and more friable sections of the older workings, the wild cotton scatters its delusive little tufts of snowy filament, with which the wild duck will line its random nest. In the prairies, in the virgin forest, in the jungle, among the icebergs, between the glaciers, there is nothing so desolate and repulsive as an Irish bog, though beneath it lies the inexhaustible wealth of a soil whose riches have been accumulating since the Flood, and which needs only the magic touch of Hope and Industry to spring and blossom into plenty.

Such spots, colonised by needy, energetic, and venturesome men, are dreary enough, even under a bright sun and pure sky; but in autumn, on a howling, restless night, they are perfectly purgatorial in their dismal and deserted barrenness; they seem the end of the world, and outside all civilisation. Such may have been the aspect of the earth when the dragon lizards, those disbelievers in progress, dominated alone, and trampled as conquerors over their muddy dominion.

In the lane leading to this bog stood a labourer's house.

A man named Pat Halfpenny and his wife live there. They are sitting by the fire talking over the events of the day, and listening to the wind that, swelling and raging, then wearing down to a tired lull, seems all at once to give birth to strange sounds like the voices of advancing men and the trampling and splashing of horses' feet. The wife clings to her husband; they tremble; for the fear of death is upon them, their hearts beat so loud that they can hear the beating almost as clearly as that of the clock which ticks upon the wall. A moment after, there comes an imperative tap at the door—the knock of men who will force their way in if they are not instantly admitted. Two stern ruffians, one of them with a gun, enter, the moment the door is tremblingly opened; without speaking, they go up to the hearth; taking a little pot, they put three or four red-hot peats in it, and are about to go off with them. The poor woman falls on her knees, clasps her hands, and prays them not to take the fire away at such an hour. She does not know what it is for, but she suspects some horrible revenge. The men push her away angrily. The one with the gun says to Halfpenny—

“If we hear a word from you or your wife we'll drag you out; if you dare to look after us, you spalpeen, we'll blow the shot in this gun through you.”

They then leave a sentry at the door, and go on towards Lynch's, another house further on. Halfpenny, listening in intense fear, presently hears a clamour of talking, shouting, and mustering, then the tramp of horses.

When the sound has gone by, and Halfpenny thinks all is safe, and opens his door to go and call his neighbour, Carroll, he hears a fierce voice in the darkness that tells him to shut the door, or he will be shot.

There is no disguise now about the Ribbonmen's intention. They are going to attack a lone house, called Wildgoose Lodge, inhabited by a farmer named Edward Lynch, who at the last Louth summer assizes prosecuted three Ribbonmen, Tierney, Coulan, and Shanley, for breaking into his house to obtain arms. The resistance had been desperate. The prisoners were unmistakably identified, and were convicted and executed at Dundalk, to the open horror and indignation of all the Ribbon Societies. Lynch's son-in-law, Thomas Rooney, and a labouring boy, named James Rispin, were the chief witnesses.

In that lone house on the bog they are busy at work now, or sitting singing and laughing round the fire, while supper is preparing: Lynch and his wife, his brave son-in-law, James Rispin, another labourer, Elizabeth Richards, a servant, another woman, and a child.

Devan and Malone, the captains of the two bands, have spread their men, according to order, to the right and left round the hill on which the doomed house is; they are closing in upon their victims, with guns and pistols ready. The lighted peat, roused by the wind and waving to and fro, breaks into a blaze, and is a moving signal for the circle of Ribbonmen. Their cruel object is to prevent any of the hated Lynches from running down to the water and escaping in the darkness by swimming and wading to land, or hiding in the heather clumps on the bog. Gologly and other men, left in the lane to hold the horses, laugh and dance as they see the circle formed. M'Elarney has refused to help hold the horses, saying he is as fit to go to the burning as any younger man there.

The sound of voices has by this time aroused the Lynch family. They look out, they see the moving light and hear the threatening sounds that can only mean mischief. They guess in an instant that the Ribbonmen are on them, to revenge their three dead comrades. Rooney snatches down his gun and prepares for defence. Some rush and bolt the hall door. The assailants make a charge at it with their gun-buttocks and strong shoulders. A voice from within cries—

“The first that comes in or out, I'll shoot him!”

Devan answers hoarsely through the darkness, the fire glaring on his face, so that it even more than usually resembles an evil spirit's—

"Don't think it is old times with you, Rooney; this night is your DOOM."

There is no more said, but several shots flash from the windows, and a man named Keeran is burned in the face by the powder of one discharge. The Ribbonmen fall back, and do not again attempt to force an entrance by blowing open the lock or hewing their way. Devan and Malone then cry out to fire the house at the back. With a savage eagerness the wretches run to the hay-yard, and collect great heaps of dry flax, unthrashed oats, and straw. The two men who fetched fire from Halfpenny's—determined men, and one of them a robber by profession—are ordered to light a bundle of flax and thrust it into the thatch of the roof. There is a crackling, a glare, a blaze, that shows at once the ring of red howling faces, and makes the bayonets and gun-barrels gleam crimson. Devan cries—

"We will show the country, boys, that there shall be no informers allowed in it."

The fire spreads over the roof with dreadful rapidity, flashing from end to end, with a crackling roar and fierce volumes of reddened smoke. In a moment the sheet of water, which almost insulates the house, seems turned into a sea of blood, the windows glitter in the blaze, and the glass snaps and falls. Through the horrible glare the ring of rejoicing wretches must seem to the unhappy creatures within like a circle of exulting devils.

Nothing but God's voice from heaven or the avenging hand of angels can save the Lynches now. Devan's party know it, and they dance and toss up their brimless hats, and wave their guns and pitchforks, with the ferocity of cannibals. The poor women, too, and the children, what have they done? What do they know of prosecutions and Ribbonmen conspiracies—they who were defended so bravely by Lynch and Rooney when they fought for their lives against the midnight thieves? Perhaps, even now, tearing themselves from the groaning women and screaming children, Lynch, Rooney, Rispin, and his fellow-servant, may load their guns to the muzzle, sharpen some knives for their belts, and, throwing open the door, turn mad and rush down on those murderers. If they fail to break through the circle they might at least kill some, and die bravely.

But there is no time for this; the farmer has his wife in his arms, Rooney has his little child crying for help, the farm-servants have their sweethearts clinging to them, and praying hysterically for mercy—clinging with the agony and despair of drowning creatures. The burning timbers of the roof and

the masses of blazing thatch fall on them, and set their clothes on fire; the house glows like a furnace, the fire starts in at the windows, the walls are growing red hot, the beds and chairs and even the floors are breaking out into flames. The men and women fly past the windows, from this corner to that, like terrified animals in a burning forest; their cries pierced and rend the air.

The only answer their murderers give is a shout: "Let none survive; not one must live to tell of it!" Then they pile more straw on the roof. The sky over the lonesome swamp gets redder—redder, and men far away at Andee and Enniskeen see it and know what is being done.

Bryan Lemmon, one of Devan's gang, springs forward with a ponderous sledge-hammer, and toiling like a Titan, drives in and shatters the hall door with a dozen crushing blows. The bayonets and guns move nearer; will Devan's men rush into this furnace, and slay all they meet? No, their hatred is now too intense and fiendish for such a shortening of their sport. A dozen of them bring armfuls of flax and oat straw, and push them blazing into the rooms. The hay-yards furnish funeral piles for their unhappy owner. So do the stables, where the horses kick and plunge, maddened by the heat and noise and glare.

The women and children fly from room to room, upstairs and down. They crouch, they hide, they pray, they scream, and their screams are heard out beyond the flame, far into the darkness, scaring the heron and the fox. The wretched Lynch's well-known form is seen crossing a window, and Devan gives orders to fire at him. He cannot resist that order, though it rather shortens the boys' fun. They fire, but he does not fall. A more terrible death awaits him. Lynch is seen no more. The lad Rispin, younger and more passionately eager for life, clambers on to a side-wall, from which the roof is now burnt away, and supplicates for mercy. Mercy! Ask a shark for mercy when he turns to snap, or a wolf after a second bite at the lamb. The answer is a dozen clashing bayonets in his side and back; and he topples, screaming, headlong into the seething caldron of flame.

Bursts of fire and smoke from the windows; one thrilling scream, a shrill shriek from a child; then a deep and terrible silence. The house glows now like a red-hot crucible. Look in at the windows and you will see only a raging volume of flame. At last the red rafters of the roof fall in, crashing and snapping, a storm of sparks glitters before the wind, a gust of flame rises up, then a tall pillar of illuminated smoke. The fire abates, and settles down over the eight poor murdered

people. Devan and his men discharge their guns in noisy joy, the circle of one hundred monsters toss their hats, huzza, and cry—

“Lynch, we wish you luck of your hot bed.”

Malone and another man say, as they go—

“All is well now, if we only had Mr. Filgate” (the Louth magistrate, who tried the three Ribbonmen whom poor Lynch had convicted).

It has been a glorious night’s work for the Ribbonmen. When they leave the house—an hour ago so cheerful, now a charred vault—Campbell shouts to Gologly and the others, who have been holding the horses in the boggy part of the lane—

“We burned the little ones as well as the big ones, and left no one to tell the story. Begor! Lynch and Rooney won’t go and inform against us again.”

This very Gologly to whom he thus spoke betrayed Campbell, and brought him to the gallows.

Early in the morning, after this dreadful event, a man named Owen Reilly, whose cabin is about four miles from Lynch’s house, hears voices in the road, and, being alarmed, barricades his door. A body of armed men at that hour can mean no good. There is a loud and angry rapping, but he is still unwilling to open, till the voices insist on it, assuring him that no harm is meant to anybody in that house. They merely want something to eat and drink. Reilly opens the door, and sees some savage-looking, smoke-blackened men, who call for oaten bread and a bowl of milk. They are sullen, tired, and one of them has a black scorched wound on his face. That is Keeran, whom Lynch had wounded.

Next day the ruins of poor Lynch’s house are visited by half the country-side. Mr. Filgate rides over and inspects with horror the four blackened walls, and the charred and ghastly remains of the eight murdered people. The peasants stand silently round, in secret sorrow or secret approval. The sunshine falls on the white ashes of the roof, the broken door, and the trampled garden strewn with half-burnt straw.

The crowd opens and parts, when an old woman, bowed with grief, and tossing her arms like a keener at an Irish funeral, comes forward to look at the black mummies that, so short a time ago, were human beings. She recognises two of them—her son, whose shoulder, with a birth-mark on it, is still unconsumed; and Biddy Richards, one of the maid-servants. The rest she cannot guess at, they are so dreadfully burned. Poor Rooney is found sitting beside his wife, with the blackened body of his fine little boy, only five months old,

sheltered between his knees. A rusty sledge-hammer lies on the grass near the door, and the garden is littered with straw and flax.

There are too many people in this horrible conspiracy for the whole to remain long undiscovered. Devan is at once seized. It is noticed that a neighbour named M'Cabe is not among the people who flock to see the ruins of Lynch's house. A labourer, named Greenan, who goes to Liswinny to tell Mr. Filgate, the magistrate, of the event, is told M'Cabe is lame, and confined to the house with a "touch-me-not," or boil on the knee. But Alice Rispin sees him, two days after the fire, vaulting over a ditch, and in perfect health, and soon after an informer deposes to his having been at the fire.

Approvers soon come in, tempted by the reward of fifteen hundred pounds—not very reputable men—generally thieves or outlaws—but still clear and consistent in their stories, all witnesses of the crime, all active sharers in its accomplishment. The first, Bernard M'Ilroy, was once a soldier in the Meath militia. He informs Mr. Filgate he had been forced into the business by Devan, and had not dared to refuse to help burn Wildgoose Lodge. A second approver, Peter Gologly, who was in jail for a murder, held the horses in the lane, saw the blaze, heard the shots fired, and the huzzaing. Michael Kernan, a third approver, will confess afterwards that he knows nothing, except on hearsay from M'Ilroy, who told him they should share some seven thousand pounds reward. Thomas Gubby, another approver, is a thief; Patrick Murphy, the last approver, is under sentence to be hanged at Trim as a thief and murderer when he comes forward as a witness against the men by this time seized and thrown into prison.

These wretches were tried before the Honourable Justice Fletcher at the Louth Lent assizes, held in Dundalk on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of March, 1817, for the burning of Edward Lynch and his whole family of eight persons.

Serjeant Joy, in opening the case with much force and eloquence, "deplored the wretched state of depravity into which the lower orders of people in this country seemed to have fallen. No sooner did an honest individual seek redress of injuries from the impartial laws of his country, than an infernal conspiracy was entered into for his ruin. The unfortunate Lynch had evinced his courage and honesty in the prosecution of these ruffians, and was therefore devoted to destruction. A conspiracy was immediately entered into to deprive him of his life. Villains from the north, from the

south, from the east, and from the west; from the counties of Monaghan, Louth, Cavan, and Meath; all combined in a diabolic conspiracy to assassinate the man who had dared to appeal to the laws of his country for protection and redress. It was a remark worthy of attention, that religious parties had nothing to do with this most horrible transaction. The murderers and the murdered were of the same religion—all Catholics. It was founded solely upon an utter abhorrence of all law, of all distributive and impartial justice." After giving a *résumé* of the evidence of the approvers, the serjeant said—"But soon the devouring flames became general, the cries and lamentation were heard no more, silence ensued—it was the silence of death. The assassins now thought and boasted to one another that all was safe, that they were secure from all future punishment. Vain delusion! Idle boast! There was an eye that saw them, and the hour of their punishment was at hand. How could they think to escape the view of the God who fills all space? But they were seen by their fellow-mortals. The very fire which they had lighted for their infernal purpose had spread so strong a glare on their countenances, marked as they were with the character of crime, that they were fully displayed; and all who beheld them received such forcible impressions as nothing can deface. The wretches themselves, having glutted their revenge, closed the scene with malignant huzzas!"

The three first prisoners, M'Cabe, Keeran (the man with the black wound), and Campbell, were first found guilty. They received the sentence of death with a savage and sullen obduracy.

Next day, Craven, Marron, Gainer, Malone, Lennan, and Butler were also found guilty, and sentenced to death: the judge ordering their bodies to be delivered over to the surgeons for dissection. On the verdict being passed, the murderers broke out into a clamorous protest of adjurations and curses. Their hard and cruel faces showed with how little remorse they would have thrown the judge and jury into the flames. They would scarcely be pacified or induced to listen to the judge's address, in which he twice broke down, overcome by the poignancy of his feelings. Before the sentence of death was finished, Malone seized a Testament which lay near him, and swore in the name of God and the Virgin that he was innocent. The crier snatching it from his hand, he broke into shouts and curses against the judge, the jury, and the police. He was removed still pouring forth those black, bitter, semi-Oriental imprecations with which the Irish language abounds.

The next day, three other prisoners were also found guilty. During his cross-examination, Murphy, the approver, confessed that, as a Ribbonman, he was sworn to obey his brethren to the utmost of his power, and that if ever again at liberty he would do the same under similar circumstances.

In summing up, Judge Fletcher said—

“The crime with which the prisoners stood charged was perhaps the most enormous which had ever come before him in his judicial capacity. How it was proved it was for them to decide. He knew (he said) that they would fully discharge their duty.” Then, addressing himself with much energy to the crowd which filled the court, he said, “that the madness of enthusiasm or religious bigotry had no part in producing these monstrous crimes. There were not here two conflicting parties arrayed under the colours of orange and green; not Protestant against Catholic, nor Catholic against Protestant—no; it was Catholic against Catholic. Why do not their clergy exert their power over these people? We all know that by means of confession they possess much information of what is transacting in the country. Why then do not the priests perform their duty, and deny the rites of the Church to all who participate in such crimes, or who refuse to discover the conspirators? Can a combination extending over four counties be yet a secret to all the Catholic clergy in those counties? They at least see its effects, and it is their bounden duty to investigate the causes of those effects. But if they will remain inactive, surely the bishops should exercise the authority with which the Church has invested them, and stimulate the priests to a discharge of their duty.

“Where was the diabolical scheme planned and matured? In a chapel. Who conducted it? The clerk: Catholics were the agents and perpetrators of the crimes—Catholics the miserable sufferers. Why did they suffer? Because the unfortunate Lynch and Rooney had resisted a midnight attack upon their house with manly fortitude, and had afterwards prosecuted to conviction those miscreants who were since hanged for the crime. Yes, their offence was simply that they had appealed to the mild and beneficent laws of their country for redress and protection. It was incumbent on the Catholic clergy of Louth, Monaghan, Cavan, and Meath to vindicate the sacerdotal character. He knew not whether any of that order was then present, nor did he care, but he was desirous that what he was now saying should be published. It ought to be widely promulgated. He was known to be no party man, and he spoke only from the impulse of an honest indignation. It was his peculiar study to fulfil his duty to the

utmost extent of his knowledge and ability. He was always an advocate for the Catholics, and sincerely sought to have their grievances redressed."

His lordship then exhorted the jury to consider the whole business dispassionately and maturely. "If they entertained any doubt, the prisoners at the bar were to have the full benefit of that doubt. Such is the beneficial spirit of that law, which the wretched and infatuated people who have perpetrated the crimes in question have sought to destroy."

The jury retired for a short time and found a verdict of Guilty.

An indescribable scene then ensued. The most dreadful imprecations burst forth from the wretched prisoners. M'Elarney, an old and malignant convict, vented his rage by cursing the counsel who had pleaded against him, and by frequently interrupting the judge in pronouncing the awful sentence of death. "I don't care! I don't care what you do with me!" was the incessant cry of the inhuman miscreant.

The ten murderers were hanged at Dundalk on the 9th of March. The ninety other villains who had danced round the funeral pile of the Lynches escaped.

In his charge at Armagh, immediately after these executions, Judge Fletcher gave a history of the bygone persecutions of the Catholics of Armagh by the Orangemen and Peep of Day men, who had ruthlessly driven thousands of persons from their country, or, to use their own cruel language, "to hell or Connaught." These wanton and unprovoked persecutions, unchecked by the magistrates, and magnified by designing and traitorous persons, had led to the fatal origination of the Ribbonmen's associations and subsequently to the deplorable rebellion of 'Ninety-eight, with all its attendant atrocities and cruel massacres.

The excellent and wise judge concluded with a few sentences which were as thoughtful as they were true. "No good," he said, "can accrue to you from the persecution of your neighbours who may believe a little more or a little less, who may worship God in a different temple, or with different observances. The law knows no difference, regards no distinction of colour or pretension. For myself, I think it right to say to you, gentlemen, that I regard all these associations as illegal. I care not what the body, whether green or orange, nor what the pretence, nor what the profession—all, I say, are illegal."

It is in crimes like this burning of Wildgoose Lodge

that we see the darker side of the fine Irish character, its impetuous courage turned into cruelty, its deep religious feeling into fetish superstition, its pining for liberty into secret and cowardly conspiracy. Can we wonder that such crimes as this and the Scullabogue, Wexford, and Vinegar Hill massacres, forced the English into severity and repression?

THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALGIERS.

IN the spring of 1816, that trusty and thorough English sailor, Lord Exmouth, led his squadron to Algiers, Tunis, and Tripoli, and released one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two Christian slaves. Concluding a somewhat unsatisfactory and imperfect treaty with the bloodthirsty Dey, Omar Pasha, and returning to England, he disbanded his crews, and dismantled his frigates. In the debates on this expedition Lord Cochrane, always too ardent, wilful, and impetuous, and soured into unceasing factious opposition to every one, intemperately derided the Barbary corsairs, declared that the Algerines had no cannon, and could not use them if they had, and rashly asserted that two sail of the line would have forced the Dey to accede to the instant abolition of slavery, or any other terms. The temper of the hero of Basque Roads led him wrong. Algiers was crowded with guns, garrisoned by intrepid and practised Arab artillerymen, and was bulwarked with batteries difficult to enfilade, and of tremendous strength.

Our great war vessels had scarcely furled their wings and gone to sleep, before the sea-robbers of the north of Africa broke out into fresh atrocities. The English visit had roused the old inextinguishable fanaticism. The Moors had been stripped of their slaves, and smarted at the loss, although they had been allowed to receive from Sicily and Sardinia compensation to the tune of four hundred thousand dollars. In 1806 the English government, always ignobly sending presents, and degradingly exchanging courtesies with these cruel pirates, had contracted with the Dey for the occupation of the town and harbour of Bona as a tolerated depôt for the Italian coral fishery, to be carried on under the protection of the British flag. On the 23rd of May, 1816, a great number

of bright-sailed boats, from the Italian coast, lay off Bona. Their brown-faced, dark-haired, gesticulating Genoese, Maltese, Sardinian, and Neapolitan crews were chiefly on shore, preparing to celebrate the Feast of the Ascension by High Mass. The priest's robes were donned, the incense already fumed in the censers. All at once a gun was fired from the castle, a crowd of furious Turkish Janissaries rushed on the coral-fishers and slew all they met; some cavalry at the same moment swept along the shore, sabring as they went. The boats were fired on by the forts, and sunk. Hardly one poor fisherman escaped. The British flag was torn down and trampled under foot, and our vice-consul's house pillaged and gutted. The Dey had not, it was said, ordered this massacre; it was only a paroxysm of barbarous fanaticism. But England at once cried: "It shall be punished." There was a roar of rage from John o' Groat's to the Land's End. The fleet was instantly ordered out. The telegraph's arms swung to and fro to collect seamen and officers. Out spread the canvas again; gaily once more blossomed the red pendants. The rigging grew quick as spiders' webs. No need of pressing for this righteous crusade—men came from the guardships, and sailors from every man-of-war. The great floating castles rode again upon the sea, and all the helmsmen looked towards Africa.

On the 21st of July, 1816 (Sunday, an auspicious day with sailors), the fleets left Portsmouth. At Plymouth Lord Exmouth added to his pack, the *Impregnable*, a three-decker, and the *Minden*, *Superb*, and *Albion*, seventy-fours. The fleet, now counting twenty-five sail, steered straight for Gibraltar before a light breeze.

The moment Plymouth was down below the horizon, Lord Exmouth gave orders that the seamen should be exercised at the guns, twice a day at the mere motions, and once a week with fire. On Friday, the 9th, the coasts of Spain and Morocco opened like outspread arms, and at gun-fire, as the cannon were rattling quick and sharp, our fleet came opposite that spot for ever sacred to men of our race—Trafalgar.

At Gibraltar, the old grey rock that lies like a couchant lion guarding the straits, the English were recruited by five Dutch frigates and a corvette, commanded by a thin, amiable old officer, Admiral Van Cappellan; also by five of our own gunboats. Lord Exmouth was intent on business, and did not lose a moment. He had the lower decks swept of their cabins, leaving all clear for the guns fore and aft. The timbers of the bulks and all superfluous partitions were sent on shore, fresh cabins were stretched of canvas, and all baggage was

sent down into the cockpits. The marines were also exercised in the boats, and a landing practised. On Monday, the 12th, the birthday of the Prince Regent, the *Queen Charlotte* hoisted her royal standard, and broke forth with a rejoicing salute of twenty-one guns, and at the same time the other thirty-four vessels discharged their cannon. When this was over, the rock, too, took up the chorus. From every cell in it came jets of fire and puffs of white sulphurous smoke, above, below, north, south—from the Spanish Gate to Point Europa, the cannon roared and echoed. The rock glowed like an enormous pastille half ignited. It was two hours before all the batteries had done speaking.

On the 14th, a light sou'-wester rising, the fleet weighed and set sail from the bay. On the 15th they were joined by the corvette *Prometheus* (Captain Dashwood), from Algiers. On board were the wife and daughter of the consul of Algiers, who had escaped disguised in midshipman's clothes. The consul had been seized and chained in his own house, and eighteen men (the boat's crew) of the *Prometheus* had been sent into the interior as slaves. The Dey had derided the English expedition to a Danish merchant captain who had had an audience. ("As for their shells," he said, pointing to the ceiling, where fruit was hung for the winter, "I shall hang them up in my rooms like those melons.") The Dane replied, quietly, "You don't know the English shells. I was at Copenhagen when the English came there, and I know what their shells are."

A tedious and irritating foul wind continuing some days, Lord Exmouth employed the time in arranging a plan of attack, and settling every one's place round his own vessel—the *Queen Charlotte*—the bombs were to keep out of gun-shot. The vice-admirals and captains attended a council of war on board the flag-ship. Experiments were also made to test the accuracy of a new mode of aiming cannon. An empty bottle was hung inside a frame four feet square, and fixed on a long rod to the end of the fore-yard. It was then fired at from the quarter-deck with an eighteen-pounder; the object being to break the bottle without injuring the frame. This being repeatedly done, his lordship set up instead a round piece of wood about five inches in diameter. This round mark was frequently chipped, and often carried away. The town of Algiers was a larger bull's-eye; our sailors' hearts were now braced for the work.

On the 26th, Cape Cazzina came in sight, and early in the morning of the 27th the town of Algiers rose into the morning air, its terraces of white marble and stone rising step by

step; below, the mosque domes, and the lance-like minarets, that spread in a huge triangle, the point upwards. Beyond the walls of the pirate city, on the hill-side, the green plains were feathered with palm-trees, bushed with olive-gardens and orange-groves, or spiked with aloe and wild cactus. Beyond, in the horizon, faint and blue as fading clouds, and capped with snow white as morning vapours, towered the peaks of the Lesser Atlas.

Salamé, the interpreter to the fleet, a handsome young Egyptian, not very remarkable for courage, instantly put on a European dress, and was sent on shore with a flag of truce and letter, containing Lord Exmouth's demands, namely—

The instant abolition of Christian slavery, and the surrender of all Christian slaves.

The restoration of the ransom-money for slaves that had been paid by the King of Sardinia and the King of the Two Sicilies.

A peace with the King of the Netherlands.

The liberation of the British consul, and the two boats' crews of the *Prometheus*.

Lord Exmouth's vexation at the adverse winds had been the greater because the *Prometheus* had informed him that the Dey was rapidly marching down ten thousand men from the interior, and throwing up fresh works on the mole and round both flanks of the town. The fleet being again becalmed, the admiral sent the *Severn* into the bay, the interpreter being pulled into shore in the *Severn's* boat. As Salamé went down the *Queen Charlotte's* side, the officers called to him, jokingly: "Salamé, if you bring back word that the Dey accepts our demands without fighting, we shall kill you instead of him."

At nine o'clock A.M., Salamé, the first lieutenant, and six seamen (secretly provided with muskets, for fear of treachery), pulled towards the mole. The captain of the fort met them in a boat; but they would not let him approach near. He appeared troubled and confused, and took the letters which were handed him on a long stick, promising an answer from the Dey within two hours. The interpreter, however, by no means wishing to lose his head, refused to come inside the mole, or to land, though the sun was fiery hot, and the glare from the water was almost unbearable.

The boat remained where she was for three hours and a half. She lay within pistol-shot of the walls, watched by thousands of fierce turbaned men; savage negroes, ruddy Kabyles, gaunt Arabs, insolent Moors, arrogant and sleepy

Turks, who, crowding the walls, and leaning against the embrasures and the sunburnt walls, taunted them, and handled their matchlocks and yataghans in a menacing way.

The seamen spent the time in reconnoitring the triangular city rising on the hill-side. The pirates' nest bristled with batteries. The forts on the north side joined the mole, where there was a semicircular battery with two tiers of forty-four guns. The lighthouse tower showed three tiers of forty-eight guns. The Eastern Battery displayed three tiers of sixty guns, flanked by two others, with two tiers of sixty guns. On the south head of the mole there stood two enormously long sixty-eight pounders. Near the mole were two small batteries of twenty guns, and the Fish Market Battery. Another line of batteries joined the large forts against which the Dutch were to be anchored. The upper part of the four miles of walls sheltering a population of one hundred thousand souls, was also well furnished with guns, and defended by two castles. Altogether the Dey possessed one thousand five hundred cannon.

In the mean time the city was on the boil; and in every market-place and fountain-court men were arming or soldiers mustering for the blow that was to be struck at the unbelievers' throats.

Thirty-six gun-boats and frigates were being brought from inside the mole to that side of the city that was unprovided with batteries. The vessels had their red silk battle-flags flying, and were drawn up in a hollow square.

A fine sea breeze just then springing up, the fleet advanced into the bay, and prepared its boats and flotilla for service; Lord Exmouth, seeing the interpreter's boat returning with the signal flying "That no answer had been received," hoisted his own signal to know if all the ships were ready. The answer was unanimous, and the fleet instantly bore off to their appointed stations, the *Queen Charlotte* in the van, according to preconcerted order. When the interpreter returned, more dead than alive, having expected every moment his boat to be scuttled by the batteries, he found Lord Exmouth, whom he had left a mild elderly man, quite changed; he was now "all fightful, as a fierce lion which had been chained in a cage and then set at liberty." All he said was, "Never mind, we shall see now."

Then he turned to the officers, and said sternly, "Be ready!" The seamen were standing at each gun, with the matches or the strings of the locks in their hands, anxiously waiting for the word "Fire!" The dogs of war were straining at the slip; the volcano was ready to break forth.

The great sea-birds, with outstretched pinions, glided past the Moorish batteries, where the Algerines stood astonished at the English audacity and fearlessness. The *Queen Charlotte* gallantly let go her anchors at a quarter to three o'clock, within eighty yards of the Mole-Head Batteries, but finding there were only two feet of water under the keel, the cable was let go for twenty yards more. The sailors gave three cheers when Lord Exmouth took up his position, in such a masterly style that no more than four or five guns from the Mole could bear on his ship, though it was exposed to musketry and to all the other batteries. The other vessels moved also to their stations with admirable precision and coolness.

The great three-deckers being higher than the Moorish batteries, the Arabs and Turks leaped up on the parapets to see our fleet advance. Inside the mole there seemed great confusion. They had trusted to intimidation, and had not expected so rapid, close, and daring an attack. They had not even loaded their guns until almost all the fleet had passed the batteries. There was a profound silence, and Lord Exmouth began to expect that a full compliance to all his demands was forthcoming, when, at a few minutes before three, a gun flashed and a spurt of fire came from the Eastern Battery at the *Impregnable*, which, with the *Superb* and *Albion*, were slow sailers, and lagged behind. The warning shot was to prevent them from coming in and joining the squadron. Lord Exmouth, the instant he saw the smoke of the gun, and before he heard the report, cried out with great alacrity—

“That will do. Fire, my fine fellows!”

Before the words were well spoken, a tremendous broadside was fired by the *Queen Charlotte*, and it was followed by two other ships within six minutes. The other vessels gave tongue at the same moment. The Algerines afterwards said it was like “hell opening on them.” Down into the dark narrow steep streets, in among the blind walls, into the pillared fountain-courts, through mosque doors, and in palace orange-gardens, the shells rolled and hissed, splitting and splintering, and scattering death as the jagged iron flew about in showers. That first bursting fire killed or wounded more than five hundred Moors. Before the discharge, crowds of soldiers were gathered in many conspicuous places; when the smoke passed, the survivors were seen crawling away behind the walls like dogs, on their feet and hands. The smoke of the guns soon hid the sun and darkened the sky. The batteries of Algiers—the Mole, the Fish Market, and the Lighthouse, now replied quickly and angrily.

Nothing could surpass the jovial daring of our sailors, or the hearty way in which they worked the heavy lower-deck guns. In some cases, when the wadding failed, the brave fellows cut off the breasts of their blue jackets and rammed them down the cannon. Even the seamen's wives on board the *Severn* helped their husbands, by passing shot and powder. No sailor showed fatigue, or manifested a doubt of the result. The longer the bombardment lasted, the more cheerful and hearty the men grew, keeping up the fire with increasing fury. Lord Exmouth several times wished to cease firing for a short time, in order to make observations, but it was with great difficulty he could make the seamen stop even for a moment. Every time an Algerine frigate broke into flame, or a battery "caved in" our men gave a tremendous cheer.

On the main and foretops of the *Queen Charlotte*, Salamé says there were two twelve-pounders, which "worked into" the Algerine batteries a deadly hailstorm of two hundred and eighty musket balls at each discharge. These showers of lead swept off all the Arabs from the parapets, and from the Dey's upper rows of guns.

The *Leander*, to use a phrase of the ring, "got it hot," being ripped, torn, and badly cut up by the twenty guns mounted on the Fish Market gate, on whose flinty arches and battlements the vessel's guns produced little effect. The *Impregnable* was also dreadfully punished by the Eastern Battery: losing seventy-three seamen, and having one hundred and thirty-seven torn, lacerated, and otherwise wounded.

Of this stage of the battle Lord Exmouth himself writes with more vigour and feeling than is usual in despatches. "Thus commenced," he says, "a fire as animated and well-supported, I believe, as was ever witnessed, from a quarter before three until nine, without intermission, and which did not cease altogether until half-past eleven. Never did the British flag receive, on any occasion, more zealous and honourable support. To look further on the line than immediately round me was perfectly impossible, but, so well grounded was my confidence in the gallant officers I had the honour to command, that my mind was kept perfectly free to attend to other objects, and I knew them to be in their stations only by the destructive effect of their fire upon the walls and batteries to which they were opposed. I had about this time the satisfaction of seeing Vice-Admiral Van Capellan's flag in the station I had assigned to him, and soon after, at intervals, the remainder of his frigates, keeping up a

well-supported fire on the flanking batteries he had offered to cover us from, as it had not been in my power, from want of room, to bring him to the front of the wall. After sunset I received a message from Rear-Admiral Milne, conveying to me the severe loss the *Impregnable* was sustaining, having then one hundred and fifty killed and wounded, and requesting I would, if possible, send him a frigate to divert some of the fire he was under. The *Glasgow*, near me, immediately weighed, but the wind had been driven away by the cannonade, and she was obliged to anchor again, having obtained rather a better position than before.

"There were awful moments during the conflict occasioned by firing the Algerine ships so near us, and I had long resisted the eager entreaties of several around me to make the attempt upon the outer frigate, distant about one hundred yards, which at length I gave in to, and Major Gossett, by my side, who had been eager to land his corps of marines, pressed me most anxiously for permission to accompany Lieutenant Richards in the ship's barge. The frigate was instantly boarded, and in ten minutes in a perfect blaze. A gallant young midshipman, in rocket boat number eight, although forbidden, was led by his ardent spirit to follow in support of the barge, in which he was desperately wounded, his brother-officer killed, and nine of his crew. The barge, by rowing more rapidly, had suffered less, and lost but two. The enemy's batteries around my division were about ten o'clock silenced, and in a state of perfect ruin and dilapidation, and the fire of the ships was reserved as much as possible to save powder, and to reply to a few guns now and then bearing upon us, although a fort on the upper angle of the city, on which our guns could not be brought to bear, continued to annoy the ships by shot and shell during the whole time.

"The flotilla of mortar, gun, and rocket-boats, under the direction of their respective artillery officers, shared to the full extent of their power in the honour of the day, and performed good service; it was by their fire all the ships in the port (with the exception of the outer frigate) were in flames, which extended rapidly over the whole arsenal, store-houses, and gunboats, exhibiting a spectacle of awful grandeur and interest.

"The sloops of war which had been appropriated to aid and assist the ships of the line, and prepare for their retreat, performed not only their duty well, but embraced every opportunity of firing through the intervals, and were constantly in motion. The shells from the bombs were admirably well thrown by the Royal Marine Artillery, and though

directly across or over us, not an accident, that I know of, occurred to any ship. The whole was conducted in perfect silence, and such a thing as a cheer I never heard in any part of the line! and, that the guns were well worked and directed, will be seen for many years to come, and remembered by these barbarians for ever."

Salamé, the interpreter, gives one or two affecting episodes of the battle. Having recovered the little courage he had when he found that the cockpit was two feet below water-mark, he went there to lunch with the surgeon, the chaplain, and the purser; but found, to his dismay, that the carpenter had already had to stop several holes where Algerine shot had passed between wind and water. Comforting himself, however, with Asiatic aphorisms on the uncertainty of life, Salamé passed the time in helping the wounded, after the surgeon had seen to them. Some were blind, others maimed; shattered legs and arms were every moment being amputated. Salamé, fainting as the first arm-bone was sawn through, was sent to the magazine to hand up powder-boxes.

Seeing, he says, Lieutenant Johnstone laughing as he was having a wound in his cheek dressed, he entreated the wounded lieutenant not to return to the deck. Johnstone would, however, go, and was brought back in two hours' time, with his breast torn, and his left arm hanging by a thread. The brave fellow survived thirty-six days, and was buried with great honours in the sea, near Plymouth, eleven guns being fired, and the royal standard waved over his coffin.

The *Impregnable*, unable to find her proper place, owing to the smoke, got terribly mauled by the relentless Eastern Battery. She was hulled by no less than two hundred and sixty-three shots, twenty of which passed between wind and water. The explosion of a vessel, however, with one hundred and forty-three barrels of gunpowder, under the walls of the battery, somewhat relieved her, and enabled her to eventually haul out with the fleet. She worked very hard, and did splendid damage to the pirates, discharging six thousand seven hundred and thirty round-shot. Admiral Milne gave orders to double-load every gun.

The Congreve rockets were of great service. The Algerines took them for signals, until they began to leap about and burst among their troops. When their iron bolts struck in the wooden houses, the fire soaked in like oil, and grew only fiercer for the water poured upon it.

All through the seven hours' firing, the old sea-lion, *Exmouth*, though a stout man of sixty-five, and worn with ser-

vice in every climate, ran about with a white handkerchief tied round his waist, a round hat on his head, and a telescope in his hand, shouting orders, as active and eager as the youngest midddy in the fleet. He received only two slight wounds, one in the cheek, and the other in the leg; but his coat was slit and torn by musket-balls, as if it had been slashed by a madman's scissors. Many of the *Queen Charlotte's* guns grew at last so hot that they could not be safely used; others recoiled until the wheels made deep troughs in the deck, and there stuck; others broke from their carriages. Mr. Stone, the gunner, an old man of seventy, who had been in thirty actions, said he never before used so much powder in a day, the *Queen Charlotte* having expended thirty thousand four hundred and twenty-four pounds of powder, and four thousand four hundred and sixty-two rounds of big shot. Exmouth's ship was placed at such a fine angle, and with such consummate skill, that she only lost nine men—less than almost any other vessel in the squadron—though close to the gun-batteries on the mole, and near to thousands of Moorish musketeers. Once only, as the despatch has shown, the admiral's vessel was in great danger. A blazing Algerine frigate came drifting down on her: the Dutch admiral, seeing Lord Exmouth's danger, was anxious to send every ship's boat to his rescue, but the brave Cornishman would not hear of it, said he only wished his orders to be strictly followed, and instantly gave the signal for the fleet to retire out of danger before his own vessel was safe from the burning drift. Providence was gracious, for just as Lord Exmouth was regretfully giving orders to cut the *Queen Charlotte's* cable and veer round, a breeze sprang up and drove the burning ship towards the town.

The Dey, an ignorant and cruel tyrant, but a brave soldier, who before his elevation had been an Aga of Janissaries, was in the Lighthouse Battery during the engagement. His red, white, and yellow flag was hoisted there. When he gave audience to the English, the folds of his turban and robes were full of powder-dust, and his face and beard were still begrimed with smoke.

About eleven o'clock, the Algerine storehouses, arsenals, and fleet being all on fire, the burning frigates drifting in the bay, some ten thousand houses destroyed in the city, about six thousand Moors slain, and the lower batteries smashed and pounded into shapeless ruins, Lord Exmouth passed the signal to the fleet to move out of the line of fire, cut cables, and make sail. The usual favourable land breeze rose softly, and all hands were soon busy at the warping and towing off.

By the help of "the light airs," the whole fleet soon came to anchor out of reach of shells. About two in the morning, after twelve hours' incessant labour, Lord Exmouth was still in high spirits, and said to Salamé, the interpreter: "Well, my fine fellow, Salamé, what think you now?"

At one o'clock, the old Dutch admiral came on board to offer him congratulations.

"I am quite happy to die, my lord," he said, "now we have got full satisfaction from these pirates."

The gallant position the *Queen Charlotte* took had protected and saved more than five hundred Dutchmen. Lord Exmouth, having in the morning ordered a supper to be ready for this hour, sat down with his officers, and proposed the health of every brave man in the fleet. The officers drank with enthusiasm their champion's health, then all went to their berths, and fell asleep.

In the British squadron there had been one hundred and sixty men and boys killed, six hundred and ninety-two wounded. On board of the Dutch, thirteen killed and fifty-two wounded. The British had consumed two hundred and sixteen thousand six hundred and fifty-eight pounds of powder, forty-one thousand two hundred and eight rounds of shot, and nine hundred and sixty thirteen and twenty-six inch shells; the Dutch, forty-six thousand one hundred and nineteen pounds of powder, and ten thousand one hundred and forty-eight rounds of shot. To sum up, nearly one hundred and eighteen tons of powder had been burnt, and five hundred tons of shot hurled on the guilty city. Since Cromwell's time, so just and hard a blow had never been dealt at cruelty and oppression; from that day no Christian slave has ever entered Algiers.

The destruction in the mole of Algiers consisted of four large frigates, of forty-four guns; five large corvettes, of from twenty-four to thirty guns; thirty gun and mortar boats (all but seven); several merchant brigs and schooners; a great number of small vessels of various descriptions; all the pontoon lighters, &c.; storehouses and arsenal, with all the timber and various marine articles, destroyed in part; a great many gun-carriages, mortar-beds, casks and ships' stores of all descriptions.

The loss of the Algerine robbers will never be known correctly. It would have been much greater if, during the bombardment, the Dey had not opened the gates, and let the more peaceful citizens escape into the country. Hundreds had left, ten days before, on the news of the approach of the fleet. Many of the Arabs were killed at the gates while

leaving. The wounded, being all laid in stables till the next day, perished in great numbers for want of surgeons. The Dey prohibited the usual howling Mohammedan funerals, as long as the English remained; but there were known to be three large houses piled with dead, and graves were digging every night for a week. All the Moors killed in the battle, which had happened during Ramadan, were buried in a special cemetery as martyrs to the faith (save the mark!).

The morning after the battle, the admiral sent Salamé and Lieutenant Burgess to the Dey, under a flag of truce, and bearing the following stern and uncompromising letter—

“Sir,—For your atrocities at Bona on defenceless Christians, your unbecoming disregard to the demands I made yesterday in the name of the Prince Regent of England, the fleet under my command has given you a signal chastisement by the total destruction of your navy, storehouses, and arsenal, with half your batteries.

“As England does not war for the destruction of cities, I am unwilling to visit your personal cruelties upon the inoffensive inhabitants of the country, and I therefore offer you the same terms of peace which I conveyed to you yesterday in my sovereign’s name. Without the acceptance of these terms, you can have no peace with England. If you receive this offer as you ought, you will fire three guns; and I shall consider your not giving the signal as a refusal, and shall renew my operations at my own convenience. I offer you the above terms, provided neither the British consul nor the officers and men so wickedly seized by you from the boats of a British ship of war have met with any cruel treatment, or any of the Christian slaves in your power; and I repeat my demand that the consul and officers and men may be sent off to me, conformable to ancient treaties.—I am, &c.,

EXMOUTH.

“To his Highness the Dey of Algiers.

“*Queen Charlotte, Algiers Bay, Aug. 28, 1816.*”

At the same time, the bombs were ordered into position to renew the bombardment, if necessary.

Salamé’s boat was fired at several times by a fort to the south, but was not hit; at about eleven o’clock, Osmar Captain came to them from the city, and pleaded that the English firing had begun before the Dey could send his answer. He also said that the shots just fired were fired contrary to the Dey’s orders, and called the English a litigious people.

On reaching the mole, the very site of the batteries was not distinguishable. The guns were, all but four or five, dis-

mounted or buried in rubbish. The bay was full of smoking hulks, the water all round the mole black and strewn with dead bodies, drifting timber, and floating charcoal. On his way from the mole to the city, Salamé observed that the aqueduct was destroyed, and that the dark narrow streets were heaped with stones. On the consul's house alone thirty shot had fallen, and one of its small rooms had been traversed by nine cannon balls. Nearly every house in the town had been struck, and many were razed to the ground. In the courtyard of the Dey's palace, two great heaps of shot and carcases had been collected.

At half-past one, three guns were fired from the shore. They showed that the Dey was at last not unwilling to listen to terms. The story of the captain of the fort was that, when the soldiers saw the fleet inside the mole, and the three-deckers under the batteries, they began to mutiny, crying that the English were going to take the country without fighting, and almost forcing the Dey to fight.

"I predicted all this rigour," said the captain of the port (an Albanian), sighing, and in a low voice, to the interpreter, "because I know the English nation never forgive the least point. I told them so; but what could I do among thousands!"

At three o'clock, Salamé, Captain Brisbane, the released consul, and Mr. Gossett, went on shore to carry Lord Exmouth's demands to the Dey. They found that potentate, extremely rude and cross, in a narrow gallery on the third floor, looking out over the sea. He was sitting, contemplating his red slippers, on a high Turkish sofa with his bare legs crossed, and with a long cherry-stemmed pipe in his hand. He was coarse and common in his manner, and did not ask any one to sit down. He consented to return the three hundred and eighty-two thousand five hundred dollars for Sicily and Sardinia at once. The slaves then in the town were to be put on board next day, and the slaves from Oran, Bona, and Constantia as soon as they should arrive. They had been sent out of town during the battle for fear of their revolt.

The Dey then asked, with subdued rage, if those slaves who owed money to the Jews in Algiers were let go, who was to pay their debts? The people would require the money from him. Captain Brisbane refused to enter into the question.

The Dey upon this looked at the captain of the port, and said with anger, "You see now how the business goes." At first, like a stubborn child, he was unwilling to give the consul the three thousand dollars compensation. Impertinent and

low people, unknown to him, he said, had robbed and insulted the consul without his orders. On stern pressure, however, the Dey yielded after some minutes of silence, and of playing with his beard as if at once astonished, agitated, and enraged. Salamé says, naively, that as he extorted the full apology, the Dey, "really showed his natural wickedness, looking at me with such angry eyes that, if it had been in his power, I am sure he would have cut me in pieces."

At that juncture, the captain of the port, who had opposed all violence, came behind the Dey's sofa and whispered:

"My lord, it cannot be helped, you must submit. That yellow-haired man (the consul) must now triumph."

The Dey sullenly repeated the apology in Arabic, and Mr. McDougall accepted it. It was then agreed that the Algerines were to announce the peace by firing twenty-one guns for England, and twenty-one for the Netherlands.

On the 30th, the boats and transports received on board one thousand and eighty-three liberated slaves (four hundred and seventy-one Neapolitans, two hundred and thirty-one Sicilians, one hundred and seventy-three Romans, six Tuscans, one hundred and sixty-one Spaniards, one Portuguese, seven Greeks, and twenty-eight Dutch), making a grand total, reckoning both expeditions, of three thousand and three helpless and suffering men restored to liberty by the great victory of our arms. These ragged and half-starved sailors, lean, haggard, and furrowed with the deep wounds of perpetual fetters, were nearly mad with joy, and leaped in crowds into the boats, unwilling to pause even to be counted. When they approached our ships they all took off their hats and caps and shouted as one man, "Viva the King of England, viva the Eternal Father, viva the Admiral of England who has liberated us from this second hell!" And then beating their breasts, they poured out execrations on the Algerines.

Some of these men had been thirty-five years in slavery. Their chains—which were never taken off—were one hundred pounds weight for strong men, sixty pounds for old men, and thirty pounds for lads. Their legs and waists were eaten into deep hard furrows by their fetters. They had been employed, in gangs of ten, in quarrying stone from the mountains, in felling trees, dragging building materials, and moving guns. Their daily allowance of food had been ten ounces of black bean bread, one handful of peas, and a thimbleful of oil. On Fridays, the Turkish sabbath, they were compelled to fast. As soon as the transports came to anchor, the freed slaves crowded the shrouds and the yards, rejoicing in the old familiar element and their old avocation, and shouted and cheered our sailors enthusiastically.

The Moorish troops, in a ferment of fanatical rage, and eager for fresh massacres—as the common Turk always is—rushed to the mole when the English boats began to shove off with the slaves, and fired several times at our sailors; whereupon Lord Exmouth told the Dey, plainly, that he would bombard the town again if such intolerable conduct were repeated. There was then much final diplomacy about a Neapolitan boy and a Spanish vice-consul and a merchant, who were, however, eventually released.

The three hundred and eighty-two thousand five hundred dollars, and the eight thousand dollars for the consul, were paid punctually by the tyrant. The money was weighed and put in four hundred sacks, which were carried to the shore by Jews and Moors pressed from the streets. The shrewd interpreter, Salamé, afraid of being set upon by the Kabyle soldiers, had refused to take charge of the money to the mole, and the Dey had refused to admit four hundred infidel sailors into the palace. A great part of this treasure was green with rust; the Dey's treasury being a cistern in an old castle, where millions of stolen dollars, and much gold coin obtained by piracy, had been hoarded from the time of Barbarossa.

Salamé calculated the Algerine loss at more than a million, reckoning the loss of the fleet and the slaves, the payment of troops, the ransom, and the reparation of one hundred thousand houses, besides the long lines of batteries.

The Moorish minister of marine was perhaps a greater sufferer than the Dey by this affair, for he was beheaded the morning after the battle, either for inciting the soldiers to revolt, or for not firing soon enough on the *Queen Charlotte*.

Lord Exmouth had obtained his peerage, and two thousand pounds a year, for his services with the fleet on the east coast of Spain. In early life this brave Cornishman had covered himself with glory by his capture of the *Cléopâtre*—a crack French ship—with a crew of raw miners, and by saving the men of the *Dutton*. Always devoted and daring, he was the terror of the French cruisers. On his return from Algiers he was created a viscount, and on the death of Admiral Duckworth (the hero of the Dardanelles in 1817) he was appointed to the chief command in Plymouth. In 1826 he retired from active service. In 1832 he was made Vice-Admiral of England, and died in January, 1833.

One last word about that consummate scoundrel the Dey. When Aga of the Janissaries, he had roasted the children of the Bey of Oran, and had made their father, whom he afterwards scalped and flayed, eat portions of their flesh. He had succeeded to a wretch, who, getting into the habit of mur-

dering his wives and salting them down in jars, was at last suffocated in his bath by a black slave. On ascending the throne, the Dey beheaded merchants, and plundered everybody, till this tremendous blow of Exmouth's fist hammered him into better conduct. Soon after our fleet left Algiers, the Janissaries pounced upon the Dey and flung him out of the window of the gallery—a proceeding much to be commended. The two following Deys lived only one year each. Turkey approved highly of their rapid disappearance, as each new Dey, as satrap of the Grand Vizier, paid her one hundred thousand pounds on his election.

An engraving, representing the interviews between the Dey, Rear-Admiral Sir Charles Penrose, and Captain Brisbane, is curious, as illustrating some variations in costume. Captain Brisbane wears a frilled shirt, loose white trousers, straps and shoes; but the old rear-admiral is remarkable for knee-breeches and Hessian boots, while his white hair is combed back into a tight ribboned queue.

THE WRECK OF THE "MEDUSA."

IN that large square room of the Louvre, on one of whose walls Paul Veronese's Marriage of Cana glows like an eternal rainbow, there is hung a fine robust but lurid picture by Jerichau, representing a raft strewn with dead bodies; and, clambering above them, a group of shouting, frantic men, surmounted by a negro, who is waving a signal to a distant brig. That picture represents, "the Wreck of the *Medusa*," and the story runs that Jerichau painted it in a studio crowded with corpses that he used as models.

The year after Waterloo, the French government resolved to carry out a project that had been long in embryo, and to send out an expedition to its newly-restored colony in Senegal. Ever since 1637, the ports of this possession had furnished France with amber, ebony, gum, palm oil, wax, ivory, pepper, and skins of the buffalo and tiger. It was also intended to form, at the same time, a smaller colony at the adjacent Cape Verde. On the 17th of June, 1816, soon after daybreak, the expedition set sail from the roads of the island of Aix, near Rochefort. There were four vessels: the *Medusa*, frigate, of 44 guns, Captain Chaumareys; the *Echo*, corvette, Captain Cornet de Venancourt; the *Leure*, first Lieutenant Guiquel Destouches; and the *Argus*, brig, Lieutenant Parnajou. Crowded on the poops, and leaning over the breastworks of these four vessels, stood some four hundred and fifty persons (men, women, and children), taking their last farewell of the Charente coast, of the islands of Rhé and Oleron, and of the dreary sands of Olonne. Persons of half a dozen professions mingled with the crews of sailors, and the three companies of soldiers that filled the transports. There were there, hopeful or sad; clerks, artillerymen, curés, schoolmasters, notaries, surgeons, pilots, gardeners, bakers, engineers, agricultural labourers, and na-

turalists, in all (not reckoning seamen) three hundred and sixty-five persons, of whom two hundred and forty (nearly one half of them pardoned convicts) were on board the fast-sailing *Medusa*, the leader of the expedition.

The fresh north wind, that had swept the vessels bravely out of port, changed suddenly, and a south-wester all but drove the *Medusa* on Les Roches Bonnes, near the Island of Rhé. Escaping this danger, and doubling Finisterre, Captain Chaumareys outsailed his slow convoy, as he had already expressed his wish and intention of doing. The omens were adverse to the *Medusa* from the beginning. The crew were undisciplined, the captain careless, reckless, and incompetent. A sailor-boy fell out of a porthole and perished, in spite of the life-buoy thrown out to him, from no gun being ready loaded to signal the nearest vessel. The ship hove-to, but too late; the six-oared barge was lowered, with only three men to pull it, and the boy sank. Touching at Teneriffe, to procure wine and oranges, Captain Chaumareys kept his subsequent course dangerously near the coast of the island. On the 29th of June there was another bad omen. Two nights running the frigate caught fire between decks, owing to the gross carelessness of the head baker. Early on the morning of the 10th of July, when off Cape Bayados, the *Medusa* passed the equator. Old Neptune, of course, instantly hailed the luckless vessel and came on board, and the ceremony of rough shaving and the paying of fines was performed amid wild laughing and buffoon dancing. Captain Chaumareys presided at this noisy buffoonery, and literally throwing the reins on the horses' neck, he let the vessel go almost where it pleased.

At the very height of this saturnalia the officer in command changed the vessel's course, informing the captain that the *Medusa* was breaking in upon a reef of enormous rocks, only half a cannon-shot off, on which the sea could indeed be seen breaking fiercely. More mismanagement that night. The *Echo* fired two guns and hung out a lantern at her mizen, but the signals were never properly answered. The *Medusa* had taken a dangerous course—she had gone inside the Canary Islands. She should rather have gone outside, taken a long sweep round, like a carriage when it prepares for turning a corner, and then borne down suddenly straight on Senegal.

There was now great and palpable danger. Every two hours the frigate was brought to, in order to sound; every half-hour the lead was heaved—still the water was always shallow. At last, the sea deepening to a hundred fathoms

the captain stood again to the S.S.E., and bore towards the African shore.

The minister of marine's direction to Captain Chaumareys had been imperative not to trust to the charts, but to make W.S.W. instantly after sighting Cape Blanco. On the evening of the 1st of July some of the officers thought they saw the wished-for cape. About six o'clock the captain was called up and shown a bank of mist, which he was easily persuaded was actually the cape. The officers, indeed, thinking the cape had been passed in the night, wished to persuade him that he had obeyed instructions. The great and dreaded reef of Arguin, thirty leagues broad, was ahead; the way to steer now was W.S.W., then turning south to Senegal. The captain, blindly trusting himself to a M. Richefort, an ex-naval officer who had just returned from ten years in an English prison, and who had once known something of the African seas, resisted all interference, ignored the reef, and rashly steered south for Portendic. In vain a young Swiss surgeon, M. Savigny, who had studied Alpine vapours, assured the captain that what he saw was only a cloud; while M. Picard, a notary of Senegal, who eight years before had actually struck on the Arguin reef, also declared that the *Medusa* was rushing into the very jaws of death.

The evil omens came faster and faster to the wilful man; but all in vain. He was doomed and so was the ship. M. Lapérère, the officer of the morning watch, was disregarded, even when he found by his reckoning, as well as by soundings, that the ship was very near a reef. M. Maudet, who succeeded him, when he took the sun's altitude grew very grave, and told M. Richefort, the ignorant and self-appointed pilot, that the reef was then quite close. The captain's adviser merely replied, "Oh, never mind; we're still in eighty fathoms."

M. Maudet sounded; the water grew thicker and browner, fish were numerous, and seaweed floated by in great green drifts. Presently the lead showed eighteen fathoms. The captain, in a flurried way, instantly ordered the studding-sail to be taken in, to bring the ship a little more to the wind; the lead then showed only six fathoms—a terribly rapid decrease. "Haul her closer to the wind." Too late. There had been hope, with promptitude, at eighteen fathoms, but now there was none. The tide, too, was at its highest, and would, in a few minutes, begin to decline. A few seconds more and the startled ship luffed, gave a heel, went on, heeled again and again, and stopped. The *Medusa*, at a quarter-past three on the 2nd of July, had struck on the west edge of the dreaded

Arguin reef, off the great African desert, nineteen degrees thirty-six minutes north latitude, nineteen degrees forty-five minutes west longitude.

The ill-disciplined crew fell into a despair as instantaneous as it was cowardly and unworthy. Two ladies, Madame and Mademoiselle Chemals, wife and daughter of the governor, alone remained calm and unmoved, while veterans of Napoleon, and old sailors tried in a thousand storms and battles, screamed and shrieked like terrified madmen; others remained as if paralysed, thunderstruck, or chained to the deck, hopeless, speechless, powerless. Every countenance changed; the features of many absolutely shrank and grew hideously contracted and deformed till the first stupefaction of instantaneous and overwhelming terror passed away. The Frenchmen broke into wailing or into curses at the pseudo-pilot; and an officer who came upon deck said to the cause of all this misfortune—

“See, monsieur, what your obstinacy has done. You know I warned you.”

All that day the sailors worked with the fury of despair. The sails were lowered, the top-gallant mast was taken down, and everything prepared to get the *Medusa* off the reef. The next day the topmasts were taken off and the yards lowered, while the men heaved at an anchor a cable's length off, but both this and the bower anchor proved too weak, and could retain no hold of the sand and grey shell-sprinkled mud. The water-butts in the hold were then staved in vain, and the topmasts, yards, and booms thrown overboard to lighten the vessel.

The loss of the *Medusa* seeming imminent, and the six boats being incapable of holding four hundred persons, the governor, leaning on the capstan-head, sketched a very feasible plan for saving all hands. He ordered a raft to be instantly constructed, large enough to hold all the provisions and two hundred men. At the hour of meals the boats' crews were to meet on the raft to receive their rations. Boats and raft were to proceed together to the shore, and an armed caravan was then to be organized to push through the desert towards the island of St. Louis. The plan was well laid, but it was defeated by the indecision and cowardice of the officers, and the mutinous restlessness of the soldiers, sailors, and civilians.

The next day, the 4th, adverse currents, rising sea, and violent wind rendered all attempts to fix anchors or carry out warps useless. The despairing men continued, however, to work at the raft, and throw many of the flour-barrels and

powder-barrels overboard. In the evening, just before high water, the sailors set to with a will at the capstan. To the delight of all, the frigate at last slowly moved to the larboard, then swung perceptibly, and at last turned her head to the open sea. They were all but saved. Every one was sanguine. The *Medusa* was out of her grave-like bed, she was all but afloat; only her stern touched the sand. Nothing remained now but to haul at her with more ropes, and to throw over all the remaining flour-barrels and the fourteen twenty-four pounders. Yet all was imbecility and irresolution. The governor, knowing the scarcity of food at Senegal, was reluctant to sacrifice the flour; the captain hoped for a calm night, to send out more cables on which to haul. The opportunity was lost for ever. The tide ebbed. The frigate wallowed again, and deeper, into the sucking sand.

At night, the wind blew furiously on the shore. The sea beat high and threatening. The frigate rolled more and more hopelessly under every blow. No one slept, for the *Medusa* threatened every moment to founder or break in sunder. At last, the death-blow came; there was a quivering, a crash, and the keel was shattered in two. The ship bulged; the helm was unshipped; the broken keel, dashing against the poop, beat in the captain's cabin, and let in the sea through a dangerous breach. The men had no confidence in their officers—how could they have? About eleven o'clock the soldiers seized their arms, and took possession of various parts of the vessel, a report having been spread amongst them that the sailors were going to escape in the boats, and leave them to perish on board the frigate. The presence of the governor and his staff at last allayed their fears. In the midst of this confusion and danger the raft broke loose, and, drifting to sea, was with difficulty recovered. At three o'clock in the morning, the master caulker informed the captain, with a desponding face, that the vessel was filling fast. The pumps would not work, the hull was split, the frigate threatened to heel over; it was necessary to desert her at once.

Biscuit from the store-room was instantly placed in strong barrels, and casks were filled with wine and fresh water; but most of these were thrown overboard or left behind in the confusion and disorderly excitement. A list had been previously drawn up, assigning to each man his special boat and peculiar duty; but, in the tumult, no one obeyed orders. The moment to embark arrived. The soldiers descended first on the raft, leaving their muskets in the ship, and retaining only their sabres and a few carbines; the officers, however,

kept their fowling-pieces and pistols. There were one hundred and twenty soldiers and officers; besides these, twenty-nine sailors and passengers and one sutler woman. The large fourteen-oared barge took off the governor, his family, and thirty-two other persons; a second large boat received forty-two, and the captain's barge twenty-eight men. The long boat, by no means sound and almost without oars, held eighty-eight persons; an eight-oared boat took twenty-five sailors; and the smallest boat had on board fifteen persons, including four ladies and four children. Several men, either already drunk or afraid of the overcrowded boats, refused to leave the vessel.

The long hours of suspense upon the reef had demoralized the crew of the *Medusa*. Most men in sudden and unusual danger are little better than sheep; but these men ran about with the insane terror of frightened chickens. There was no one either to lead them or to drive them; no one to animate their faint hearts, or rally their scattered senses. Some rushed to the gangway and the ladders; others dropped from the main-chains, or flung themselves headlong into the sea.

About seven o'clock, four of the boats put eagerly to sea, the raft being still moored alongside of the frigate. When the order came to let the raft go, M. Corr  ard, a brave young engineer, who was still cool and firm, unable to move through the crowd of soldiers that surrounded him, called to one of the officers on board the barge, into which the governor was just then being lowered in his arm-chair, that he would not start until they were supplied on the raft with instruments and charts, in case of getting separated from the boats. The officer replied that they were provided with every necessary, and he was coming on board in a moment to command them. M. Corr  ard saw that man no more; for he sought his own safety on board one of the boats which were joined by tow-ropes. The base captain also pushed off in his own barge and deserted the vessel, leaving eighty men in the wreck; who uttering cries of rage and despair, were with difficulty prevented from firing on their runaway captain. Lieutenant Espiau and M. Bredil  , another engineer, returned for them with great difficulty in the leaky long boat, and rescued all but seventeen, who preferred waiting till assistance could be sent them from Senegal. The French flag was then hoisted on the wreck, the unfortunates were left to perish, and the boats got into line, led by the captain's barge, which was preceded by the pinnace. The hundred and fifty men crowded on the raft broke into excited cries of "*Vive le roi!*"

and a little white flag was hoisted on a soldier's musket. There was a pretence of order, but it was really only a selfish and cowardly scramble to land. The raft was cumbrous and slow. *Eh bien!* they would desert the raft, and leave its crew to perish. There was no irresolution about the cowards now.

Espiau, finding the long boat crazy, leaky, almost unmanageable, asked the officers of each of the boats by turns to relieve him of some twenty men. Lieutenant Maudet, of the third boat, fearing a collision, in his despair, especially as his own craft was slight and patched, let go the tow-rope. The captain made no effort to recover the rope or preserve the line, but hurried on his rowers. The governor seeing this—being by no means a candidate for martyrdom at two leagues from the frigate—resolved to let the raft go. There arose a cry of "Let's leave them." An officer kept every moment crying, "Shall I let go?" M. Clanet, a paymaster, resisted; but the rope was eventually let go, and the raft remained alone and helpless.

The despairing crowd on the raft could not at first believe that they were so ruthlessly deserted. It was thought that the boats had only parted in order to hasten to some vessel that had been seen on the horizon. The long boat, too, was still to leeward; she lowered her foresail, as if going to take up the tow-rope; but all at once she tacked, then slowly hoisted her sails and followed the division.

In fact, brave M. Espiau had strongly urged the sailors to rejoin the raft, but they feared that the people on the raft would attack them. Finding the other boat would not join him, M. Espiau at last reluctantly set sail, exclaiming—

"We shall sink, but let us show courage to the last. Let us do what we can. *Vive le roi!*"

This cry spread from boat to boat, but not one turned to save the men on the raft, who, frantic at their desertion, which, in their rage, they believed to be premeditated, swore that they would cut to pieces whosoever they overtook. Thirst and famine, pestilence and death, hovered over those miserable and doomed men; terror in the sea, terror in the burning sky. The soldiers and sailors were either petrified with despair or maddened with fear. The officers alone preserved an outward fortitude, and by degrees partially calmed or consoled the herd of howling, base, and frantic creatures.

Let us describe the floating grave which these panic-stricken men had so clumsily constructed. It was twenty metres long and seven broad, but so flimsy that only the centre could be relied upon for perfect safety, and on this space there

was barely *standing room* for fifteen men. It had neither sails nor a mast. It was composed of the *Medusa's* masts, poles, boom, and yards. The groundwork and the sides were solid, and strongly lashed and bound together; on these supports were nailed crossboards, and on the sides there was a low breastwork. The head of this lattice-work raft was formed by two top-gallant yards, which crossed each other. The angular space thus formed was crossed by slight planks, and was continually submerged. The raft had, before starting, been used as a *dépôt* for the flour-barrels. There had also been placed on it six barrels of wine and two small casks of water. But the first fifty men, finding the raft sink seventy centimètres, threw over all the flour-barrels, and let them drift away with their store of life. Even when thus lightened, the raft at the head and the stern, when the hundred and fifty men had all embarked, was still three feet under water. At the moment of putting off, a man threw down to the raft a bag with twenty-five pounds of biscuit. It fell into the sea, but the briny paste was preserved, and with the casks was carefully lashed to the cross-beams of the raft.

The commander of these unhappy people was M. Coudin, "an aspirant of the first class," to use a term of the French navy. He had injured his leg while in the Aix roads, and the salt water distressed the wound; but, being the oldest officer of his class on board the *Medusa*, he had refused to relinquish his dangerous post. His noblest coadjutor was M. Corréard, the engineer, who had been ordered to the boats, but refused to leave his twelve workmen who were on the raft. M. Savigny, the young Swiss surgeon, was also very generous in his devotion to save these unworthy men. Only two military officers had deserted their soldiers. A captain had been ordered, with thirty-six soldiers, to fire on any who should desert the raft, but he resisted his men when they began to load; the other, Lieutenant Danglas, forsook the raft, and then threatened to fire at the governor and captain, who in their turn deserted him and left him on the wreck.

The first inquiry of the abandoned men was for the charts, anchor, and compass, which they had been told had been left for them. Cries of horror and rage ran through the group of half-famished men when they found that neither compass nor chart was there. All at once, M. Corréard remembered that one of his workmen carried a small compass about the size of a crown-piece, and there was a smile of joy amongst these mobile people at the discovery. A few hours after, however, they lost it between the interstices of the raft, and had only the sun to guide them. Having left the frigate without a

meal (another fatal oversight), and having for several days had no regular food, the biscuit paste, to the last mouthful, was now mixed with wine and distributed to the men, with a pint of wine each. The crew had not yet lost all hope. The officers still spoke of safety as certain, and the sailors nourished the thought of revenge against those who had so cruelly deserted them, and whom they loaded with imprecations.

M. Coudin being unable to move, M. Savigny, the young surgeon, directed the men to erect a mast on the front of the raft, and to make shrouds and stays from a tow-rope. The sail trimmed well, but was of use only when the wind came from behind. The raft kept always in a slant position, probably from the excessive length of its cross pieces. In the evening, every one on board prayed hopefully to heaven for help out of that imminent danger. The universal belief was that the governor, once safe on the Island of Arguin, would the next day return to their assistance. Night came, the wind freshened, and the sea rose cruel and threatening. The raft rode a mere chip upon the inky waves. M. Savigny, retaining his presence of mind, fastened ropes to the bulwarks for the soldiers and the more helpless of the landsmen to hold on by when the great washing waves came breaking in on them. About midnight the sea grew more mountainous, and the shrinking soldiers were lifted from the raft at every wave. To add to the horror, the night was peculiarly dark, and the sky seemed to press down on them like a low roof of black marble. At one time, the foam of the breakers gleamed so white and phosphorescent, that the sailors, in their heated imagination, mistook it for a distant fire; and having some powder and pistols hanging to the mast, they flashed them repeatedly, till they discovered their error. Those who clung to the ropes were dashed to and fro upon the raft, and fifteen or sixteen perished unobserved. Till daybreak, nothing was heard, through the roaring of the sea and wind, but cries and groans, prayers, farewells, adjurations and vows to God.

At daybreak, the sea somewhat subsided, and the wind, as if exhausted by its own rage, lulled itself to more calmness. The sickly light showed ten or twelve poor creatures, who, entangled in the lattice-work of the raft, had broken their limbs and perished miserably. When the roll-call was made, there were nearly twenty men missing. The sea, the storm, had claimed their earliest victims, and the survivors envied them the rest of death. Amidst these horrors that sometimes harden men, the survivors shed tears at witnessing the joy of two young men who, discovering their aged father trampled and senseless under the feet of the soldiers, had by the most

assiduous care restored him to life, and were now clasping him in their arms. At this very time two lads and a baker took solemn farewell of their companions, and, throwing themselves into the sea, instantly perished. Already the minds of many of the men began to fail, and, with loud cries, some shouted that they saw land, and vessels coming to their help. As the day grew fine and sunny, they were tranquilly expecting every hour to see the boats flying to their succour. As night drew on, a deeper despair again weighed upon them. The soldiers grew mutinous, and yelled with fury at their helpless officers. When the second night came, the sky grew murky, the wind rose in fresh fury, and the sea, swelling mountains high, drove the raft forward at an incredible speed. Almost all who could not fight their way to the centre of the raft, the more solid part, were swept away by the waves, which broke fore and aft. In the centre many were trodden to death in the crowd. The officers clustered round the mast, crying out to the men to move to this side or that, when the raft, hanging almost perpendicularly on the waves, required a counter-balance to prevent it falling over, like a rearing and maddened horse.

The soldiers and sailors now abandoned all hope. They wished only to die drunk, and so escape the last pangs. They broke a large hole in a cask that was in the centre of the raft, and filling their tin cups, drank till the salt water washed in and spoiled the remainder of the wine. Crazy with hunger, fear, and drink, the men broke out into open mutiny, and swore they would butcher their officers because they would not agree to destroy the raft. The cry now was to cut the rope and let all drown at once and together. A Malay soldier, a giant of a man, with short crisp hair, sallow complexion, and a hideous distorted face, threatened to kill an officer, struck down every man who opposed him with his fist, and, fiercely waving a boarding hatchet, began to hew at the ropes that bound the edge of the raft. He was instantly killed with one blow of a sabre. The subaltern officers and passengers flew to arms. The mutineers, gathering in the dim moonlight, drew their sabres and got ready their knives. These madmen were chiefly branded galley-slaves from Toulon, Brest, and Rochefort, the scum of all countries—the sweepings of French prisons, sent to perish in Africa. They had neither courage nor endurance; they only wished to murder their commanders, pay off old scores, and roll drunk into the sea. The officers were but twenty, and they had to face more than a hundred of those mad wolves. The first mutineer who lifted a sword was instantly run through the body. This awed the soldiers

for a moment, and they retreated to the back of the raft. Seeing one of the villains cutting the ropes with his knife, the officers rushed on him and threw both him and a soldier, who tried to defend him, overboard. The *mêlée* then became general. A mutineer cried, "Lower the sail!" and, cutting the shrouds and stays, threw down the mast, which felled one of their assailants, whom they then throw into the sea. Rescued by his friends, the mutineers again seized him, and were going to cut out his eyes with a penknife. Exasperated at this cruelty, the officers and passengers charged the wretches furiously, and cut down savagely all who resisted.

M. Corréard, the engineer, roused from a sort of trance by the curses of the wounded, the groans of the dying, and the cries of "Aux armes!" "A nous, camarades!" "Nous sommes perdus!" leaped up, drew his sabre, assembled his armed workmen, and remaining at the front of the raft, stood on the defensive. Every moment they were charged by drunken mutineers armed with clubbed carbines, sabres, knives, and bayonets. The men thrown overboard also swam round, and clambering over the front of the raft attacked them in the rear.

One of the workmen, named Dominique, joining the rebels, was knocked overboard: but M. Corréard, hearing his voice over the side, dragged him back by the hair of his head, and bound up a large sabre-wound on his head. This wretch, the moment he had recovered, returned to the mutineers, and was struck dead in a subsequent charge. Such were the monsters of which the African battalion was composed, and it is difficult to lament their fate. Hearing cries and screams from the waves, M. Corréard found that the mutineers had flung the sutler and her husband into the sea, where they were frantically invoking the aid of Our Lady of Laux (department of Upper Alps). Fastened to a rope, M. Corréard rescued the woman, while an artilleryman saved her husband. The grateful woman instantly gave her preserver all that she had in the world—a little parcel of snuff, which M. Corréard presented to a sailor, who subsisted on it for four days. The soldier and his wife could hardly believe their senses when they found themselves once more safe in each other's arms.

"Save me, for I am useful," the delighted, garrulous woman said to the workmen. "I was in all the Italian campaigns; I followed the grand army twenty-four years; I braved death; I helped the wounded; I brought them brandy, whether they had money or not. In battle I generally lost some debtors, but then the survivors paid me double; so I, too, shared in every victory."

After that rough check the mutineers lost heart, and, throwing themselves at the officers' feet, asked and received pardon. At midnight, however, they broke out again, charging savagely at the officers who stood armed round the mast. The soldiers who had no arms bit the officers, and tore them with their teeth. If they got a man down, they beat him with their sabres and carbines. Sous-Lieutenant Lozach, who had served with the Vendéans under St. Pol de Léon, and was therefore obnoxious to the troops, was with difficulty rescued from their cruel hands, as they dragged him to the side. Their cry, too, was constantly for the head of Lieutenant Dauglas, who had been harsh with them when in garrison in the Isle of Rhé. They could not be persuaded that he was with the boats. They then seized M. Coudin, who held a boy in his arms, and flung them both overboard. M. Coudin, though wounded, was saved.

M. Savigny has left on record his feelings at this time. An irresistible lethargy came on, during which the most beautiful wooded country, and scenes delightful to the senses, passed before his mind. If such torpor was not resisted, men became furious, or calmly drowned themselves, saying "they were going for assistance, and would soon return." At times a soldier would rush at his comrades with his sabre drawn, and demand bread or the wing of a fowl; others called for their hammocks, saying they wanted to go between decks and get some sleep. Many believed they saw ships passing, and hailed them; others described a harbour and a magnificent city, which seemed to rise in the air. M. Corréard fancied himself travelling across the plains of Lombardy. One of the officers said to him, gravely, "I know, Corréard, that the boats have deserted us; but never fear. I have just written to the governor, and in a few hours it will be all right." M. Corréard replied in good faith, and asked if he had a carrier-pigeon to take the message. The moment the fighting ceased, the men sank again into these semi-trances, and when they awoke in the morning regarded the combats as mere nightmare dreams. With the daylight the unhappy men grew calmer; but the terror always rose up again in the darkness.

When day broke, it was found that upwards of sixty men had perished in the mutiny; about a fourth of these having drowned themselves in paroxysms of despair. Two of the loyal side had perished, but neither of them was an officer. Sobered by fatigue, the soldiers, shedding tears, loudly bewailed their fate after the demonstrative French manner. A new misfortune had happened. In spite of all the struggles

of the officers, the mutineers during the night had thrown into the sea two barrels of wine and the only two kegs of water. There was now only one cask of wine left for the sixty survivors; they at once, therefore, all put themselves on half allowance.

The sea had grown calm, and the mast was once more raised. Some of the practised sailors thought they saw a line of desert shore glittering in the distance, and tried to believe they felt the hot breath of the adjacent Sahara; but as the sail was now spread to every wind, the raft alternately approached and receded from the land. The soldiers, fainting with fatigue in the relapse from their drunken fury, still groaned out their execrations at their officers, whom they accused as the cause of their tortures. The officers, though now forty-eight hours without food, were supported by their higher moral feeling, and held up bravely. They collected tags from their men, and bent them into hooks for fishing; but the current carried them under the raft, and there they got entangled and lost. They then twisted a bayonet into a hook, but a shark bit at it and straightened it. All was useless.

Suddenly the horrible impulse of cannibalism seized the more degraded of the soldiers (it is with pity as much as indignation that we record this horror). They instantly leaped on the dead bodies that strowed the raft, cut off lumps of flesh, and devoured them voraciously. Many (especially the officers) refused to share in this unnatural meal, and still bore up, subsisting on a larger portion of wine. The men, feeling stronger after their cruel meal, set to work and dried the remaining human flesh to render it less revolting: the rest chewed at their sword-belts and cartridge-boxes, or ate pieces of their shirts and the linings of their hats, the epicures especially selecting those that were greasy.

The fourth morning's sun showed ten or twelve more dead men, and the survivors wept as they lowered them into the sea, reserving one only for food.

The day was fine, the sunshine diffused calmness in every heart, and a faint ray of hope spread over the pale and haggard faces. God heard their prayers. About four in the afternoon a large shoal of flying-fish got entangled under the raft. The men caught nearly two hundred, eating the milt at once, and storing the rest in a cask; but these fish were much smaller than herrings, and one man alone, in his raging hunger, could have eaten half the shoal. The first impulse of the men (the galley-slaves had nearly all been given to the sword and the waves) was to thank God for this goodness.

Having dried an ounce of gunpowder in the sun, and discovered a parcel with steel, gun, and tinder, the soldiers made a fire in a cask, and cooked some fish, adding to it portions of human flesh, which proved less disgusting when dressed to eke out the meal. The officers ate human flesh that day, for the first time, and from that time continued to eat it. Unfortunately, the barrel soon caught fire, and powder and tinder were all destroyed. No more food could be cooked after this. That night the officers, feeling stronger, were more tranquil, and slept better; but, as if Satan himself was on board inventing new torments, that night there was a fresh revolt and a second massacre. The dregs had still to be drawn off, the dross still to be purged in the purgatorial furnace of suffering.

A Piedmontese sergeant, who had stolen the wine which he had been entrusted to guard, had plotted with some Spaniards, Italians, and negroes to throw the officers into the sea during the night. The negroes, tempted by a bag containing some valuables and fifteen hundred francs, which was hung on the mast, had persuaded these wretches that once on land they could guide them to a place of safety. The sailors, remaining faithful, betrayed the plot. A Spaniard, clutching the mast, crossed himself with one hand, and drew his knife with the other. The sailors threw this man to the waves. An officer's servant, an Italian, seeing this, snatched up a boarding-axe, wrapped himself in some canvas, and threw himself also into the sea. The mutineers rushed forward to avenge their comrades, and a desperate and savage fight ensued. The raft again streamed with blood, and was strewn with dead bodies. The soldiers shrieked for the head of Lieutenant Danglas, and a second time threw the sutler woman into the sea, from whence M. Coudin again rescued her. At last the mutineers were driven back, and the officers sank, almost instantaneously, into a fitful sleep.

The fifth daybreak rose on only thirty men, bruised, wounded wretches, crying out with pain as the salt water inflamed their wounds. Not more than twenty could stand or walk. Only a dozen fish now left, and wine enough for four days. Beyond that time none of the crew could expect to live. That day two soldiers, discovered sucking wine from the cask, were instantly thrown into the sea, as had been before decreed. Soon after this a soldier's boy, a beautiful, brave lad, who had been the pet of the regiment, went mad, ran to and fro calling for his mother and for food and water, and eventually expired in the arms of M. Coudin.

There were now only twenty-seven survivors; of these all

but fifteen were covered with wounds, and were delirious. The sutler had broken her thigh, and her husband was wounded in the head. The dying men still lingered on half allowance, and it was calculated they would consume forty bottles of wine. After a debate, at once terrible and revolting, it was resolved to throw these wounded people into the sea. Three sailors and a soldier were the selected executioners. Their companions hid their faces and wept as the cruel work went on.

We, who have not suffered in such scenes, must not wonder at hearts turning to stone in the midst of such calamities. The deed done, all arms were thrown overboard except one sabre, which could be used to cut a rope or hew a spar.

On the ninth day a small white butterfly appeared, to the joy of every one, fluttering over the raft, then settling on the sail. Some of the soldiers watched it with feverish eyes, and would have fought for it as food had not the rest declared that they would protect it, for it was an omen of God's intended mercy. On the following day they saw more butterflies and some sea-birds, that they tried in vain to allure. The next day they raised a rude platform on the centre of the raft, over which the sea broke, but not often or violently. The men who still lived resolved at last to meet death with resignation; a lingering hope and faith still buoyed them up. The older soldiers, who had fought under Napoleon, in order to beguile the time related their adventures; the intrepid Lavillette, the artillery sergeant, being the foremost of these raconteurs.

The sun had now grown intolerably burning, the fierce heat redoubling the thirst that consumed these poor men. They fought and quarrelled for shares in a lemon, for cloves of garlic, and for some spiced tooth-liquid which had been found by chance. Many of the sailors kept their hats full of sea-water, and splashed their hair, faces, and hands repeatedly with it; others kept pieces of pewter in their mouths; one or two took their wine through a quill. A small quantity of wine now produced intoxication.

The tenth day five men declared their intention of drowning themselves when drunk. The officers did all they could to dissuade them, and fresh butchery was about to commence, when a shoal of sharks surrounded the raft, and diverted the wretches' minds from their suicidal purposes. Lavillette struck at these hideous and threatening monsters with the remaining sabre; but the most furious blows only drove them back into the sea for a few moments.

Three days more of inexpressible anguish, and many of the

men, careless of life, even bathed in sight of the sharks, or, to lessen their thirst, stood naked on the front of the raft where the waves broke. Sometimes great numbers of polypi were driven on the raft, and their long prickly arms clinging to the naked men, caused them horrible pain before they could be flung off. Still there was hope; and one man, actually joking, said, with irrepressible French gaiety—

“If the brig is sent to look for us, God grant her the eyes of an Argus.”

Thinking land near, eight of the more determined men resolved to build a small raft and row in search of shore. They nailed boards across a part of a spar, and fixed a small mast and sail, but the raft was found crazy and dangerous, and the builders let it drift away. There were now only twelve or fifteen bottles of wine left. An invincible loathing of human flesh at last seized the sufferers. The sun rose without clouds, pure and bright. The survivors had just prayed and divided the wine, when a captain of infantry, looking towards the horizon, suddenly descried a ship. There was a shout of irrepressible joy. A vessel was seen, but at so great a distance that only the tips of the masts were visible. The joy was convulsive and passionate. They returned thanks to God with one voice; but their hope was still alloyed with fear. They straightened cask hoops, and tied to them handkerchiefs of different colours; these were waved from the top of the mast by one man, aided by others. Some thought the ship grew larger; others that it receded. All at once it disappeared. The men, then struck down with the profoundest despair, lay down to die under a rude tent made of old sails, proposing to write a short detail of their sufferings on a board, sign it with their names, and fasten it to the top of the mast.

After two hours of this last agony, the master gunner, suddenly looking feebly out of the hut, uttered a shout, held his breath, and then stretched his hands towards the sea. All he said was, “Saved! the brig is close on us.” Yes, the brig, with her great white wings spread, was bearing down full on them. Then the sailors, soldiers, and officers embraced each other and wept for joy, and even the wounded men crawled out to see the messenger of God. Every one of the fifteen haggard, hollow-eyed, long-bearded men, sun-scorched, delirious, almost naked, waved signals as the well-known brig, the *Argus*, flew rapidly before the wind, and hoisted the great white flag of France, the crew standing in the shrouds waving their hats in joyful welcome. Of the one hundred and fifty persons left on the raft only fifteen remained, and of these five perished of fatigue shortly after reaching St. Louis.

Of the cowardly rascals in the boats it is waste of time to say much. They reached the coast, and made their way through the desert to Senegal, suffering by the way, and fighting, praying, and uttering lamentations and adjurations in their previous manner. Of the seventeen men left in the *Medusa* twelve perished on a raft on which they tried to reach the shore. Three men only were found alive. Each of those lived apart in a separate corner of the vessel; never meeting his companions but to fight over the provisions.

The almost incredible sufferings of the crew of the *Medusa* (the record of which reads like a dark page from the *Inferno*) created a profound sensation in Europe. Subscriptions were raised for the survivors, both in Paris and London.

Among those who showed kindness to M. Corréard, one of the most meritorious of the survivors, was a countryman of our own, Major Peddy, the successor of Mungo Park in his African expedition; but the French government never forgave M. Corréard for writing, in conjunction with M. Savigny, an account of the wreck that exposed the official incompetence, baseness, and criminal carelessness which had occasioned the loss of the *Medusa*.

*WAGER OF BATTLE. THE TRIAL OF
ABRAHAM THORNTON FOR THE MURDER
OF MARY ASHFORD.*

ON a bleak acclivity seven miles to the north-east of that vast centre of industry, Birmingham, there is a small town named Sutton Coldfield, a place of about four thousand inhabitants. On Monday, the 26th of May, 1817, Mary Ashford, a blooming girl of about twenty years of age, acting as servant to her uncle, a small farmer named Coleman, who lived at Langley Heath, in the parish of Sutton Coldfield, and three miles from Erdington, prepared to start for Birmingham market on some errands for the family. This servant-girl, standing before the bedroom glass in her pink frock, scarlet spencer, and little straw bonnet streaming with primrose-coloured ribbons, is in more than a girl's usual flutter of pretty vanity and holiday excitement; for that night, being Whit-Monday night, there will be the annual club-feast and dance at Tyburn House (an inn), a mile from Erdington, and she will meet there all the young beaux of half a dozen miles round, and, above all, a young man whom she has often seen on Sundays—that thickset, sturdy young bricklayer, Abraham Thornton, a farmer's son at Erdington. Smiling at her own pretty reflection in the glass, Mary Ashford looks over her shoulder (after the manner of girls) to see that her shawl sets well, ruffles out her bonnet-bows, and, with little quick bird-like touches, arranges her glossy hair and the set of her pink gown. Then she ties up in a bundle her clean frock, white spencer, and white stockings, for the dance in the evening, trips away at last, with a merry laugh at her uncle's warnings to be home early, and runs singing down the green lane, happy and innocent as a bird the first day it can use its wings.

At about ten o'clock that May morning, when thrushes are singing, hedges flowering, and everything is happy and rejoicing, Mary Ashford calls on her friend, Hannah Cox, servant to Mr. Machin, to leave her bundle at her (Hannah's) mother's, who lived opposite. She is to call in the evening on her way from market, change her dress, and go to the dance at Tyburn with her friend. At about six Mary Ashford returns, changes her dress, dons the clean-coloured frock and the white spencer, puts on a new pair of Hannah's shoes, and between seven and eight sets out, full of anticipation, pretty girlish chatter, and surmise.

The club-feast at Daniel Clarke's inn (Tyburn House—ill-omened name) was, like all other club-feasts, as bad a place for an innocent young woman as could well be. The house would ring with tipsy shouts, the windows shake with the compoting shuffles of the dancers. They are always alike, these club-revels: owlsh old men sit outside on the ale benches, the young wild striplings of the place, half drunk, are bragging and quarrelling; the low-roofed room is reeking with smoke; the ale is passing round much too fast; the language is coarse; all but the women are fevered or besotted with beer. There is nothing healthy or honest about the amusements, but, on the contrary, everything degradedly stupid, drunken, "raffish," and debasing.

Hannah Cox, rather frightened at the revel, remained upstairs with her sister, and only stayed in the lower room a quarter of an hour, just to see a dance or two, and who was there. She did not observe Thornton. But the dancing-room had some magnetic attraction for poor Mary, and she stayed there all the time. A little before eleven, Hannah thought it time for respectable girls to go, and came down to look for Mary. She met her at the door of the room, when Mary said she would not be long, but would come to her soon. Hannah then walked about twenty yards on the road, and waited on the bridge. Presently a man named Benjamin Carter came out, and Hannah, getting restless, sent him in to call Mary. Soon after, Mary came out with Abraham Thornton. She was going to sleep at her grandfather's, and walked homewards first, followed by Carter and Hannah. Carter walked a little way further, and then went back to the revel. Near an inn called the Old Cuckoo, Hannah lost sight of Mary and her young man. On reaching her mother's house at Erdington, Hannah went calmly to bed. In the morning, at twenty minutes to five by the cottage clock, Hannah was awoke by a knocking at the door. She went down, and found it was Mary Ashford, calm and in good spirits, and in

the same dress as she had danced in the night before. As Mary changed her dress and put on again the old pink frock and scarlet spencer in which she had gone to market on the day before, she told Hannah she had slept at her grandfather's at the top of Bell Lane. She then wrapped her boots up in her pocket-handkerchief, tied the rest of her dress and some marketing things in a napkin, and, after staying about a quarter of an hour chatting, went away.

Poor Mary, no longer honest, no longer pure, no longer happy, had deceived Hannah. She had not slept at her grandfather's; she had been about the whole night, rambling here and there with Thornton. John Humpidge, a labourer of Whitton, leaving a friend's house at Penn's Mills about a quarter before three, saw Thornton and a girl at the "ford-rift," at a stile leading into Bell Lane. Humpidge wished Thornton good-morning, but the girl held her head determinately down, and the large bonnet hid her face. This girl was Mary Ashford; of that, there can be no doubt. It is beyond dispute. Thomas Aspre, a man of Erdington, on his way to Birmingham that morning, crossed Bell Lane, leaving it on his right and Erdington on his left. It was about half-past three; he then saw Mary alone, walking very fast past a horsepond in the lane, in the direction of Mrs. Butler's, at whose house she called to change her dress. At about four the lost girl was seen by another Erdington labourer, named Dawson, coming from Erdington. John Kesterton, a farmer's man at Erdington, who had got up soon after two to "fettle" his horses, harnessed them to the waggon at four, and watered them at the pond in Bell Lane. At a quarter-past four, Kesterton turned the horses round, and made straight for Birmingham, through Erdington. Turning by some chance impulse to look back a little past Mrs. Butler's—for the road was quiet and lonely enough at that hour—he saw Mary Ashford, whom he knew well, coming out of the entry to widow Butler's cottage. He smacked his whip to make her startle, and she turned and looked at him. No one was with her. She passed up Bell Lane, and seemed to be in a great hurry. She had on a straw bonnet and a scarlet spencer, and carried a bundle in her left hand. The road she took led both to her grandfather's, where she ought to have slept, and her uncle's, to whom she was servant.

At five o'clock George Jackson, a Birmingham gun-borer, who had left Moor Street, Birmingham, on his way beyond Penn's Mills to seek work, came past the workhouse at Erdington. He turned out of Bell Lane about half-past six into the ford-rift leading to Penn's Mills, going along the foot-

road till he came to a pit close by the footpath. As he came near it he observed, to his extreme horror, in the pure morning sunlight, a bonnet, a pair of shoes, and a bundle, close by the slope that overhung the pit: one shoe was all over blood. The pit was in a grass-field, separated from the carriage-road only by a hedge, and near a stile. The things were about a foot below the top of the slope, and about four yards below spread the dark water of the pit-mouth. There had evidently been a murder, and the body must lie weltering in that pool. Jackson, frightened, instantly ran to Penn's Mills, half a mile off, for assistance; but at the nearest house, finding a man named Lawell coming out, he told him to stop and guard the things while he ran to the mills. Some labourers came from the mills and passed an eel-rake through the water. Yes, there it was—a woman's body, duckweed and leaves and mud on the pale cold face. It was poor Mary Ashford, recognized in a moment by her scarlet spencer and pink gown; murdered beyond a doubt; her clothes were steeped in blood. She had been abused, then murdered. That was the universal belief.

One of the workmen at Penn's Mills instantly went along the harrowed field beyond the pit to see if he could trace the footsteps of the poor girl and her murderer. Going to the pit from Erdington he found footprints of a woman and a man; they were close together, and appeared like the footprints of persons running, both by the stride and the depth of the impressions. Near the pit, the footprints doubled backwards and forwards, as if one person had chased the other. The footsteps were trackable near the grass, but not on it, and were visible on the harrowed ground. The prints were traceable on the grass by a dry pit, then towards a water-pit in the harrowed field. The woman's steps were nearest the pit. The footprints of a man were also visible the contrary way, as if running back on the harrowed ground to the gate at the far corner across the footpath, which led over a clover-field towards Pipe Hall, and by a short cut to Castle Bromwich. There was a man's footprint near the edge of the declivity; there was blood about forty yards off the pit, and some as near as fourteen yards; there was also a track of blood lying thick upon the clover in the direction of the pit. The footpath was about one hundred and forty yards from the dry pit on one side, and the wet pit on the other.

Thornton was instantly arrested, and examined at Tyburn, the scene of that unhappy revel. He owned to guilty association with the girl, and at once made the following statement:

He said he was "a bricklayer; that he came to the Three Tuns at Tyburn about six o'clock the night before, where there was a dance; that he danced a dance or two with the landlord's daughter, but whether he danced with Mary Ashford or not he could not recollect. Examinant stayed till about twelve o'clock; he then went away with Mary Ashford, Benjamin Carter, and a young woman, whom he understood to be Mr. Machin's housekeeper, of Erdington; that they walked together as far as Mr. Potter's; Carter and the housekeeper went on towards Erdington, examinant and Mary Ashford went on as far as Mr. Freeman's; they then turned to the right, and went along a lane till they came to a gate and stile on the right-hand side of the road; they then went over the stile, and into the next piece, along the foot-road; they continued along the foot-road four or five fields, but cannot exactly tell how many. Examinant and Mary Ashford then returned the same road; when they came to the gate and stile, they first got over; they stood there ten minutes or a quarter of an hour talking; it might be then about three o'clock. Whilst they stood there a man came by (examinant did not know who); he had on a jacket of a brown colour; the man was coming along the footpath they had returned along; examinant said, 'Good-morning,' and the man said the same; examinant asked Mary Ashford if she knew the man; she did not know whether she knew him or not, but thought he was one who had been at Tyburn; that examinant and Mary Ashford stayed at the stile a quarter of an hour afterwards; they then went straight up to Mr. Freeman's again, crossed the road, and went on towards Erdington, till he came to a grass-field on the right-hand side the road, within about a hundred yards of Mr. Greensall's, in Erdington; Mary Ashford walked on; examinant never saw her afterwards. It was nearly opposite to Mr. Greensall's. Whilst he was in the field he saw a man cross the road to James's, but he did not know who he was; he (Thornton) then went on for Erdington Workhouse to see if he could see Mary Ashford; he stopped upon the green about five minutes to wait for her; it was four o'clock, or ten minutes after four o'clock. Examinant went by Shipley's, on his road home, and afterwards by John Holden's, where he saw a man and woman with some milk-cans, and a young man driving some cows out of a field, whom he thought to be Holden's son. He then went towards Mr. Twamley's mill, where he saw Mr. Hatton's keeper taking rubbish out of the nets at the flood-gates. He asked the man what o'clock it was; he answered, 'Near five o'clock, or five.' He knew the keeper. Twamley's mill is about a mile and a

quarter from his father's house, with whom he lives. The first person he saw was Edward Leake, a servant of his father's, and a boy; his mother was up. He took off a black coat he had on, and put on the one he now wears, which hung up in the kitchen, changed his hat, and left them both in the house; he did not change his shoes or stockings, though his shoes were rather wet from having walked across the meadows. That examinant knew Mary Ashford when she lived at the Swan at Erdington, but was not particularly intimate with her; he had not seen Mary Ashford for a considerable time before he met her at Tyburn. Examinant had been drinking the whole evening, but not so much as to be intoxicated."

Abraham Thornton, against whom public opinion ran high, was tried for the murder of Mary Ashford, before Mr. Justice Holroyd, at the Warwick assizes, on August 8th, Mr. Reynolds appearing for the defence. The prosecution chiefly relied on the deceased having been last seen with the prisoner in the fields not long before she called at Butler's and changed her dress. Great stress was also laid on the footmarks in the newly harrowed field adjoining the pit where the poor girl's body was found. They exactly fitted Thornton's and Mary Ashford's shoes. There were some nails projecting from the side of one of Thornton's shoes, and the traces of those two nails were visible in several of the footsteps, particularly in one in which a bit of short stick had thrown the foot up. It was also proved that the prisoner had spoken to a man at the Tyburn House dance, and asked who Mary Ashford was, then recognizing her as having been a servant at the Swan Inn, Erdington, declared that he should go home with her that night, as he had known her sister before. He was dancing with her when Hannah Cox, after waiting half an hour at the bridge for Mary, had sent Carter for her.

Black as these things looked, the defence was very able and very convincing. It was contended that little stress could be laid on the footprints. Labourer's shoes, made by the same shoemaker, almost exactly resemble each other. Moreover, so many persons from Penn's Mills had crowded to the field and pit on hearing of the murder, that all means of identifying the first footprints were soon destroyed. All the footprints, in fact, except two that were at once covered with boards, were effaced by a heavy thunderstorm that broke soon after over the scene of guilt. If Thornton's story were true, the footprints were really his and Mary Ashford's, for they had been in those fields on their way from Tyburn House. Mary Ashford left Butler's house at nineteen minutes after four.

At about half-past four Thornton was seen by William Jennens, a milkman, as he was milking cows at Mr. Holden's farm, passing towards the meadows leading to Castle Bromwich. He was walking very gently, and was not at all heated or agitated. About five minutes after five John Heydon, gamekeeper to John Rutter, Esq., at Castle Bromwich, saw Thornton-as he (Heydon) was taking up the flood-gates and examining the nets at Castle Bromwich Mill. Thornton told the keeper he had been taking a girl home from the Tyburn club. He was sober, and did not appear heated, but said he was "much tired." He stayed a quarter of an hour talking. He then went on in the direction of his father's house. The Bromwich stable-clock was proved to have been fifteen minutes faster than Birmingham time; it was, therefore, only seven or eight minutes before five when Thornton spoke to the keeper. It was, therefore, wisely and convincingly contended that it was impossible the prisoner, between nineteen minutes past four and twenty-five or thirty minutes past four, when he was seen by the milkman, could have abused and murdered Mary Ashford, and got over the intervening distance.

The distances were most material in the case, and must be examined before Thornton's case can be fully understood. Mary's nearest road to the pit from Butler's house measured one mile two furlongs and thirty-eight yards. From the pit to Holden's, even across hedge and ditch, was one mile four furlongs sixty-one yards. But then the hedges would have delayed him, and, taking the way a murderer would probably have gone for expedition, the distance would have been two miles two furlongs forty-seven yards from the pit to Holden's, making a total distance of three miles four furlongs eighty-five yards. This calculation, which is bound on all sides by the most stringent observation, left only eleven minutes for the deceased's walk from Butler's house to the pit, for the assault, the death, and the struggle, after a pursuit (as the prosecution surmised), and the carrying the girl's body thirty yards to the pit, and placing the bundle and shoes on the slope. To do all this, Thornton, a stout short man with clumsy legs, must have leaped over the country at the rate of fifteen miles an hour. It was also proved that deceased had no wound or bruise upon her, and that the blood found proceeded from natural causes. Mr. Sadler, the prisoner's solicitor, complained much at the time of the cruel reports spread against Thornton, the pamphlets and songs, that rendered it difficult to find an unbiassed jury. The county magistrates themselves were strongly prejudiced against Thornton, and had pursued their investigations with the acrimony of

partisans, who had quite made up their mind that Thornton had abused and murdered Mary Ashford after she left Butler's house; although it was proved (by circumstances which we need not recapitulate) that Thornton and the girl had been together all night, and that Mary Ashford had returned to her friend with a lie in her mouth, smiling, and without a word of complaint.

It also appears that a certain rash and hasty county magistrate went to Birmingham jail and reproached Thornton for having denied that he had seen the girl again after she went home to Gress. He also expressed his astonishment at Thornton being able to eat (he was at dinner), and said to him, very unwisely—

"You'll be hanged, and your body will be given to the surgeons to be dissected; you've long deserved it, for you've cost your father many a hundred pounds before for getting you out of scrapes like this."

It was also clear that the deceased could have thrown herself from the bank six feet high into the water. There was no sign of a struggle near the pit, and although there were two labourers' houses within a hundred and fifty yards of the pit, and men were beginning to stir for milking, bird-minding, and stable-cleaning, there were no cries for help heard, notwithstanding Mary Ashford was a vigorous and robust girl in the prime of life.

The prisoner's conduct after leaving Mary Ashford was quiet and straightforward. He got home about five. He then changed his black coat for a damson-coloured one, but did not change his shoes or stockings, though the former were wet. When arrested at ten o'clock, he at once confessed he had spent the night with Mary Ashford, but said he had left her near Butler's, and gone home after having waited five minutes for her on Erdington Green. There was nothing to impugn this statement, and Thornton was acquitted by the jury.

In reviewing this intensely interesting case, earnestly, judiciously, and dispassionately, we are fully of opinion that the verdict was a just one. It is true Thornton confessed that he waited to see the girl on her way to her uncle's; but he could not have committed the crime (for which there was no motive), and arrived calm and cool at the flood-gates in the time. There is only One who will ever know who committed that cruel crime—if it were a crime; but let us examine the worst possible conjectures. If Thornton murdered the girl, he must have met her again, assaulted her, then thrown her, while fainting, into the pit, to prevent

discovery ; but her previous guilt renders this unlikely. Or, she might have pressed him to promise marriage, and he in a rage might have thrown her into the pit ; but if this remorse were on her mind, how could she have returned in such good spirits to her friend at Butler's ? Three other conjectures (reconcilable with Thornton's innocence) seem to us more reasonable.

First, she might have been assaulted and murdered by some rambling tramp from Birmingham, or some labourer on his way to work. Tramps can easily escape, for they leave no clue ; labourers have a right to be out éarly, in the fields. But, then, why were the things placed deliberately on the edge of the slope ? By design of the murderer ? We doubt it.

Secondly, did not Mary Ashford try to go down to the water to wash, and, in the attempt, accidentally drown herself ?

Thirdly (and this we think is the most probable), the girl alone, the excitement of the guilty revel and its fatal consequences gone off, the flush of perhaps more beer and spirits than a country girl was in the habit of taking having passed away, there came a sudden pang—a bitter and unbearable pang of conscience—an awakening of innocent horror at the night and its results—a dread of consequences, of shame, of discovery ; then one look round of bitter parting at the fields, the sky, the awakening birds, and the dewy flowers ; a hurried placing down of the bundle, the shoes, and the bonnet, and a desperate plunge into death.

Had there been a struggle, short as it might have been, there must have been traces of it at the pit's edge, and there would have been bruises on the girl's throat or chest.

Public feeling was, however, far too much set on Thornton's death, to be satisfied with this verdict of acquittal.

A letter-press description, strongly coloured, together with a sketch of the pit and a drawing of Mary Ashford, were published by Mr. Lines, and engraved by Mr. Radcliffe, of Birmingham. A hot-pressed map (15 by 11) also appeared, and "An Antidote to Prejudice" was followed by "An Investigation of the Case." The Rev. Luke Booker also published a moral review of the conduct and case of Mary Ashford, in refutation of the arguments adduced in defence of her supposed violator and murderer, which concluded with : "*A proposed Epitaph.*—As a warning to female virtue, this monument is erected over the remains of Mary Ashford, a young woman chaste as she was beautiful, who, in the twentieth year of her age, having incautiously repaired to a

scene of amusement, without proper protection, was brutally violated and murdered on the 27th of May, 1817, in the parish of Aston.

“ ‘Lovely and chaste as is the primrose pale,
Rifled of virgin sweetness by the gale,
Mary! The wretch, who thee remorseless slew,
Will surely God’s avenging wrath pursue.
For, though the deed of blood be veiled in night,
“Will not the Judge of all the earth do right?”
Fair, blighted flower! The muse, that weeps thy doom,
Bears o’er thy sleeping dust this warning tomb!’ ”

To answer the last-named work there was published “A Reply to the Remarks of the Rev. Luke Booker, LL.D., in a pamphlet entitled ‘A Moral Review of the Conduct and Case of Mary Ashford, etc.’ By a Friend to Justice.”

There also appeared, “Observations upon the case of Abraham Thornton, etc.; showing the danger of pressing presumptive evidence too far, together with the only true and authentic account yet published of the evidence given at the trial, the examination of the prisoner, etc. And a correct plan of the *locus in quo*. By Edward Holroyd, of Gray’s Inn.”

There were also two very wild dramas on the subject: one of them entitled “The Murdered Maid; or, The Clock Struck Four! A drama in three acts.” The other, “The Mysterious Murder; or, What’s the Clock? A melodrama in three acts. Founded on a tale too true.”

Funds were procured, and a clever local solicitor, raking up an old un repealed statute, induced the brother of Mary Ashford, as her heir, to take proceedings for an “appeal of murder” against Abraham Thornton, who was arrested by the sheriff of Warwick on the 1st of October. On the 16th of November term, William Ashford appeared in the Court of King’s Bench, at Westminster, as appellant, and Abraham Thornton was brought up on a writ of habeas corpus as appellee. Mr. Reynolds and Mr. Reader defended Thornton. Lord Ellenborough and the other judges took their seats at eleven. Ashford’s counsel were Messrs. Clarke, Gurney, and Chitty. Ashford was a short, slight-made man of twenty, with sandy hair and blue eyes; Thornton, a short, very fat, robust man, with full cheeks, fresh complexion, and a confident smile on his by no means forbidding countenance. The court was densely crowded, and the place almost taken by storm. Lord Yarmouth and Lord Montford were conspicuous among the spectators.

There was a vague feeling that the old trial by ordeal was

to be revived—single combat in the lists—a tournament in full plate armour, with trumpets blowing, and the law-judges standing by to cheer on the two combatants; the drowsiest and most briefless old lingerer on the back benches at the Westminster court kindled with curiosity, and began to pore over Bracton and Spelman for the last precedent of such an extraordinary way of discovering the innocence or guilt of a prisoner who had already stood his trial.

Mr. Le Blanc concluded the reading of the record by saying, "Are you guilty or not guilty of the said felony and murder whereof you stand so appealed?" Mr. Reader then put into the prisoner's hand a slip of paper, from which he read, "Not guilty; and I am ready to defend the same with my body." Mr. Reader had likewise handed a pair of large gauntlets or gloves to the prisoner, one of which he put on, and the other, *in pursuance of the old form he threw down for the appellant to take up.* The glove was not taken up. Ashford's counsel disputed the right of Thornton to "wager of battle," and were ready to fight it out with tongues and not spears.

Mr. Le Blanc: Your plea is, that you are not guilty, and that you are ready to defend that plea with your body?

The prisoner: It is.

The appellant then stood up in front of Mr. Clarke.

Lord Ellenborough: What have you got to say, Mr. Clarke?

Mr. Clarke: I did not expect, my lord, at this time of day, that this sort of demand would have been made. I must confess that I am surprised that the charge against the prisoner should be put to issue in this way. The trial by battle is an obsolete practice, which has long since been out of use, and it would appear to me extraordinary indeed, if the person who has murdered the sister should, as the law exists in these enlightened times, be allowed to prove his innocence by murdering the brother also, or, at least, by an attempt to do so.

Lord Ellenborough: It is the law of England, Mr. Clarke; we must not call it murder.

Mr. Clarke: I may have used too strong an expression, my lord, in saying murdering the brother; but, at all events, it is no less than killing. I apprehend, however, that the course to be taken is in a great measure discretionary; and it will be for the court to determine, under all the circumstances, whether they will permit a battle to be waged in this case or not.

Mr. Clarke then put in a counter-plea that the applicant

was incompetent, from youth and want of bodily strength, to fairly meet the appellee in battle, and trusted the court would waive the right of battle, and direct a new trial by jury.

On November 22nd the case again came on, and Ashford counter-pleaded that there were circumstances which induced the most violent presumption of Thornton's guilt, and that in such cases the law was that he could not be permitted to wage battle, but must be tried by his country. The proceedings were postponed till the next term. This interim lawyers all over England devoted to antiquarian researches into the absurd old custom revived as a clever checkmate to the iniquitous persecution of an acquitted man. It was found that in Spelman's time there had been a quashed case of the same kind. In *Monstrelet*, a case was discovered in which Brunecte, a gentleman of Hainault, charged Soltier Bernaige, a gentleman of Flanders, with murder. Brunecte overcame his adversary, forced him to confess his crime, and gave him over to the headsman. Then in *St. Palaye's Mémoires sur l'Ancienne Chevalerie* they discovered the case of the Dog of Montargis (since distinguished on the stage), who in judicial combat forced the Chevalier Macaire to confess the murder of his (the dog's) master, the Chevalier Aubri de Montdidier. Shakespeare's Henry the Sixth furnished another instance. Dugdale, Bracton, and Fleta all agreed that the following was the form the trial should assume: If the appellant took up the glove, the defendant would lay his right hand on the Gospels, and taking hold of the appellant's right hand with his left, would swear that he did not commit the murder. The appellant, with the same formula, would assert the guilt of the defendant, kissing the book as he repeated the oath. The lists were to be sixty feet square, the sides, due north, south, east, and west. Places were to be provided for the judges and the bar. On the day fixed the court was to proceed to the lists from Westminster Hall at sunrise, the judges in their full robes. When they were seated, proclamation would be made for the combatants, who were then to appear with bare heads, arms, and legs, each led by a person carrying his bâton of an ell long, and tipped with horn, and preceded by another carrying his square double-leather target. On entering the lists, the combatants were to make congés to the judges, and take the following absurd oath against witchcraft and sorcery:

"Hear this, ye justices, that I, —, have this day neither ate nor drunk, nor have upon me bone, stone, nor grass, nor have done anything, nor any other for me, whereby the law

of God may be depressed, and the law of the devil exalted. So help me God!"

Then, after a proclamation of silence, under pain of imprisonment for a year and a day, the combat was to begin, and to continue till either party was vanquished, or till the stars appeared in the evening. If the appellant was defeated, he would be subject to a year's imprisonment and fine, and must make restitution as damages; but if the appellant turned *craven*, and gave up the fight, he became infamous, and lost the privileges of a freeman. If the defendant was defeated, he was to be instantly executed—nor could even the king pardon him; but if he was victorious, he could maintain the fight till the evening, he was to be honourably acquitted.

There was also much serious and very angry discussion as to whether Blackstone was right in thinking that the wager of battle was originally a Saxon substitute for the wergild, or compensation money; or whether it had not rather been a substitute for the Norman trial by combat.

On the 24th of January, 1818, the vexed case was again tried. Thornton replied, stating all the facts in his favour, and claimed a right to the combat. On the 29th it was again discussed; and on February 7th, Mr. Tyndall appeared for the defendant. On April 16th, Lord Ellenborough gave the final decision. He said—

"The general law of the land is that there shall be a trial by battle in cases of appeal, unless the party brings himself within some of the exceptions. The only exception relied on in this case is the exception with reference to the case in Bracton, which relates to a case so clear as to exclude all doubt, and would not admit of proof to the contrary, by means whereof the party never could deny the fact alleged. The discussion which has taken place here, and the consideration which has been given to the facts alleged, most conclusively show that this is not a case that can admit of no denial or proof to the contrary; under these circumstances, however obnoxious I am myself to the trial by battle, it is the mode of trial which we, in our judicial character, are bound to award. We are delivering the law as it is, and not as we wish it to be, and therefore we must pronounce our judgment, that the battle must take place, unless the party reserves for our consideration whether, under the circumstances of the case, the defendant is entitled *to go without a day*, which is a point for further consideration; and on the part of the appellant it shall be considered necessary to advise on that point. At present we pronounce that there be trial by battle, unless

the appellant show reason why the defendant should not depart without a day."

On April 21st, Ashford not having accepted the wager of battle, the appeal was urged, and Thornton was discharged. The crowd were so threatening and turbulent, that he had to be concealed in a private room until they dispersed.

This was the last instance of trial by battle being demanded in an English court. In the following session, the rusty old act of parliament under which the appeal was made, was repealed. Wager of battle had only been snatched up as a weapon of defence, exciting as great astonishment in Thornton's adversaries as the bows and arrows used by a Tartar regiment at Austerlitz produced on the Grenadiers of Napoleon. It is a pity that our statute-book should still contain sections as mischievous and dead as that page of whose removal we have given the brief history.

Poor Mary Ashford's grave at Sutton Coldfield is still a place of pilgrimage for holiday visitors from Birmingham. The tombstone, with the epitaph before given, was erected by subscription. As for Thornton, who had up to this time been respected at Erdington, he went to America, where he followed his trade of a bricklayer, married, throve, had children, and died some years ago. In the January only of this very year (1867), William Ashford, the brother of the murdered girl, and for many years a fish-hawker, was found dead in his bed in New John Street, Birmingham. He was seventy years old. The causes of Mary Ashford's death, only the Last Day can now reveal.

THE CATO STREET CONSPIRACY (1820).

ON the accession of George the Fourth to the throne, January 29th, 1820, Lord Harrowby, President of the Privy Council, issued invitations to the cabinet ministers to dine with him on February 23rd, according to prescribed custom, at his house, No. 39, Grosvenor Square. The death and funeral of the old king in January had, it may be mentioned, led to the suspension of cabinet dinners. The following well-known persons were the guests invited: the Earl of Liverpool, Lord Chancellor Eldon, Mr. Vansittart, Earl Bathurst, Lord Castlereagh, Lord Sidmouth, the Earl of Westmoreland, Lord Melville, the Duke of Wellington, Mr. Canning, Mr. Robinson, Mr. Bathurst, Mr. Wellesley Pole, and the Earl of Mulgrave.

The year 1819 had been a troublous one. The dissipation and reckless extravagance of the Regent, the dearth of bread, the oppressive taxation, the Spafields riots, and, lastly, the unnecessary brutality of the Lancashire yeomen and the soldiers at the Peterloo meeting, had combined to irritate the poorer people and render them disaffected to the Government. Reform and education had become subjects of discussion with all enlightened men; the desperate and the fanatical brooded over revolution, conspiracy, and violence.

Spies had been at work fomenting and urging forward plots, and the ministers, for many weeks, had had inklings of some impending danger. There had been apprehensions of a rising on the night of the old king's funeral, but the conspirators, it was ascertained, had then altered their plans and projected a more cruel and wholesale massacre, urged on by the Government spies, who had pretended to enlist themselves in their cause only the sooner to drag them to the scaffold.

The day before the cabinet dinner, as Lord Harrowby was riding in the Park, alone, and preparatory to attending a council at Carlton Palace, a bankrupt milkman, named Hiden, approached him at Grosvenor Gate, and handed him a letter directed to Lord Castlereagh—a letter which, he said, was of considerable importance to both their lordships. The man wishing a second interview, Lord Harrowby met him next morning by appointment among the young plantations in the ring at Hyde Park.

Hiden then revealed the plots of a knot of conspirators who held meetings in a loft over a stable in Cato Street (now Homer Street), Edgware Road, their leader a gambler named Thistlewood, who had been formerly in the marines, and afterwards a subaltern, in a West India regiment. Their plan was to seize two pieces of cannon that were in Gray's Inn Lane, at the stables of the City Light Horse Volunteers, and six pieces from the Finsbury Artillery Ground, to take the Bank of England, set fire to New Farnival's Inn, the Portman Street barracks, and also buildings in other parts of London, to destroy the telegraph to Woolwich, and, establishing a provisional government at the Mansion House, to send emissaries to Dover, Brighton, Ramsgate, and Margate, to prevent obnoxious persons escaping.

But the preliminary blow contemplated by these ferocious assassins was even more terrible.

Four and twenty men, armed with pistols, sabres, knives, pikes, hand-grenades, and blunderbusses, were to proceed to Lord Harrowby's house when the company was assembled. Thistlewood was to knock at the door, and hand a letter to the footman. Directly the door opened, the band would rush in and seize the servants, threatening them with instant death if they resisted or gave the alarm. The stairs were next to be seized and guarded by men with fire-arms and grenades. If any one attempted to escape from above or below, hand-grenades were to be dashed in among them. Two men were also to be placed at the same time at the area, and, armed with grenades and blunderbusses, to stop all fugitives with showers of shot and fire. Two swordsmen (old soldiers), told off for the higher class of murder, followed by the rest, were then to rush into the dining-room and kill every one—the bad for their oppression, the good for keeping such evil company. Ings, a pork-butcher, the most savage of the crew, was going to arm himself with a brace of pistols, a cutlass, and a specially prepared knife of great strength, weight, and keenness, and, cutting off the heads of Lord Castlereagh and Lord Sidmouth, carry them off (for some un-

defined purpose) in two bags bought for the horrible occasion. Ings's cry, as they tore into Lord Harrowby's dining-room, was to be—

"Well, my lords, I have got as good men here as the Manchester yeomanry. Citizens, do your duty."

These words are significant. The citizens evidently meant to renew the horrors of the French Revolution, believing the popular disaffection to be general; and the allusion to Peterloo showed how deeply the cruelties of that day had struck into the hearts of the poorer classes.

In the mean time, other persons besides Hiden had betrayed the conspirators. Dwyer, an Irish bricklayer, who had been employed to muster his countrymen, and to carry off the fire-arms from the Foundling, had informed the Secretary of State by means of a Major James. An infamous informer, named Edwards, a modeller and image-seller at Windsor, had also spoken to a gentleman of the king's household.

Lord Harrowby was wary, and did nothing to scare the assassins. The dinner was secretly put off, but not publicly or in the newspapers. The Archbishop of York, who lived next door, having a dinner the same day and hour, the carriages arriving at that house deceived the watchers whom Thistlewood had placed for the whole day and night before in the square, and no alarm was excited in the minds of the gang.

On the afternoon of the 23rd, Lord Harrowby, sending word to his brother ministers, took refuge in Lord Liverpool's house, nor did he write to his servants to countermand the dinner till eight o'clock in the evening. At nine, Thistlewood and his men were to enter Grosvenor Square.

At the time of the conspiracy, Thistlewood lived in a two-pair front room in Stanhope Street, Clare Market, and had long before his last fatal plot been tried for treasonable practices and acquitted, but afterwards, on a charge of abetting Dr. Watson's son in the Spafields riot, had been imprisoned in Horsham jail. While there, he had been foolish enough to send a challenge to Lord Sidmouth. There can be no doubt that he was a rancorous, savage-tempered, malignant man, capable of any crime to effect certain undefined political changes. Thistlewood had resolved to have the meetings at his own house; but there happened to be a Bow Street officer living opposite, and he was afraid of the committees being discovered. Brunt, his savage lieutenant and secretary, was a boot-closer of the humblest kind, who rented two miserable rooms for his wife, child, and apprentice in Fox Court, Gray's Inn Lane. The treasonable meetings were held in a room in

the same house in which the prisoner Ings, the pork-butcher, also resided. Davidson, a third conspirator, a man of colour, was a cabinet-maker. Adams (the informer) and Harrison, one of the selected "swordsmen," had both been soldiers in the Life Guards. These men had frequently met in a back room in the yard of the White Hart public-house, Brook's Market, where they had been observed by Bow Street officers. The depôt for powder and arms was at the house of a conspirator named Tidd, who lived in the Hole-in-the-Wall Passage, near Brook's Market. Harrison, while the plot was still ripening, had rented a stable in Cato Street, Edgware Road. This obscure street lies between John Street on the east, and Queen Street on the west.

The stable belonged to General Watson, then abroad, and a month or two before had been used as a cow-shed by a milkman named Firth. It is the first building on the right as you enter from John Street. Nearly opposite Cato Street was a public-house called the Horse and Groom, where the conspirators assembled to drink and discuss preliminaries. The street in which the deserted stable stood was accessible from John Street by an archway, and opened into Queen Street by a path guarded by posts for foot passengers only. The stable had three stalls and a cart-shed. Nearly opposite the door was a step-ladder leading to a hayloft, and opening from this loft, which had, we believe, been used as a carpenter's shop, were two small rooms over the cart-house. The loft had two windows, one looking on the street, and this was kept covered with canvas, to prevent any one seeing in. The door of the hayloft, looking into the street, was kept strongly barred. In the floor of the loft were two long apertures for hay, which opened on the racks in the stable below.

About three o'clock on the afternoon of the 23rd of February, 1820, a man living at No. 3, Cato Street, observed Harrison, the soldier, at work cleaning the stable, and about half-past four, when he returned from work, the same man saw Davidson pacing up and down the archway in John Street, as if waiting for some one. About six o'clock, a woman living in the same street was startled by a man of colour, who had previously alarmed her by his dark face, suddenly presenting himself, and asking for a light for his candle; another inhabitant at No. 2 also watched twenty to thirty shabby men go in and out of the stable carrying bags and bundles. One of them, as he stooped, had shown that he was armed.

Several rendezvous had been appointed for the conspirators. Some were to assemble near John Street, and to be brought

to the stable by safe men ; others were directed to the Horse and Groom. Tidd gathered his party at Hole-in-the-Wall Passage, Brunt at Fox's Court, while Thistlewood was to go straight to Cato Street, where the blunderbusses, daggers, pistols, swords, pikes, pitch-balls, and hand-grenades had by this time been collected.

At two o'clock on the afternoon of that day eight or ten of the conspirators met at Brunt's room, to fit flints to pistols and slings to cutlasses. Many of the men were still ignorant of what was to be done. They were only to be told at the stable, when it was too late to retract. On Thistlewood's arriving, he said—

"Well, my lads, this looks something like as if you were going to do something."

He then promised to give the men liquor, and sent out for drink for the informer Adams, who seemed very much depressed.

At the same time he sent for cartridge-paper, on which proclamations could be written. He then sat down and wrote :—

"Your tyrants are destroyed—the friends of liberty are called upon, as the provisional government is now sitting.

"JAMES INGS, Secretary.

"February 23, 1820."

These bills were to be pasted up near the houses that were to be set on fire, and would, it was supposed, arouse the people. When Thistlewood had written three of the bills he said he was tired, and did not know what was the matter with him ; he could write no more. Another man then wrote a fourth. In the mean time Ings, with butcherly eagerness for blood, was preparing himself for action. He put on a black belt to hold two pistols, a belt round his shoulder for a cutlass, and two large canvas havresacks, in which, he swore, he intended to carry the heads of Lord Castlereagh and Lord Sidmouth, before setting them on pikes and carrying them before the captured cannon. When he had done all this, he viewed himself complacently, and said, with professional jocosity—

"I have not got my steel—I am not complete ; but never mind."

He then drew a large, heavy, broad butcher's knife from his pocket, and showed the new-ground edge, and the handle bound round with dark waxed thread, to prevent his hand slipping, as he said, "when he should be at work." With

that knife he swore he would cut off the heads "of Castle-reagh and the rest as he came at them."

In the momentary absence of the dreaded Thistlewood and Brunt, a man named Palin said he hoped all present knew what they had met there for, and had considered whether the assassination would be approved by the country, and would really draw the people to their help. Just then Brunt returned. Observing an alteration in the men's countenances, and being told the reason, he said—

"This is not the place. Go with me to Edgware Road. There you shall know what you are going about, and all that goes along with me I will take care shall have a drop of something to drink to put them in spirits."

The conspirators, then armed themselves, put on their great-coats to conceal their weapons, and started for the rendezvous.

In the stable the men began at once to clean the arms, which were lying on a bench in the loft, and to ferrule the pikes. The non-arrival of Tidd and his contingent, however, alarmed Thistlewood, and produced confusion among the conspirators, as they already knew that Lord Sidmouth had had intimation of their meetings in Brook's Market.

Ings, seeing his comrades' faces lengthen, began to stamp and swear, and tear his hair.

"If you begin to talk of dropping the concern now," he said, "I will either cut my throat or shoot myself."

Brunt said there was no occasion for uneasiness; he would forfeit his existence if Tidd was not forthcoming. Thistlewood kept quiet, and said—

"For God's sake do not think of dropping the business now; if you do, it will turn out a second Despard job." Then he looked round and said, "You seem to think there are not men sufficient." (He cast up the number.) "Let us see, there are eighteen here, and two below; that makes twenty; that is quite sufficient; suppose there to be sixteen servants in Lord Harrowby's house, they are not armed; we shall go prepared, and it will not take us, from entering the house and coming out, more than ten minutes."

Fourteen men were to execute the murders, and six to be left to guard the servants. As the fourteen men were volunteering and being called out, Tidd entered, and Thistlewood, probably suspecting him to be a waverer, fixed his eyes sternly upon him; but, seeing Adams watching him, he turned away directly. Adams going up to Tidd, said to him, tentatively—

"Don't you think this is a pretty set out? Do you think they will be able to do this thing?"

Tidd replied, in an ominous whisper, "Never."

Brunt had just produced a gin-bottle from his pocket to prime the assassins, when Adams heard somebody in the stable below.

Yes, the toils had long slowly been gathering round these desperate wretches. Into that loft, as into a full rat-pit, the sharp-toothed terriers of the law were ready to dash. In other rooms besides that of Cato Street cutlasses had been that morning ground, and pistol-flints fitted. The Bow Street officers had already been lurking about the Horse and Groom public-house, and had secured a pike-stave left by one of the conspirators. About half-past eight, twelve of them had met by appointment near John Street, and moved on together towards the well-marked stable. In the mean time, Lieutenant Fitzclarence, with a picquet of the Coldstream Guards, had been sent by Mr. Birnie, the police magistrate, to wait in John Street till they were called. Ruthven (a tall, sandy Scotchman), Smithers, Ellice, and others of the patrol found the stable-door watched by two or three men. The man of colour, Davidson, and Ings were guarding the stairs, with blunderbusses on their shoulders and swords by their sides. Ruthven instantly ordered these men to be secured, and mounted the ladder, followed by Ellice, Smithers, and three or four others.

There were about five and twenty men in the room, eating bread and cheese and drinking porter, or selecting arms from a long carpenter's bench which stood close by the wall. Just at that juncture, Thistlewood, hearing a noise, and some one calling, "Hallo! Show a light!" took a candle, and looked down the stairs to see who was coming, and on seeing that there was a surprise he put the candle back on the bench, seized a sword, and, with three or four others, retreated stealthily to the further of the inner rooms—the one that had a window looking out into Cato Street. At that moment, one of the men seized below called up to warn his comrades—

"Look out there, above!"

At the same time two of the constables, at first almost unnoticed, appeared at the top of the ladder, and presenting their pistols, said:—

"Hallo! is anybody in the room? Here is a pretty nest of you!"

Then another of the patrol cried—

"We are officers; seize their arms!"

And a third—

"Gentlemen, we have got a warrant to apprehend you all, and as such we hope you will go peaceably."

Just then Smithers, distrusting further parley, and believing, in his stanch way, in promptitude before the conspirators could discover the scantiness of the assailing numbers, or could muster courage to use their arms, cried—

“Let me come forward.”

He then pushed towards the door of the inner room, where Thistlewood stood thrusting with a very long sword. This leader of the conspirators instantly rushed forward, and struck Smithers through his right side. The constable threw up his hands, his head fell back, he staggered against Ruthven, cried, “Oh, my God, I am done!” and fell dead near the opening of the stairs. Ellice held up his staff at Thistlewood, and threatened to fire with the pistol in his right hand, unless he instantly surrendered. The lights were immediately dashed out, and a voice cried in the darkness—

“Kill the — at once! Throw them downstairs! Kill them!”

Then there were twenty or thirty pistol-shots fired, and a tremendous headlong rush was made at the stairs, driving the Bow Street men backwards; the conspirators leaping down into the manger through the holes in the floor, or by the window, others firing at the officers on the stairs, or up through the manger, all making for the archway in John Street. Tidd was caught in the doorway, thrown on a dung-heap by Ruthven, and disarmed. Davidson was pursued and taken in John Street. Wright, a patrol, was knocked down and stabbed by Ings, who was caught by a watchman in Edgware Road, after having fired at Brooks, one of the officers, who had attacked him with his cutlass.

In the mean time the picquet of Foot Guards, hearing pistol-shots in the stable, had dashed up at the double, being met by a police officer, who shouted to them—

“Soldiers, soldiers! The doorway! The stable!”

As Lieutenant Fitzclarence entered the door a man cut at him furiously with a sword, but retreated before the soldiers, who then captured four of the remaining conspirators. Thistlewood had escaped before this in the first rush, firing at Westcott, a constable, cutting at him, and felling him.

The prisoners taken were searched at the Horse and Groom, and the loft was then ransacked for arms. The soldiers found several parcels of bayonets, sharpened files, and pike-heads, a box containing five hundred and sixty-five ball-cartridges, fire-balls made of tow dipped in tar and brimstone, and some grenades full of cart-nails.

Brunt was seized the next day at his own house, and was just despatching two baskets full of grenades and fire-balls to

some accomplice living in the Borough. The same morning Thistlewood was seized in bed in a room with the shutters up on the ground floor of No. 8, White Street, Finsbury Square. He was partly dressed, and in his coat, lying by his bedside, were found a silk sash, some bullets, and a ball-cartridge. In Tidd's house, No. 5, Hole-in-the Wall Passage, were discovered a box of ball-cartridges, grenades, flannel bags of powder, bags of musket-balls, flints, pike-handles, rope-yarn, and tar.

Thistlewood and his gang (eleven in all) were tried on the 17th of April, 1820, at the Sessions House, Old Bailey, Mr. Curwood and Mr. Adolphus appearing for the defence, Mr. Gurney, Mr. Littledale, Mr. Reynolds, and Mr. Bolland, with the Attorney and Solicitor-General, for the prosecution.

At this trial it was clearly elicited that towards the end of 1819 the prisoners Ings, Brunt, and others, had long planned a conspiracy, Thistlewood openly avowing that he had shared in four or five revolutions. Shortly before the funeral of the king they agreed to assassinate all the ministers, if possible, at a cabinet dinner. They decided that the Prince Regent's family had worn the crown long enough. The plot was always called by the gang "the West End job." One night they were debating several diabolical plans, when Edwards (the spy) came in, and told Thistlewood there was a cabinet dinner to be held the following evening. Thistlewood, hardly believing the possibility of such good news, said he did not think it was true, but at once sent for a paper, and read aloud the announcement, to the universal rapture of the gang.

As for Brunt, he was nearly mad with joy.

"Now," he cried, with a ferocious oath, "I begin to believe there is a God; for I've often prayed those thieves might be got together in order to give us a good opportunity to destroy them, and now my prayer is answered."

Thistlewood, always calm, stern, and practical, proposed an instant committee to arrange a fresh plan. Singularly enough, they chose for their chairman Adams, afterwards the informer. He called Thistlewood to order, and expressed his fears of a betrayal. The conspirators began to swear like madmen at this, and Harrison, walking up and down, fixed his eyes on Adams, and said, with an oath—

"The next man that drops a word to cool any one, and to prevent their going forward to do the deed they had determined, I'll run him through with a sword."

When called upon by the Clerk of the Arraignment, Thistlewood denounced the spies and informers as infamous liars and unreliable men, violently denouncing the judges for their servility and ambition, and Lords Castlereagh and Sidmouth

as privileged traitors, who lorded it over the lives and property of the sovereign people with barefaced impunity. He said, in inflated and fanatical language—

“A few hours hence and I shall be no more; but the nightly breeze which will whistle over the silent grave that shall protect me from its keenness will bear to your restless pillow the memory of one who lived but for his country, and died when liberty and justice had been driven from its confines by a set of villains whose thirst for blood is only to be equalled by their activity in plunder.”

Thistlewood then proceeded to disclaim any personal motive, but a wish for the welfare of his starving countrymen, and pity for the hundreds massacred and trampled on at Manchester. It was after Peterloo, he confessed, that he had resolved on vengeance, “that the woes of the instigators should be the requiem to the souls of the murdered innocents.” In this mood for wreaking what he considered national vengeance, Thistlewood said he had met the man Edwards, who, then poor and penniless, and without even a bed, was living near Pickett Street, in the Strand. He had since that appeared dressed like a lord, declaring he had been found to be the heir to a German baron. He had, in fact, sold himself as a spy to the Government. This man had proposed to him to blow up the House of Commons, to attack the ministers at the Spanish ambassador’s fête, or to throw hand-grenades into their carriages as they passed through the streets.

Then Thistlewood grew more excited. He talked of Brutus, and pleaded that when a set of men placed themselves above the laws and murdered the people, only a private arm could bring them to justice; and it was a duty of every one to rid his country of its oppressors.

Lord Chief Justice Abbot interfered, but Thistlewood continued to assert that high treason had been wrought against the Manchester people, and justice denied to the mutilated and the maimed. The Prince Regent had thanked the murderers still reeking with their gore. “If one spark of honour,” he said, “one spark of independence, still glimmered in the breast of Englishmen, they would have rose to a man. Insurrection then became a public duty, and the blood of the victims should have been the watchword to vengeance on their murderers.”

The Chief Justice : We cannot allow this.

Thistlewood : “I have but a few lines more. The banner of independence should have floated in the gale that brought their wrongs and their sufferings to the metropolis; such,

however, was not the case. Albion is still in the chains of slavery. I quit it without regret. I shall soon be consigned to the grave, my body will be immured beneath the soil whereon I first drew breath. My only sorrow is, that the soil should be a theatre for slaves, for cowards, and for despots. My motives, I doubt not, will hereafter be justly appreciated. I will therefore now conclude by stating that I shall consider myself as murdered if I am to be executed on the verdict obtained against me."

Davidson denied that he had ever heard of any intentions to dethrone the king, talked of Magna Charta, and the right of the people to arm in order to secure their privileges, and declared that he had been entrapped. He concluded with these words: "I can die but once in this world, and the only regret left is, that I have a large family of small children, and when I think of that it unmans me, and I shall say no more."

Ings, who had once boasted that he had gone out intending to shoot the Prince Regent as he went to Parliament, and regretted that he had not done so, said that, in his poverty, he had been ensnared by Edwards. He also alluded indignantly to the cruelties at Manchester. "To cut down unarmed men, women, and children," he said, "was a disgrace to the name and character of Englishmen. He hoped his children would live to see the day when they should all be free men and see justice administered. I had rather," he concluded, "die like a man than live like a slave."

Brunt said his life had been sworn away. He was no traitor or enemy to his king, but only to the boroughmongering faction, who destroyed the vitals of the country. He considered Lord Sidmouth's circular sent out to instigate the cavalry to murder the Manchester men. He admitted that he had attempted what he wished had been done, and he thought the country would have been compensated had those men been put out of the way. "I think," he said, "it is what they merit—I actually think it is what they merit. If a man murders my brother, I have a right to murder him. What does the Scriptures say: 'An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.' I have no private enmity against any gentleman in the country; it was for the public good that I came forward, and I would have gone through with it. Try me for murder, hang me, draw me, quarter me, but let me have justice; that is all I have to say."

Tidd said all the witnesses had sworn falsely except Captain Fitzclarence; as for shooting at that gentleman, as a private gentleman, he would as soon have shot his own father.

Thistlewood, Davidson, Ings, Brunt, and Tidd were sentenced to be hung, and to have their heads severed from their bodies—the quartering being graciously forgiven.

Wilson, Harrison, Bradburn, Strange, Gilchrist, and Cooper were transported for life. At a cabinet council on Saturday, the 29th of April, the execution of the desperate men was fixed for the ensuing Monday. The governor of Newgate received the death-warrant at seven P.M. on Saturday, and instantly went to the condemned room and read it to the prisoners, who were sitting there watched by eight officers. They all rose respectfully when he entered, and seemed conscious of the news that he brought.

Thistlewood said quite calmly: "The sooner we go, sir, the better—our wish is to die as soon as possible." The other prisoners expressed the same feeling.

On Mr. Brown's asking them if they wished the assistance of a clergyman of any persuasion, they made no reply.

They slept soundly nearly the whole night, and only awoke at the unbarring of the cell doors to admit the ordinary, whose zeal had led him there at midnight. Mr. Cotton went to each cell separately, and urged every argument to reclaim them to Christianity. Davidson was, however, the only man who joined Mr. Cotton in prayer, and he did so fervently.

The men could speak to each other through the loops in the cell walls: and Ings, during the night speaking of the scene in the morning, said, with savage bitterness—

"There was plenty of men present, but, d—n 'em, they have no pluck."

At five o'clock Mr. Cotton came again round the cells with the sacrament. All refused it but Davidson, who received the elements with sincere devotion. Brunt seized the wine, and drank the king's health, and so did Davidson. On the arrival of the sheriffs and attendants, the four leaders were so violent that it was thought prudent to pinion their arms before their irons were struck off. The procession then advanced through the long dark passages—dark even on that bright May morning. Thistlewood came first, his eyes fixed, and abstracted in thought. Then walked Tidd, trying to assume indifference, and rallied by Ings for his depression. After him strode Ings, laughing and reckless, followed by Brunt, who fixed his eyes on the officers with a sullen rage. Davidson was last, his hands clasped, his eyes uplifted, and his lips moving in prayer. At the lodge leading to the scaffold there was a moment's pause. Thistlewood clenched his lips, and with a frown watched the preparations on the scaffold.

On a bystander beseeching Brunt to ask God's pardon, Brunt replied, with savage contempt for his adviser—

"What have I done? I have done nothing. What should I ask pardon for?"

"Well done, Brunt," exclaimed Ings, and began to sing—

"O give me death or liberty,"

when he was summoned to the scaffold. He turned to Brunt, smiled, and shook hands with him. On entering the lodge, he had said to some one who told him to be firm—

"Firm? I am firm. But we have children, sir." There was true pathos in this.

When the handkerchief was tied on, he cried out—

"I hope, Mr. Cotton, you will give me a good character." The chaplain bowed. Ings then commenced playfully swinging about in his hand a cotton nightcap. While the hatch was opening, he exclaimed with a loud voice—

"Remember me to King George the Fourth. God bless him, and may he have a long reign!"

He then requested that some clothes he had left behind might be given to his wife. Determined that Jack Ketch should have no coat of his, he had taken off his best clothes, and put on a butcher's old greasy slaughtering jacket.

As he stood on the first step he turned to Davis, a turnkey, and said—

"Well, Mr. Davis, I am going to find out this great secret;" and then sprang on the scaffold, exclaiming: "Good-bye, gentlemen; here goes the remains of an unfortunate man."

Brunt now stood almost alone with Davidson, muttering about the injustice of his fate, and wishing to be the next to suffer.

One by one they had gone to death, Thistlewood first. Three times the mob had shouted; three times the drop had fallen with its horrible, dull sound.

Davidson was called next. He was astonishingly composed. On the Sunday, at parting with his wife, he had said, "the day of his death would be the happiest of his life." He was in fervent prayer when he was turned off.

Brunt's last act was to take a pinch of snuff from a paper in his hand, stooping to put it to his nose, and pushing up his nightcap to take it. He took off his heavy nailed shoes, as one of the others had also done, and, as the report of the time says, threw them at the people, either in contempt and brutal defiance, or to cheat the hangman.

Exactly a quarter of an hour after the last man was hung,

the order was given to cut the bodies down. The heads were then haggled off with brutal clumsiness with a surgeon's knife. The mob expressed loudly their horror and disgust, more especially when the turnkey, who exhibited the heads, dropped that of Brunt. "Hallo, butter-fingers!" shouted a rough voice from the rolling crowd below. The day had gone by for such useless brutality. The executions occupied one hour and eight minutes. It was a quarter to eight when Thistlewood appeared on the scaffold, it was seven minutes to nine when Brunt's head, the last exhibited, was placed in the coffin. The hangman's assistant on this occasion was not the late Mr. Walkley, as many people still think, but a poor surgeon in the Edgware Road, who after this became wealthy.

The cavalry, stationed to line all the streets in the neighbourhood, then dispersed, and the mob slowly melted away.

THOMAS GRIFFITHS WAINWRIGHT
(JANUS WEATHERCOCK), THE POISONER.

It is one of those pleasant winter evenings, when fires burn frosty blue, and hearts grow warmer as the weather grows colder, an evening soon after the ascent to the throne of his Most Gracious Majesty King George the Fourth.

A pleasant, merry, and highly intellectual party are dining in Waterloo Place, at the house of the publishers of that clever periodical, the *London Magazine*, to celebrate the new proprietorship. The cloth has been removed, the glasses sparkle in the light of the wax candles, the wine glows ruby and topaz in the fast-revolving decanters, the oranges gleam golden, the crystallised fruits glitter with jewelled frost, the chestnuts, tight in their leather jackets, are hoarding their warm floury meal for the palates of the poets and thinkers, puns are flashing in the air like fireworks, smart sayings are darting past like dragon-flies, even the gravest faces soften and brighten. A ring of brilliants the party resembles, for there is no one round the well-spread table but has a name in the world of letters or in the world of fashion. There is Charles Lamb, now busy with his *Elia*, the finest essays ever written; a little mean man in black, but with the face of a genius; Hazlitt is glorying in a Titian, upon which he is expatiating; Thomas Hood, with a face like that of an invalid Plato, is watching with a pun like a fly-fisher waiting for his cast. The Rev. H. Cary (the translator of Dante), the mildest and gentlest of men, is explaining a passage of the *Inferno* to that fine, vigorous Scotch poet, Allan Cunningham the sculptor. Amiable Mr. Procter (Barry Cornwall), in his own kind, cheery way, is defending a fine passage in Ben Jonson from the volatile flippancy of the art-critic and gay dilettante of

the magazine—to wit, *Janus Weathercock*, otherwise Thomas Griffiths Wainewright.

Janus is a fop and a dandy, but is clever, has a refined taste, and is the kindest and most lighthearted creature in the world. He has run through one fortune, was once in some dragoon regiment, and no doubt distinguished himself against the French—if he ever met them. He is on the wrong side of thirty, and records his military career by that exquisitely blue undress military coat he wears, all braided and befrogged down the front. His cravat is tied to a nicety. His manner is most gallant, insinuating, and winning. His face, however, is by no means that of the mere dandy. His head is massive, and widens at the back. His eyes are deeply set in their orbits. His jaw is square and solid. He seldom looks the person to whom he talks full in the face. He has his hair curled every morning (a stray ringlet or so left free), and slightly stoops. His expression is at once repelling and fascinating.

He is ubiquitous. Go to the Park, and you observe him in his phaeton, leaning forward with his cream-coloured gloves and his large turned-down wristbands conspicuous over the splashboard. Go to old Lady Fitzrattle's ball the same evening, and you will see the fascinating creature with the belle of the evening, gracefully revolving in the waltz. In the club library he is conspicuous; at the supper-party he is the merriest and the gayest. He has fortunately left us portraits of himself both at the coffee-house and at home.

Let us see the charming man at nine o'clock on a November evening, 1822. The diners at George's Coffee-house, 213, Strand, then the great resort of Kentish lawyers and men from the Temple, are all gone but three—two young barristers in the last box but one from the fire, and next to them a fashionably dressed dandy, with the exquisite cravat, the square jaw, and the deep-set eyes, that we at once recognise. George's was famous for its soups and wines, and Mr. Wainewright has dined luxuriously. A bottle of the rarest wine he has sipped away with supercilious pleasure. He now holds to the candle, in an affected manner, displaying carefully his white jewelled fingers, a little glass of eau de vie de Dantzic, and is languidly watching the little flakes, or, as he would call them, "aureate particles," float and glimmer in the oily and glutinous fluid like scales of gold-fish. The voices in the next box catch his ear; he listens. The one Templar is reading to the other and with unction an article by Janus Weathercock in the last *London Magazine*.

"Soothed into that desirable sort of self-satisfaction so necessary to the bodying out those deliciously voluptuous

ideas perfumed with languor which occasionally swim and undulate like gauzy clouds over the brain of the most cold-blooded men, we put forth one hand to the folio, which leant against a chair by the sofa side, and, at haphazard, extracted thence Lanceret's charming Repas :

‘A summer party in the greenwood shade,
With wine prepared, and cloth on herbage laid,
And ladies' laughter coming through the air.

RIMINI.

This completed the charm."

The gay writer listens with half-turned head, gloating over every word, inhaling slowly the incense so delicious to his vanity, taking care, however, that the waiter is not looking. Again they are talking about it.

First Voice: "How glowing, how exquisite, how *recherché*, how elegant, how full of the true West End manner! A fine mind that young fellow has. Oh, he'll do."

Second Voice: "Don't like it. Flashy assumption. Mere amateur stuff. By-the-by, Jones, when does that case of *Badger versus Beaver* come on? Isn't to-day the 15th?"

"Low creature; debased nature," thinks Janus. "Upon my honour, these coffee-houses are getting mere haunts for the inferior classes. The 15th, eh? So it is. Why, by Gad, that's the very day I promised to write my article for the *London*. I must be off to Turnham Green."

Let us follow the delight of society to the White Horse, and take a seat beside him in the two-horse stage till it stops at the door of Linden House, Mr. Wainewright's elegant residence. His wife meets him at the door, and with her come dancing out, radiant with almost an exuberance of life, Phoebe and Madeleine, the two blooming daughters by a second husband of his wife's mother. They kiss him, they pet him, they load him with playful caresses, for he is their idol; they admire his genius, they love him as their nearest and dearest relation. Laughingly he frowns in assumed anger, and pleads the occupations of a popular author and a great critic. He breaks at last from their pretty syren wiles, and locks himself in his sanctum. It is a luxurious den. We can sketch it almost in Mr. Wainewright's own coxcombical words.

He strips off his smart tight-waisted befrogged coat, in which he so exquisitely masquerades as the retired officer of dragoons, and, in his own airy way, tosses on an easy flowered rustling chintz dressing-gown, gay with pink ribbons. He lights a new elegantly gilt French lamp, the ground glass globe of which is painted with gay flowers and gaudy butterflies. He then hauls forth languidly, as if the severity of the

labour almost exhausted him, "portfolio No. 9," and nestles down into the cushioned corner of "a Grecian couch;" stroking "our favourite tortoiseshell cat" into a sonorous purr, first by a tremendous effort contriving to ring the bell by the fire-side. A smiling "Venetian-shaped" girl enters, and places on the table "a flask of as rich Montepulciano as ever voyaged from fair Italy;" then after contemplating his elegant figure in a large glass, placed with a true artistic sense opposite the chimney mirror, with a fresh exertion Janus pours out "a full cut glass" of wine with one hand, and strokes the cat with the other. The sheet of glass returns sharp-cut photographs of a gay carpet, the pattern of which consists of garlands of flowers, a cast of the Venus de Medicis (for Mr. Wainewright is an artist), a Tomkinson piano, some Louis Quinze novels and tales, bound in French "marroquin" with tabby silk linings, some playful volumes choicely covered by Rogers, Payne, and Charles Lewis, some azaleas teeming with crimson blossoms, standing on a white marble slab, and a large peaceful Newfoundland dog. Also a fine Damascus sabre hung against the wall (dragoons again), an almost objectionable picture by Fuseli, that gay old bachelor at Somerset House (a friend of the eminently popular and accomplished art-critic), and last, but not least of all, the exquisite, radiant man of the world himself, full of heart, full of soul, and bathed in the Correggio light of the aforesaid elegantly gilt French lamp.

At last the insufferable fop begins, and after one glance at the yellow ceiling, and one desultory smiling peep at some curious white crystals, probably filbert-salt, in a secret drawer of his inlaid writing-desk, he pens the following sublime bit of euphuism, worthy, indeed, of the age of Keepsakes:

"This completed the charm. We immersed a well-seasoned prime pen into our silver inkstand three times, shaking off the loose ink again lingeringly, while, holding the print fast in our left hand, we perused it with half-shut eyes, dallying awhile with our delight. Fast and faster came the tingling impetus, and this running like quicksilver from our sensorium to our pen, we gave the latter one conclusive dip, after which we rapidly dashed off the following description *couleur de rose*."

A little later this bright butterfly of fashion informs his enraptured world in the *London Magazine* that he has bought a new horse, and secured a new book:

"I have nothing more in the way of news, except that I have picked up a fine copy of *Boetius's Emblems* (you know the charming things, by Bonasone), first edition; Bologna, 1555. Capital condition, in blue French morocco, by De Rome, for whom I still retain some small inkling of affection,

in spite of the anathemas of the Rev. T. F. Dibden. Also, a new horse (Barbary sire and Arabian dam), with whose education I occupy nearly all my mornings, though I have considerable doubts whether I shall push it beyond the *military manege*."

This exulting egotism, this delight in bindings (of externals), is characteristic of the man, as also is the graceful allusion in the last line to the writer's military achievements (disgracefully ignored by Napier).

Later in his career Wainewright fell foul of that wise thinker and profound critic, William Hazlitt, who also wrote for the *London*, laughing to scorn, "spitefully entreating," and hugely condemning his dramatic criticisms. Hazlitt, the most inflammable of old bachelors, had praised the Miss Dennotts' dancing; Janus derided them as little unformed creatures, great favourites with "the Whitechapel orders;" cried "Faugh!" when Hazlitt visited the Coburg and Surrey Theatres; and sneered when his great rival praised Miss Valancy, "the bouncing Columbine at Astley's, and then there places—as his barber informs him." All this shows the vanity and shallow temerity, the vulgar and impertinent superciliousness, of the pseudo-critic. He got a heavy bludgeon blow on the head for it, however, from Hazlitt, who then scornfully left him to flutter his hour and to pass away in his folly.

When Hazlitt left the *London Magazine*, about 1825, Janus Weathercock ceased to delight the literary world also, but he still rattled at parties, still drove in the Park, and flashed along the Row on his Arab horse "Contributor;" he still bought well-bound books, pictures, and hothouse plants, and still expended his affections on his cat. Honest Charles Lamb, guileless as a child, lamented "kind, lighthearted Janus," the tasteful dandy, the gay sentimentalist of the boudoir. Fine, generous natures like Othello are prone to trust lags. One of those gentlemen who are mean enough to get their bread by professional literature, and yet affect to despise their business, Wainewright must have felt the loss of his liberal monthly salary, for he had expensive tastes, and a knack of getting through money.

Say some eight or ten years after the delightful dinner in Waterloo Place, this fine nature (true Sèvres of the rarest clay) was living in his own luxurious cosy way (books, wine, horses, pictures, statues, hothouse plants, Damascus sabre, tortoise-shell cat, elegantly gilt French lamp and all) at Linden House, Turnham Green, remarkable for its lime-trees, on the pretty heart-shaped leaves of which the gay artist probably lavished

a thousand fancies. Only once had the rose-leaves fallen since the house and pleasant grounds had belonged to Wainewright's uncle, a Dr. Griffiths, a comfortable, well-to-do man, who had for many years edited a monthly publication. His death occurred after a very short illness, during a visit paid him by Wainewright and his wife, who was there confined of her first, and, as it proved, her only child. It was not exactly apoplexy, nor was it heart disease; but then even doctors are sometimes puzzled by organic complications. One thing is certain, it was mortal, but Dr. Griffiths died under proper medical care, and watched by the most affectionate of relatives. Wainewright gained some property by his uncle's death; lamented him tearfully, and spent the money smilingly. Bills soon began, however, to be left unpaid, servants' wages were delayed, credit was occasionally refused, Turnham Green bakers and butchers dared to talk about Linden House, and people who "made much of themselves, but did not do the right thing, not what yer may call the right thing."

Things were now not going altogether comfortable with a man who must have his wine, his cigar, his *can de vie de Dantzig*, all the new books and prints, and must dress "in the style, you know."

The fact must come out: Wainewright was a monster egotist, and not accustomed to starve either his tastes or his appetites. He must have money for champagne and bread; Marc Antonio's prints and meat. As well be starved as have his outlet without truffles. Poverty's iron walls were closing in upon him closer and closer, but he shrugged his shoulders, buttoned tighter his befogged coat, pawned his rings, and still got on well enough.

Linden House must have been a peculiarly unhealthy place, for about this time Mrs. Abercrombie, Wainewright's wife's mother, died there also, after a very short illness; something in the brain or heart, probably. Mrs. Abercrombie had married a second time a meritorious officer, and left two daughters, Helen Frances Phoebe and Madeleine, beautiful girls, just reaching womanhood. The poor orphans, having only ten pounds a year granted them by the Board of Ordnance for their father's services (these must have been small indeed not to deserve more), were invited to his pleasant, luxurious, but decidedly unhealthy house, by Mr. Wainewright, their step-sister's husband, in the most kind and generous manner, dear creature!

Helen Frances Phoebe Abercrombie, the eldest of the girls, attained the age of twenty-one on the 12th of March, 1830, a very short time after coming to Turnham Green, and within

a few days of this event the oddest caprice entered into Mr. Wainewright's mind. He proposed to insure her life to a very large amount for the short period of two or three years. Such an arrangement is, however, the commonest thing in the world with persons either permanently or temporarily embarrassed. Such insurances are often used as securities for bills of exchange or for loans, where the lender is especially cautious. There was nothing singular about it. It did not in the least matter that Miss Abercrombie was almost penniless, and without expectations of any kind, except a trifling possibility under a settlement.

One pleasant morning in March a trip to the City was suggested as quite a *divertissement*, an agreeable opportunity of observing the habits and customs of "those strange City people." Mr. Wainewright was jauntier and more *déjàgé* than ever, in his tight fashionable befrogged coat, as he guided his wife and the beautiful girl—his temporary ward—their ribbons fluttering brightly in the March wind, through the defiles and labyrinths of the busy City. His whims and fancies about insurance offices were delightful in their careless gaiety. It was quite an adventure for the ladies. It was singular, though, that Mr. Wainewright, embarrassed as he was, should venture on a speculation that involved a large annual payment for interest, and yet seemed to promise no pecuniary return. It might be a chivalrous risk of some kind or other, the innocent and playful girl probably thought, and she would not care to inquire further into a business she did not profess to understand. It cost her nothing; she was only too glad to gratify the whim of her kind kinsman, and to lend herself to his mysterious, but, no doubt, well-planned and well-intended business arrangement. So, on the 28th, sixteen days after coming of age, Miss Abercrombie went to the Palladium Insurance Office with Mr. and Mrs. Wainewright, and insured her life for three thousand pounds for three years. The object of the insurance was stated to be (whether correctly or not) to enable the young lady's friend to recover some property to which she was entitled. The life was pre-eminently good, and the proposal was accepted. On the 20th of April Mrs. Wainewright and Miss Abercrombie went to the office to pay the first year's premium, and receive the policy. On or about the same day a similar insurance for three thousand pounds, but this for two years only, was effected with the Eagle Insurance Office, and the premium for one year and the stamp duty duly paid by Miss Abercrombie in her younger sister's presence.

In the following October four more policies were effected:

with the Provident for one thousand pounds, with the Hope for two thousand pounds, with the Imperial for three thousand pounds, and with the Pelican for the largest amount usually permitted—namely, five thousand pounds—each, for the period of two years; making altogether insurances to the amount of eighteen thousand pounds. The premiums paid, together with the stamps, amounted to more than two hundred and twenty pounds; and yet, in case of Miss Abercrombie living more than three years, all these payments would be lost.

Lost they would be, who could doubt? The actuary at the Provident described her as “a remarkably healthy, cheerful, beautiful young woman, whose life was one of a thousand.” Old secretaries, smiling over their spectacles, must have felt as if a sunbeam had glanced across the room, and have sighed to think that if a full insurance had been effected fifty years hence that same Miss Abercrombie might enter the room still hearty and vigorous to pay her annual interest, when they were long ago gone, and their very tombstones had been effaced by rain and wind.

Still all this insuring was odd, too, for Mr. Wainewright was deeply in debt. Shabby truculent men behind grated doors in Cursitor Street were speaking irreverently of him; dirty Jew-faced men at the bar of the Hole-in-the-Wall in Chancery Lane discussed him, and were eager to claw his shoulder. He spent more than ever, and earned less. His literary friends, Lamb and Reynolds, seldom saw him now. His artist friends, Fuseli the fiery and Stothard the gentle, Westall and Lawrence, seldom met him. A crisis was coming to the man with elegant tastes. In August he had given a warrant of attorney and a bill of sale on his furniture at Linden House; both of these had become absolute, and seizure was impending. “The Jew fellows” could only be scared away (from the elegant gilt lamp, the books, and prints) till the 20th or 21st of December.

At some offices scruples, too, began to arise, which it was not found easy to silence. At the Imperial, it was suggested to Miss Abercrombie, by Mr. Ingall, the actuary, that, “as she only proposed to make the insurance for two years, he presumed it was to secure some property she would have come into at the expiration of that time;” to which Mrs. Wainewright replied:

“Not exactly so; it is to secure a sum of money to her sister, which she will be enabled to do by other means if she outlives that time; but I don’t know much about her affairs; you had better speak to her about it.”

On which Miss Abercrombie said, "That is the case."

By what means the ladies were induced to make these false statements can scarcely even be guessed. The sum of eighteen thousand pounds did not yet bound the limits of speculation, for, in the same month of October, a proposal to the Eagle to increase the insurance by the addition of two thousand pounds was made and declined; and a proposal to the Globe for five thousand, and one to the Alliance for some further sum, met a similar fate. At the office of the Globe, Miss Abercrombie, who, as usual, was accompanied by Mrs. Wainwright, being asked the object of the insurance, replied that "she scarcely knew; but that she was desired to come there by her friends, who wished the insurance done." On being further pressed, she referred to Mrs. Wainwright, who said: "It is for some money matters that are to be arranged; but ladies don't know much about such things; and Miss Abercrombie answered a question, whether she was insured in any other office, in the negative. At the Alliance, she was more severely tested by the considerate kindness of Mr. Hamilton, who, receiving the proposal, was not satisfied by her statement that a suit was depending in Chancery which would probably terminate in her favour, but that if she should die in the interim the property would go into another family, for which contingency she wished to provide. The young lady, a little irritated at the question, said, rather sharply, "I supposed that what you had to inquire into was the state of my health, not the object of the insurance;" on which Mr. Hamilton, with a thoughtful look, said:

"A young lady, just such as you are, Miss, came to this very office two years ago to effect an insurance for a short time, and it was the opinion of the company *she came to her death by unfair means.*"

Poor Miss Abercrombie replied: "I am sure there is no one about me who could have any such object."

Mr. Hamilton said gravely: "Of course not;" but added, "that he was not satisfied as to the object of the insurance, and unless she stated in writing what it was, and the directors approved it, the proposal could not be entertained." The ladies retired; and the office heard no more of the proposal, nor of Miss Abercrombie, till they heard she was dead, and that the payment of other policies on her life was resisted.

Early in that month Wainwright left the house with the leaf-stripped trees, that very unhealthy house, and took furnished lodgings at Mr. Nicoll's, a tailor, in Conduit Street, to which he went accompanied by his wife, his child, and those two beautiful, affectionate girls, his half-sisters, Phoebe

and Madeleine Abercrombie—books, sabre, elegant French lamp, portfolios, and desk with the mysterious little eccentric drawer with the especial salt for filberts.

There was still a little more law business for Phoebe; the artistic mind remarked one morning in his playful, delightful way, "Would the dear girl be kind enough to keep in profile for one moment? Exquisite! Yes, there was a will to be made to benefit dear Madeleine in case of any unforeseen circumstance." Phoebe no doubt carolled out a laugh, and expressed a horror "of those dusty old lawyers." On that same day, the 13th, Miss Abercrombie called on a solicitor named Lys, to whom she was a stranger, to attest the execution of a will she desired to make, as she was going abroad; he complied, and she executed a will in favour of her sister Madeleine, making Mr. Wainewright its executor. On the fourteenth, having obtained a deed of assigment from the office of the Palladium, she called on another solicitor, named Kirk, to whom she was also a stranger, to perfect for her an assignment of the policy of that office to Mr. Wainewright. This the solicitor did by writing in ink over words pencilled by Mr. Wainewright, and witnessing her signature.

That same evening (as a reward, perhaps) the two sisters went to the play, as they had done the evening before, accompanying their kind relations, Mr. and Mrs. Wainewright. Whatever bailiffs may be watching the gay and volatile creature in the befrogged coat, he has no idea of stinting his amusements. Providence is too hard on your delightful and fashionable men, who earn little and spend much.

The play is delightful, the pathos pierces, the farce convulses the pleasant party of four. After the play they have an oyster supper, and Mr. Wainewright is gayer and wittier than ever. In the night, however, Miss Phoebe is taken ill, evidently having caught cold from walking home that long way from Drury Lane or Covent Garden two nights in the wet and wind. There is great regret in the house, and frequent kind inquiries at her door from Mr. Wainewright. She gets up to dinner, but in a day or two, the cold not lifting, Dr. Locock is sent for. Mrs. Wainewright and Madeleine are with her constantly. Mr. Wainewright, who is clever in these things, as in everything else, prescribes her a black draught before the doctor is sent for. The doctor is kind and sympathising, thinks little of the slight derangement, and prescribes the simplest remedies. On the seventh day of her indisposition, Mr. Wainewright, impatient of the

doctor's remedies, prescribed her a powder, which she took willingly in jelly. She was decidedly better, and was no longer wandering; she was so much better, in fact, that Mr. Wainewright, great in spirits, and full of sentiment, sympathy, and artistic feeling, told his wife to put on her bonnet and come for a walk sketching, while dear Phoebe had some sleep. That was about twelve o'clock. At two, Phoebe was taken violently ill with convulsions. She appeared in great agony, became delirious, and struggled violently. Dr. Locock, who had been previously consulted about insurance certificates, was instantly sent for, and came. The fit had then subsided, but there was pressure on the brain. She said, "Oh, doctor, I am dying. These are the pains of death. I feel I am. I am sure so!" The doctor said, "You'll be better by-and-by." She cried, "My poor mother; oh! my poor mother!" Dr. Locock left, and she had a fit, and grasped the hand of one of the servants. When Dr. Locock left, she lay quiet, and said she thought she heard a little boy coming along the room, and that he ought not to be there, and she burst into tears and convulsions.

A servant who had lived twenty years with Dr. Griffiths, and had known Mr. Wainewright since he was a child, instantly sent for Messrs. King and Nicholson, apothecaries. A Mr. Hanks came and saw Miss Abercrombie in the convulsion fit. She had said to Dr. Locock, "Doctor, I was gone to heaven, but you have brought me back to earth." Hanks gave her some medicine while Dr. Locock was there. The convulsions got better, and the doctors went away. Soon after they were gone, the convulsions came on again, and at four o'clock she died.

Who can paint the horror and agony of Mr. and Mrs. Wainewright when they returned and found the beautiful girl, with the exquisite profile, only a day or two ago so bright and full of life, so arch, so graceful—dead?

Dr. Locock leaving the house in which he was now useless, with a sad face and heart, met Mr. Wainewright returning gay and lighthearted, perhaps humming a fashionable tune. He appeared much shocked and astonished at the sad news, and asked what was the cause of death. Dr. Locock replied, "*Mischief in the brain*," and proposed to examine the head, to which Wainewright immediately assented. On the next day the skull was opened by Hanks, and they found what witness believed was a quite sufficient cause of death—a considerable quantity of water on the lower part of the brain, pressing upon the upper part of the spinal marrow. Witness thought the effusion caused the convulsion, and that the

convulsion caused death. Oysters had often produced similar effects upon irritable constitutions. Wet feet had perhaps rendered the constitution unusually weak and susceptible.

There was a further examination two days afterwards. The contents of the stomach were minutely examined. There was no appearance of anything sufficient to account for death, except the water at the base of the brain. There were a few points in which the blood-vessels were much more injected with blood than usual, an appearance often seen in those who die suddenly. Violent vomiting would account for this. The doctors observed a few little specks on the coat of the stomach, but that was all.

This distressing and sudden death changed matters, and gave a new and quite unexpected significance to that mysterious insurance business. Eighteen thousand pounds now became payable to the elegant, needy, and somewhat desperate man; part of the money as executor for Phœbe; two of the policies being assigned to himself, with a secret understanding that they were for the benefit of Madeleine.

Unchristian suspicions soon arose, degrading, as Mr. Wainewright truly remarked, only to those who entertained them. Exasperated by the loss which, by the dear girl's distressing death, they had incurred, all the insurance offices meanly and criminally refused payment. The crisis came, Wainewright was too poor to stay and press his legal claims, and therefore stealthily retired to the friendly asylum of France, where urbanity always reigns, and claret is delightfully cheap; where the air is ever sunny, and meat is lean, but not dear. He there resided, gay as ever, for several years.

After many delays, occasioned chiefly by proceedings in equity, the question of the validity of the policies was tried in the Court of Exchequer, before Lord Abinger, on the 29th of June, 1835, in an action by Mr. Wainewright, as the executor of Miss Abercrombie, on the Imperial policy of three thousand pounds. Extraordinary as were the circumstances under which the defence was made, it rested, says Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, on a narrow basis, on the mere allegation that the insurance was not, as it professed to be, that of Miss Abercrombie for her own benefit, but the insurance of Mr. Wainewright, effected at his cost, for some purpose of his own, and on the falsehood of representations she had been induced to make in reply to inquiries as to insurances in other offices. The cause of her death, if the insurance was really hers, was immaterial.

Lord Abinger, always wishing to look at the pleasant side of things, refused to enter into the cause of death, and intimated that the defence had been injured by a darker suggestion.

Sir William Follett appeared for the plaintiff, and the Attorney-General, Sir F. Pollock, and Mr. Thesiger for the defendant. The real plaintiff was not Mr. Wainewright, but Mr. Wheatley, a respectable bookseller, who had married the sister of the deceased. The jury partaking of the judge's disinclination to attribute the most dreadful guilt to a plaintiff on a *nisi prius* record, and, perhaps, scarcely perceiving how they could discover for the imputed fraud an intelligible motive without it, were unable to agree, and were discharged without giving a verdict. It was clear to every one there had been foul play. The cause was tried again, before the same judge, on the 3rd of December following, when the counsel for the defence, following the obvious inclination of the bench, avoided the fearful charge, and obtained a verdict for the office without hesitation, sanctioned by Lord Abinger's proffered approval to the jury. In the mean time, says Mr. Serjeant Talfourd, Mr. Wainewright, leaving his wife and child in London, had acquired the confidence and enjoyed the hospitality of the members of an English family residing in Boulogne. While he was thus associated, a proposal was made to the Pelican office to insure the life of his host for five thousand pounds; which, as the medical inquiries were satisfactorily answered, was accepted. The office, however, received only one premium, for the life survived the completion of the insurance only a few months; falling after a very short illness, and, singularly enough, with symptoms not unlike those of Dr. Griffiths, Mrs. Abercrombie, and poor Phœbe. The world is full of coincidences.

And here we feel compelled to throw off our mask, to turn suddenly on the delight of the boudoirs and salons of Mayfair, and, shaking him by the throat, proclaims him as A POISONER—one of the most cruel, subtle, and successful secret murderers since the time of the Borgias. It is now well known that he wore a ring in which he always carried strychnine, crystals of the Indian *nux vomica*, half a grain of which blown into the throat of a rabbit kills it dead in two minutes; a poison almost tasteless, difficult of discovery, and capable of almost infinite dilution. On the night the Norfolk gentleman in difficulties at Boulogne died, Wainewright insisted on making his friend's coffee, and passed the poison into the sugar. The poisoner had succeeded before this in winning the affections of his friend's daughter, and gaining a supreme influence in the house.

A friend of the author's, at a visit to this Norfolk gentleman's house in Caroline Place, Mecklenburgh Square, London, long before his murder, was arrested in mistake for Wainewright, who, at that very time, was serenading with a Spanish guitar in the garden of the square. He was eventually seized opposite the house of his friend Van Holst, a pupil of Fuseli's.

Wainewright, obtaining the insurance, left Boulogne, and became a needy wanderer in France, but being brought under the notice of the correctional police for passing under a feigned name, was arrested. In his possession was found the vegetable poison called strychnine, a fact, which, though unconnected with any specific charge, increased his liability to temporary restraint, and led to a six months' incarceration in Paris. After his release he ventured to revisit London, when, in June, 1837, soon after his arrival, he was met in the street by Forester, the police-officer, who had identified him in France, and was committed for trial for forgery.

July 5, 1837 (seven years after the death of Miss Abercrombie), Wainewright, then forty-two years old, "a man of gentlemanly appearance, wearing moustachios," was tried at the Central Criminal Court for forging certain powers of attorney to sell out two thousand two hundred and fifty-nine pounds' worth of Bank Stock, which had been settled on him and his wife at their marriage. This was a capital offence at that time, but the Bank not wishing to shed blood, Wainewright at first declared himself not guilty, but eventually pleaded guilty, by advice of his lawyer, to two of the minor indictments out of the five, and was therefore only transported for life.

The moment the chief insurance offices found that Wainewright was under sentence of transportation for forgery, they determined to open negotiations with the villain, and get from him certain confessions necessary to their interests: little doubting that he would make them "for a consideration." He made them readily enough when he had struck his bargain. At this time, he was confined in Newgate (modern prison discipline had not then found its way into that jail) in a cell with a bricklayer and a sweep: in which polite company he was actually recognized, through a strange chance, by Mr. Procter and Mr. Macready, visiting the prison with Mr. Charles Dickens. When the agent of the insurance offices had extracted from the ruffian all that he wanted to know, that gentleman said, in conclusion: "It would be quite useless, Mr. Wainewright, to speak to you of humanity, or tenderness, or laws human or Divine; but does it not

occur to you, after all, that, merely regarded as a speculation, Crime is a bad one? See where it ends. I talk to you in a shameful prison, and I talk to a degraded convict." Wainwright returned, twirling his moustache: "Sir, you City men enter on your speculations, and take the chances of them. Some of your speculations succeed, some fail. Mine happen to have failed; yours happen to have succeeded; that is the difference, sir, between my visitor and me. But I'll tell you one thing in which I have succeeded to the last. I have been determined through life to hold the position of a gentleman. I have always done so. I do so still. It is the custom of this place that each of the inmates of a cell shall take his morning's turn of sweeping it out. I occupy a cell with a bricklayer and a sweep. But by G— they never offer me the broom!"

On the same occasion, or on another similar occasion in the same place, being asked how he could find it in his heart to murder the trusting girl who had so confided in him (meaning Miss Abercrombie), he reflected for a moment, and then replied, with a cool laugh: "Upon my soul I don't know—unless it was that her legs were too thick."

A more insupportable scoundrel never troubled this earth. He had kept a diary. The insurance offices, by the masterly stroke of sending to a French inn where he had lived, paying the bill he had left unpaid, and demanding the effects he had left there, obtained possession of it. Description of this demoniacal document cannot be attempted, but it contained a kind of index to the details of his various crimes, set forth with a voluptuous cruelty and a loathsome exultation worthy of the diseased vanity of such a masterpiece of evil.

In the mean time, says Mr. Talfourd, in his version of the affair, proceedings were taken on behalf of Miss Abercrombie's sister by her husband, Mr. Wheately, to render the insurances available for her benefit, which induced the prisoner to revengefully offer communications to the insurance offices which might defeat a purpose entirely foreign to his own, and which he hoped might procure him, through their intercession, a mitigation of the more painful severities incident to his sentence. In this expectation he was miserably disappointed; for though, in pursuance of their promise, the directors of one of the offices made a communication to the Secretary of State for the Home Department, the result, instead of a mitigation, was an order to place him in irons, and to send him to his place of punishment in the *Susan*, a vessel about to convey three hundred convicts.

In Newgate, the gayhearted creature was sublime. He

asserted himself as a poet, a philosopher, and a martyr. He claimed for himself "a soul whose nutriment is love, and its offspring art, music, divine song, and still holier philosophy." When writing even from the hold of the convict ship to complain of his being placed in irons, he said: "They think me a desperado. *Me! the companion of poets, philosophers, artists, and musicians*, a desperado! You will smile at this. No—I think you will *feel* for the man, educated and reared as a gentleman, now the mate of vulgar ruffians and country bumpkins."

In 1842, the dandy convict was admitted as in-patient of the General Hospital in Hobart Town, where he remained some years. Whilst an inmate of the hospital he forwarded to the governor, Sir Eardley E. Wilmot, the following memorial. It is too characteristic of the man not to be given. The gilt had all gone now. The governor's minute on the memorial is very laconic:—"A T. L. (ticket-of-leave) would be contrary to Act. of Parlt. T. L. refused. *3rd class wages received?*—E. E. W."

"To His Excellency, Sir John Eardley Wilmot, Bart., Lieut.-Governor of Van Diemen's Land, etc., etc.

"The humble petition of T. Griffiths Wainewright, praying the indulgence of a ticket-of-leave.

"To palliate the boldness of this application he offers the statement ensuing. That *seven* years past he was arrested on a charge of forging and acting on a power of attorney to sell stock *thirteen years previous*. Of which (though looking for little credence) he avers his entire innocence. He admits a knowledge of the actual committer, gained though, some years after the fact. Such, however, were their relative positions, that to have disclosed it would have made him infamous where any human feeling is manifest. Nevertheless, by his counsel's direction, he entered the plea *Not Guilty*, to allow him to adduce the '*circumstance attenuante*,' viz., that the money (5200*l.*) appropriated was, without quibble, *his own*, derived from his parents. An hour before his appearing to plead he was trepanned (through the just but deluded Governor of Newgate), into withdrawing his plea, by a promise, in such case, of a punishment merely nominal. The same purporting to issue from y^e Bank Parlour, but in fact from the agents of certain *Insurance Companies* interested to a heavy amount (16,000*l.*) in compassing his legal non-existence. He pleaded guilty—and was forthwith hurried, stunned with such ruthless perfidy, to the hulks at Portsmouth, and thence in *five days* aboard the *Susan*, sentenced to Life in a land (to him) a moral sepulchre. As a ground for your mercy he submits with great deference his foregone condition of life during 43 years of freedom. A descent, deduced, through family tradition and *Edmondston's Heraldry*, from a stock not the least honoured in Cambria. Nurtured with all appliances of ease and comfort—schooled by his relative, the well-known philologer and bibliomaniac, Charles Burney, D.D., brother to Mdme. D'Arblay, and the companion of COOKE. Lastly, such a modest competence as afforded the *mental necessities* of Literature, Archaeology, Music, and the Plastic Arts; while his pen and brush

introduced him to the notice and friendship of men whose fame is European. The Catalogues of Somerset House Exhibitions, the *Literary-Pocket Book*, indicate his earlier pursuits, and the MS. left behind in Paris, attest at least his industry. Their titles imply the objects to which he has, to this date, directed all his energies:—‘*A Philosophical Theory of Design, as concerned with the Loftier Emotions, showing its deep action on Society, drawn from the Phidean-Greek and early Florentine Schools*’ (the result of seventeen years’ study), illustrated with numerous plates, executed with conscientious accuracy in one vol. atlas folio. ‘*An Aesthetic and Psychological Treatise on the Beautiful; or the Analogies of Imagination and Fancy, as exerted in Poetry, whether Verse, Painting, Sculpture, Music, or Architecture* ;’ to form four vols. folio, with a profusion of engravings by the first artists of Paris, Munich, Berlin, Dresden, and Wien. ‘*An Art-Novel*,’ in three vols., and a collection of ‘*Fantasie, Critical Sketches, etc.*, selected partly from *Blackwood*, the *Foreign Review*, and the *London Magazine*.’ All these were nearly ready for, one actually at press. Deign, your Excellency! to figure to yourself my actual condition during seven years; without friends, good name (the breath of life) or art (the fuel to it with me), tormented at once by memory and ideas struggling for outward form and realisation, barred up from increase of knowledge, and deprived of the exercise of profitable or even of decorous speech. Take pity, your Excellency! and grant me the power to shelter my eyes from Vice in her most revolting and sordid phase, and my ears from a jargon of filth and blasphemy that would outrage the cynism (*sic*) of Parny himself. Perhaps this clinging to the lees of a vapid life may seem as base, *unmanly*, arguing rather a plebeian, than a liberal and gentle descent! But, your Excellency! the wretched *Exile* has a child!—and *Vanity* (sprung from the praise of Flaxman, Charles Lamb, Stothard, Rd. Westall, Delaroché, Cornelius, Lawrence, and the god of his worship, FUSELI) whispers that the follower of the Ideal might even yet achieve another reputation than that of a *Fausseair*. Seven years of steady demeanour may in some degree promise that no indulgence shall ever be abused by your Excellency’s miserable petitioner,

T. G. WAINWRIGHT.”

Discharged from the hospital, the elegant-mannered poisoner, his dress with no style at all about it now, his spelling rather wandering, and his bearing less refined than it used to be, set up as an artist at Hobart Town, where sketches by him still exist. His conversation to lady-sitters was often indelicate. A writer in a Melbourne paper, 6th July, 1811, says of this dangerous and abandoned wretch (we must use plain words for him now): “He rarely looked you in the face. His conversation and manners were winning in the extreme; he was never intemperate; but nevertheless of grossly sensual habit, and an opium-eater. As to moral character, he was a man of the very lowest stamp. He seemed to be possessed by an ingrained malignity of disposition, which kept him constantly on the very confines of murder, and he took a perverse pleasure in traducing persons

who had befriended him. There is a terrible story told of his savage malignity towards a fellow-patient in the hospital, a convict, against whom he bore a grudge. The man was in a state of collapse—his extremities were already growing cold. Death had him by the throat. Wainewright's snakish eyes kindled with unearthly fire. He at once saw the fatal sign. He stole softly as a cat to the man's pallet, and hissed his exultation into his dying ear:

“You are a dead man, you ——. In four-and-twenty hours your soul will be in hell, and my arms will be up to that (touching his elbow) in your body, dissecting you.”

Such was the ingrained and satanic wickedness of this triple murderer. Twice this delight of society attempted to poison people who had become obnoxious to him. Even in that polluted corner of the world the man was dreaded, hated, and shunned. No chance homicide had imbrued his hands, but a subtle series of cowardly and atrocious crimes. His sole friend and companion was a cat, for which he evinced an extraordinary and sentimental affection. He had always been fond of cats. In 1852, this gentlemanly and specious monster was struck down in a moment, as with a thunderbolt, by apoplexy. He had survived his victims sixteen years.

Perhaps no blacker soul ever passed from a body than passed the day that Wainewright the poisoner went to his account. Well says Mr. Serjeant Talfourd:

“Surely no contrast presented in the wildest romance between a gay cavalier, fascinating Naples or Palermo, and the same hero detected as the bandit or demon of the forest, equals that which time has unveiled between what Mr. Wainewright seemed and what he was.”

It is this monster whom Lord Lytton has immortalised in his powerful novel of *Lucretia*.

THE MURDER OF MR. WILLIAM WEARE, OF LYON'S INN.

ABOUT half-past one o'clock on Friday, the 24th of October, 1823, Mr. William Weare—a not very reputable attorney, bill-discounter, and gambler: in person, a little dressy, dark, flashy man, with high cheek-bones, and whiskers growing towards the corners of his mouth, who had chambers at No. 2, Lyon's Inn, second floor—took a hasty dinner preliminary to going down on a little shooting-excursion for three days with his notorious friend, Mr. John Thurtell, well known at Epsom and in the betting-ring, to a lonely cottage about fourteen miles from London, on the St. Albau's Road.

Having packed up in a carpet-bag five shirts, six pairs of socks, a shooting-jacket, with a whistle at the buttonhole, leggings, a pair of breeches, a pair of laced-up boots, a pair of Wellington boots, and a backgammon board to amuse himself with a quiet game after the day's shooting, he put his double-barrelled gun in its woollen case, and got down his double-caped box coat from its nail ready for a start. Then slipping easily on a new olive-coloured coat and a buff waistcoat, he re-tied his plaid handkerchief, threw his long double-gold chain round his neck, put on his diamond ring, and deposited his gold hunter's watch in the pocket of his buff waistcoat, with a steel chain to still further secure it, placed his old companion, an ivory-handled penknife, in his other pocket, slid a pad of bank-notes, with an old gambler's cautiousness, into a secret pocket in his flannel waistcoat, shook out a clean yellow silk handkerchief, then rang the bell for his laundress, Mary Maloney, to fetch a hackney-coach for him from the Strand, at the Spotted Dog. The coach came about three o'clock to the end of Holywell Street: Mr.

Weare slamming the door of No. 2 behind him, came out first, carrying the gun. The laundress followed with the bag, and off drove the coach to the corner of St. Martin's Lane, where the fare alighted and paid a visit in Spring Gardens. Finally he alighted at the corner of Cumberland Street and the New Road.

In the mean time, Mr. Joseph Hunt, a public singer of bad reputation, had been about three o'clock to the White Lion Inn, in the yard of the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, and hired an iron-grey horse, with a blaze on his face, and white legs. A dark green gig was obtained from Mr. Cross, in Whitecomb Street. About five o'clock he drove to the Coach and Horses, 16, Conduit Street, and Mr. Thurtell, who lodged there, got in and drove off alone, Hunt having first carefully put under the seat a large sack which he had that morning bought in St. Giles's, probably for putting game into. At Paddington-turnpike, Thurtell picked up a companion, at a little past five o'clock.

About twenty minutes before seven, Thomas Wilson, one of the mounted horse-police, on his way towards London, at the top of Harp Hill, near Edgware, met two gentlemen in drab great-coats, driving a grey horse with a white face furiously, and on the wrong side of the road. When they came near him, he shouted, "Bow Street patrol," and asked them why they drove at such a rate. One of them answered, "Good-night, patrol," and drove on.

A quarter of an hour later, Thurtell and his friend stopped at the White Lion, Edgware; giving their horse a feed, and themselves some grog. Clarke, the landlord, who knew Thurtell well, was driving home with his wife in a taxed cart from King's Langley, and met the gig near the ninth milestone. Thurtell was shouting at the time, "Yaep, yaep," to a stage-coach with lights, which was in the middle of the road, and he had to pass it on the wrong side. Clarke recognised his voice. There was a bag in the front of the gig.

The landlord had scarcely reached his house before he heard some one calling in the road, and found another horse and gig, which he knew as belonging to Probert, a spirit merchant, of infamous character and a fraudulent bankrupt, who lived at the cottage to which Thurtell and his friend were bound. Probert and Hunt were in it. While they were drinking a glass of brandy and water, Clarke said to them as he stood by the gig:

"This matter of Thurtell, I think, will turn out a bad business;"—alluding to a charge against Thurtell and his

brother Thomas for defrauding the County Fire Office of one thousand nine hundred pounds by burning down a silk warehouse, to avoid which charge they were then in hiding at the Coach and Horses, in Conduit Street.

"Oh, no," said Hunt; "it's all nonsense. Here, look at this."

He then took out a newspaper and a letter from Thomas Thurtell, and gave them to the publican to read. While Clarke was reading, Hunt jumped out of the gig, came into the bar, and he and Probert took another glass of brandy and water. They then drove off.

About eight o'clock, Mrs. Smith, a farmer's wife, and child, and Elizabeth Osborne, a labourer's wife, their nurse, were driving home in a donkey-chaise (the farmer himself walking) down a lane which leads from Butler's Green to the high road between High Cross and Radlet. The moon had not yet risen, and the country people were chattering pleasantly about the drive and the visit they had just made, when Elizabeth Osborne suddenly cried out:

"God bless me, that's a gun gone off, is it not?"

Mr. Smith said, "Yes; stop the chaise!"

They all listened. To their horror, there came through the darkness across the field from Gill's Hill Lane deep groans, as if some one had met with an accident. The good-natured farmer said:

"I will run across and see; it is somewhere near Philip my brother's turnip-field gate."

"Pray don't," said the alarmed wife. "Don't go; perhaps they will shoot you."

"Pooh!" said the farmer; "if any one has shot a person, he is gone before now."

Just then, as they still listened, they heard several voices and a gig or cart move, and Mrs. Osborne said to the farmer's wife:

"Thank God, there is some one coming to his assistance, for I can hear talking. The man is not dead. His groans get further off. I think he is walking."

The gig, or cart, as they thought, then seemed to go on towards Gill's Hill. They still stopped listening, but heard no more groans; as they drove on, Mrs. Smith said:

"It is a very odd thing a gun going off." Her husband, dismissing the affair from his easy-going mind, remarked:

"I dare say it is some of those Gill's Hill people. They're sky-larking to frighten people."

The moon was just rising when the party got to Mr. Smith's at a little past eight, brightening peacefully over the trees and hedgerows, yellow and thinned by autumn.

About a quarter before eight, James Addis, the (boy) groom at Mr. Probert's cottage, hearing the wheels of a gig, ran out, thinking it was his master, but found it was only something that had driven by very fast towards Batler's Green. About the same time, James Freeman, a labourer, living near Probert's, going to Gill's Hill Lane to meet his wife and bring her home, saw two gentlemen in a gig beyond Probert's. The moon was not then up, but it was starlight. At an elbow of the lane, one of the gentlemen, in a light, long great-coat (probably Thurtell), got out, and Freeman spoke to him about his horse being so distressed. He was fumbling in his breast-pocket, but he made no answer.

Near nine o'clock there came a sharp ring at the Gill's Hill Cottage, and Addis, going out, found Mr. John Thurtell there *alone*, standing at his horse's head, which was turned towards London. He told Addis to take the horse and gig in, but to touch nothing, while he went to meet Mr. Probert. While Addis was rubbing the horse down, Thurtell returned, and asked if he had attended to the horse. There was a carpet-bag in the gig, and a gun stuck in the folds of the leather apron. In about three-quarters of an hour Probert and Hunt arrived, with Thurtell hanging on behind.

Mrs. Probert and her sister, Miss Noyes, came down-stairs to welcome the visitors. Mr. Hunt, being a stranger, was formally introduced to the ladies. Probert having brought a loin of pork from London, some of the chops were cooked for supper. While these were getting ready, Probert told the ladies that they were going out to Mr. Nicholl's, a neighbouring farmer and road-surveyor, to get leave for a day's shooting. They returned about eleven to supper, Hunt and Probert eating heartily, but Thurtell, when the chops cut red and underdone, seemed to have lost his appetite, and said that he felt unwell. After supper, when the spirits and water were produced, Hunt sang several songs, and Thurtell produced a richly chased gold hunting watch, and, taking off the chain, said it was more fit for a lady, and offered it to Probert for his wife. Probert declining it, Thurtell put it round the lady's neck with his own hands. The ladies retired between twelve and one. The sleeping accommodation was limited, as Thurtell's nieces were staying in the house; so that Hunt arranged to sleep on the sofa, and Thurtell on some chairs.

In the course of the evening, Thurtell had asked Addis, the groom, for a pail of water, and had sponged some spots out of the collar of his coat. He had also been into the kitchen, and, with a knife, cut off the chain from his watch.

Several other still more singular occurrences took place that October night. Mrs. Probert felt suspicious of the visitors, and alarmed at their ways and mysterious snatches of talk. A vague and horrible fear filled her mind. When Mrs. Probert retired to bed, soon after twelve, and Miss Noyes had closed her door, she stole to the head of the stairs, and leaned cautiously over the banisters to listen. The talk in the parlour was in a whisper, growing louder and more audible at intervals. Her husband and the unexpected visitors were in conversation. One said: "I think that will fit you very well," as if trying on clothes. There was then a noise of papers rustling on the table, and the crunching of paper thrown into the fire.

Hunt said: "Let us take five pounds each."

Another voice then said: "We had a hare made us a present of coming along; it was thrown up in the gig on the cushion. We must tell that to the boy in the morning."

Another voice said: "We had better be off to town by four or five o'clock in the morning."

John Thurtell replied: "We had better not go before eight or nine o'clock, the usual time."

After a pause, Thurtell remarked: "What is the matter, Probert? you seem down in the mouth; your wife is a-bed and asleep hours ago. There is no one who has heard or seen anything this night; indeed, we must not split."

The frightened woman then stole up into her room, closed the door, and waited for further sounds. A few minutes afterwards the glass doors of the parlour opened, and two of the men went to the stable with a light. Hunt held the light, and another brought the horse. Then they opened the yard gate, and let the horse out. Some time after this, Mrs. Probert, looking out of her dressing-room window, heard a noise in a walk called "The Dark Walk," from the shrubs that hemmed it in, and saw (it being a fine moonlight night) a short man dragging something large and heavy in a sack out of the Dark Walk towards the pond. There was a hollow sound, like a heap of stones thrown into a pit.

When Probert came to bed, about two o'clock, he found, to his sorrow, his wife sitting still undressed and crying. He said: "Why, I thought you were in bed."

She said to him: "Good God! what have you been about? What have I seen to-night? What have you been doing—you three? You have been counting money, burning papers, and dragging something heavy along the garden."

Probert replied:

"Don't make yourself uneasy, Betsy; you have only seen

the netting; we have been trying to get some game, but there were five gamekeepers out."

Why was the horse let out of the stable? Oh, only to carry the netting.

Early on Saturday morning, two labourers, named Hunt and Herrington, were repairing Gill's Hill Lane, for Mr. Nicholls, of Batler's Green, the surveyor of the highway. It was a bright crystalline October morning, the yellow leaves drifting gently and silently down on the narrow lane and the wiry hedge-rows, as the men plied pick and spade, and plastered and tossed up the mire from the deep wheel-ruts, where the leaves had gathered; on the half-dry road the black leaves were printed by Nature's printing, and the cold dew stood in thick drops on the coarse roadside grass. Two gentlemen passed them on foot; one was a short man of a dark complexion, and with large black whiskers, the other taller, dressed in a dark coat and a white hat. One of the men remembered having seen the short dark man down there before during the summer. They were a queer, suspicious lot of London chaps, a drinking, noisy, gambling lot, at Gill's Hill Cottage, they knew, coming down at suspicious times and leaving in a suspicious way; so the two men, looking up sullenly from their work, eyed them with curiosity and distrust. They passed without speaking, and at about ten poles' distance from the labourers stopped at the side of the left-hand hedge on the bend of the lane, and stooped down "grabbling," as if for something they had lost, amongst the rustling leaves and half-stripped brambles. They then walked a little further, and came back to where Hunt was busy with his spade. "Good morning, sir," said Hunt to the taller man in the bruised white hat.

"You are going to widen this lane, are you not?" said the tall man.

Hunt replied, "I am going to try and widen it where I can, but I am going to trim it up all through."

The tall man said, "It is a d—— nasty place; it is as dark as the grave. As I was coming up here last evening, I was capsized out of my gig."

"Did you hurt yourself, sir?"

"No, but I lost a silk handkerchief and a small penknife. I have found them both. I didn't hurt myself or my horse?"

"Was the gig broken?"

"No, the gig did not fall over, nor did the horse fall."

"That is a very queer thing to me, sir, that you should be capsized and your gig not fall."

The two gentlemen then went up the lane towards the cottage, leaving the labourers to their speculations on gig accidents and the queer lot at Probert's.

When the men were at breakfast some time afterwards, Herrington took his bread and cheese in his hand, and strolled to the spot where the two gentlemen had been looking. Brushing the leaves away, he found a small penknife with the blade open and covered with blood; a little further on, a pistol with hair sticking to it, the pan down, and bloody; and on the leaves were spots and gouts of blood. About ten o'clock Mr. Nicholls, the surveyor, came round to see the men's work, and Herrington gave him the pistol and knife. About noon the two gentlemen from Probert's drove down the lane again in a gig with an iron-grey horse. The tall man drove; it was the only gig that passed that day. They both looked hard at the spot near the maple-tree where the knife and pistol had been found, but said nothing.

That morning, when Probert got up, his wife renewed her inquiries about the scenes of the night before. He only replied:

"Don't torment me; you make my life miserable." He seemed in low spirits all day, went moping round the garden, and about the pond; then took his double-barrelled gun and went out shooting. Bullmer, the gardener, thought his master that day very "downy," as he was generally a very cheerful gentleman. Before he went out with his gun, he asked the gardener if he were not ready for his dinner, and told him it was two o'clock, as if anxious to get him away.

At half-past four that afternoon, Probert, with his gun and pointer, came over the hedge and across the field near Shenley Hill, to John Silver, landlord of the Black Lion public-house, who was turning a dunghcap. Silver saw he was low, and seemed to have something on his mind, and said to him:

"What the devil is the matter with you, Probert?"

Probert said:

"I have had a long walk, shooting, and I have had no sport. You had better come in and make some brandy and water, and let me have a crust of bread and cheese, and perhaps I shall be better." As Probert ate and drank, he heaved one or two heavy sighs.

That same morning, before Thurtell and Hunt left Gill's Hill, Mrs. Probert had observed the gig cushions drying at the kitchen fire, although there had been no rain the day before. She remarked upon this to her husband, but he ridiculed her for her nonsensical fears. Soon afterwards, the

cook, going into the stable, was surprised to see a wet ripped-up sack hanging on a nail.

On the Saturday, John Thurtell and Hunt dined with Thomas Thurtell and Mr. Noyes, Probert's brother-in-law, at the Coach and Horses, in Conduit Street. Hunt asked Thomas Thurtell, in a bragging way, to his surprise, if he wanted change for fifty pounds? He was in high spirits about his money, said he had been shooting game, and that Probert held the bag. On being questioned as to what they had been doing, Hunt said, laughingly :

"We Turpin lads can do the trick. We have been committing bloody murder, to be sure."

John Thurtell was in very good spirits. His brother, observing his hands scratched and cut, asked the reason. To which John Thurtell replied :

"Oh, Hunt, Probert, and I were out netting partridges last night, and the bushes tore my hands."

After dinner, John Thurtell, pulling out a gold watch, his brother asked him where he got it? John replied that was no business of his.

Hunt said :

"What Turpin lads we are, John! Let's have a bottle of wine. I can't drink anything else now. My old woman (wife) was in a fine rage last night because I stayed out all night; but she was pleased when I pulled out the money, and ordered two fowls and some pickled pork."

On Sunday morning, Thomas Thurtell walked out on the Kilburn Road, on his way to Mr. Probert's, to see his little girls. Before he got to Kilburn, John Thurtell and Hunt came by in a gig, and took him up. About a mile from Edgware they overtook Mr. Noyes. John Thurtell then got out and walked with him, and Hunt and Thomas Thurtell drove on to Probert's. As they drove past the garden fence, Hunt took out a new spade, which lay at the bottom of the gig half covered by a coat, and threw it over the garden hedge. On being asked why he did not take it round to the yard, Hunt replied : "Don't you think I know what I am after? Probert don't want his wife to know he is extravagant." They brought down in the gig with the spade, a piece of beef and two bottles of rum.

On the Sunday, after walking in the garden and dining (Probert, it was noticed, had no appetite), cards were produced, and the two Thurtells, Hunt, and Noyes sat down to whist, while Probert went to see Mr. Nicholls, the road-surveyor, at Batler's Green, about letting his cottage. The game was, however, never played out; for John Thurtell said the cards ran cross, and threw up his hand.

At six o'clock on the Sunday evening, Mr. Howard, of 68, Hatton Garden, proprietor of the Gill's Hill Cottage, called there by appointment, and went with Probert to Mr. Nicholls.

Nicholls said at once to Probert :

"By-the-by, Probert, what the deuce was going on down your lane the other night? I suppose some of your people got groggy, and one of them got behind a hedge and fired off a gun to alarm the rest. I have done so myself in my younger days."

Probert replied he had not heard the report, and did not know anything about it. Some one then saying that Mr. Barker, who had just bought the place of Major Wood, intended to fill up the fish-pond (Probert seemed much interested at this), Mr. Howard said :

"They had better drag the pond, as there is a large quantity of fish in it, that I put in myself three years ago. Some of them weigh a pound each."

Smith, the farmer, who was present, then stated (Mr. Nicholls listening very attentively) what he, his wife, and Elizabeth Osborne had heard in Gill's Hill Lane on the previous Friday evening. The conversation then dropped.

The next day, early, Mr. Nicholls, the road-surveyor, went to Watford, to the magistrates, then sitting at the Essex Arms Inn, and told them the story of the pistol and knife, which he brought with him. They instantly sent the pistol to Bow Street, and requested an active officer to be sent down. Two magistrates at once proceeded to Mr. Nicholls's house, stopping in the lane by the way to see the spot where the pistol had been found. They discovered pools of blood under the leaves in a wheel rut and a gap in the bank and hedge, where a body seemed to have been dragged into the ploughed field adjoining. There was human hair sticking and tangled in the lower boughs and hedge-stakes, and on the field side of the hedge there seemed to have been much trampling. "There has been a murder here," said the magistrate at once, as he looked up with a pale face. Finding that Probert was to leave the next day, and that a caravan loaded with goods was even then in his yard, the magistrates and constables instantly went to Gill's Hill, took Probert and Thomas Thurtell into custody, and searched the house and premises. The others had gone to London.

Thurtell was apprehended at the Coach and Horses, in Conduit Street. His coat, waistcoat, shirt, and hat were stained with blood. At Hunt's lodgings there had been found a shooting-jacket, a backgammon board, a double-barrelled

Manton, and a carpet-bag containing several shirts marked W.; the stable-boy from Gill's Hill Cottage also deposed to having found a shirt of Mr. Weare's under a heap of dung in Probert's stable. Rexworthy, a billiard-table keeper in Spring Gardens, proved that on Thursday, the 22nd of October, John Thurtell came in and spoke to Weare at his house, and that when Thurtell left, Mr. Weare informed witness that he was going down to Hertfordshire on Friday for a few days' shooting with Thurtell, and that on Friday Mr. Weare called about three, and told him he was on his way to meet Thurtell in the Edgware Road. Thurtell being questioned by the officers, said he knew Mr. Weare, but had not seen him for eight days. He had not met him on Friday in the Edgware Road. The pistol which was found in his pocket he had picked up on Sunday at Gill's Hill.

Mr. Noel, a solicitor generally employed in gambling-house cases, being present at the police-office, said to Thurtell: "You tell us you found this pistol near Probert's; what will you say when I tell you I can produce the fellow to it found within a few yards of the same spot?"

Thurtell replied: "I know nothing about that." But his countenance changed in a ghastly way.

Mr. Noel: I can tell you, Thurtell, that Mr. Weare is not to be found.

Thurtell: I am sorry for it, but I know nothing about him.

Mr. Noel then said to Hunt, in private:

"Mr. Hunt, for God's sake tell the magistrates whatever you know of this murder, and in all probability you will be admitted as evidence. It is clear that Mr. Weare has been murdered; we only want to find where the body is; if you know, for God's sake tell us."

Hunt several times denied all knowledge of the transaction, and resisted every importunity, in spite of the magistrates warning him to consider his perilous situation. He was then taken into another room with Mr. Noel and Ruthven and Upson, the Bow Street officers. He still remained firm. Upson then said:

"Hunt, you have a mother?"

"Yes, I have."

"And a wife also?"

"Yes."

"And you love them dearly?"

"Yes, very dearly."

"Then don't risk hanging, but tell where the body is, before Probert and the other peach, and it is too late." Hunt then consented to become a witness, and said he could point

out the place where the body was. Mr. Noel struck his hand on the table, and, shaking Hunt's hand, said :

"That's all we want. Hunt, I am very glad you have saved your own life."

He was then taken to the magistrates, asked to sit down, and was given some brandy and water.

At nine o'clock four men went with Hunt in a hackney-coach to find the body. Hunt remembered the place by a bridge on the Elstree Road. It was in a deep slough on the right-hand side going from Elstree to Radlet, and two miles from Gill's Hill. The body was found in the centre of the pond, where the water was four feet deep. It must have been swung in by two men. It was naked, the head and body in a sack, with flints under each armpit, and a handkerchief full of stones tied to the cord that fastened the sack. The jaw and left temple were driven in, as if by a pistol-muzzle. There was a shot-wound in the right cheek-bone, there were two deep cuts half through the jugular vein on the left side of the neck, behind the ear, and there was another wound on the right side. There was a red handkerchief tied round the neck of the corpse, as if intended to stanch the blood. Hunt would not look at the body. Probert said: "I never saw that corpse before. I declare to God I never did. You may rely upon it, I never saw that unhappy man before."

Hunt's confession to the magistrates was a conglomerate of lies and truth. He said that Thurtell told him that Weare and a man named Lemon had robbed him, with false cards, of three hundred pounds at blind-hookey. "Sooner or later," said Thurtell to Hunt, "I will be revenged." On the Friday he took a walk with Thurtell, and bought a pair of pocket-pistols. On his way down with Probert he had eight glasses of brandy and water, five at the Artichoke at Elstree. On arriving at Gill's Hill, Thurtell took them into the garden and said: "I have settled that beggar that robbed me of three hundred pounds. I've blown his brains out, and he's behind a hedge in the lane."

Here the language of the confession becomes too absurdly unnatural to be true:—

"'Nonsense,' was," Hunt said, "Probert's reply, 'nonsense. You have never been guilty of a thing of that kind, John Thurtell? If you have, and near my cottage, my character and my family are ruined for ever. But I cannot believe you have been guilty of so rash an act. Here, Hunt, take in that loin of pork, and desire the cook to get it dressed immediately.'" By-and-by they drank a glass of brandy, and ate two pork chops each. About four o'clock in the morning,

Hunt continued, Thurtell went with the horse, and dragged the body into the horse-pond.

Thurtell, Probert, and Hunt were tried at Hertford, December 4, before Mr. Justice Park and Mr. Justice Holroyd. Thurtell, who was the son of the Mayor of Norwich, and of respectable connections, appeared at the bar dressed in a plum-coloured frock-coat, white neckcloth, a drab waistcoat with gilt buttons, and white corded breeches. He had a fierce satanic face, long upper lip, a bony knotted forehead, and deeply-buried eyes. His mouth was sensual, sullen, and dogged. His right eyebrow was nearly straight, while the left rose in a high pointed arch. His frame was athletic and powerful, and he had a peculiar stoop in his shoulders. Hunt, small, ~~sallow~~, with unmeaning eyes, and hair foppishly disordered to express grief, was dressed in black, with a white cravat. Probert was a coarse, unwieldy man, with a receding forehead, grizzly black hair, small head and legs, blubber lips, eyes like those of "a vicious horse," and a deceitful, thievish expression.

Probert was admitted king's evidence, told a much more natural story than Hunt, and revealed more details of the horrible and coldly premeditated crime. On the Thursday when he met Thurtell, the prisoner asked him for five pounds, and told him, if he did not get it, he should be three hundred pounds out of pocket. He was going down to Gill's Hill, if a certain friend met him at the Paddington Gate at five, and said: "If I have an opportunity, I mean to do him, for he is a man that has robbed me of several hundreds. I have told Hunt where to stop. I shall want him about a mile and a half beyond Elstree. If you don't go, give Hunt a pound." On their way down, at about four miles from London, he and Hunt passed Thurtell. Hunt said: "It's all right, Jack has got him; there they are; drive by, and take no notice." At Elstree they stopped three-quarters of an hour, waiting for Thurtell, but somehow or other he had passed them without their knowing it, before reaching Edgware. Beyond Elstree, Hunt got out and waited for Thurtell. When Probert met Thurtell on the road, he asked for Hunt, but said:

"Oh, I don't want him now. I've done the trick. I've killed the man I brought down, and rid the country of a villain."

When they went to look for the body, Thurtell kicked about the leaves to find the pistol and knife, but without success. He (Probert) then promised to look for them in the morning; the body was lying with the head in a shawl.

Thurtell searched the pockets, and took out a pocket-book with fifteen pounds in notes, a memorandum-book, and some silver; a purse of sovereigns and a watch he had before removed, he said, when he killed him. They then put the body head-foremost in a sack, and tied it round the knees. Then, continued Probert—

Thurtell said: "When I first shot him, he jumped out of the gig and ran like the devil, singing out that he would pay back all he had won of me if I would only spare his life. I jumped out of the gig and ran after him. I got him down, and began to cut his throat, as I thought, close to the jugular vein; but I could not stop his singing out. I then jammed the pistol into his head, and gave it a turn round; then I knew I had done him. (Turning to Hunt) Joe, you ought to have been with me, for I thought at one time he would have got the better of me." Thurtell said that, but for Hunt's mistake, they should have killed Weare in the other lane, and then have gone to London and inquired of his friends why he had not kept his appointment. Thurtell and Hunt went out to bring the body, but found it too heavy, and left it. He (Probert) and Thurtell then went and brought the body on the horse, and put it in the pond with some stones in a sack. On Sunday, Hunt put on the clothes of deceased, and Thurtell walked to the pond, asked if the body had risen, and said it would lie there safe for months.

On his return from Mr. Nicholls's, and telling what had occurred, Thurtell said: "Then I'm baked, but they could do nothing to him" (Probert). That night Thurtell and Hunt went to dig a grave, but the dogs were barking, and they were afraid some one was about. On Monday, while Hunt was talking to Mrs. Probert, he and Thurtell got the body up, and cut off the clothes. They then all three carried it to the garden gate, and put it into the gig. On the Friday night, Thurtell said, "I mean to have Barber Beaumont and Woods." The former was a director of the County Fire Office, who had brought the charge of conspiracy against the Thurtells; Woods was Thurtell's rival for the hand of Miss Noyes. A grave half dug was found in Probert's garden, near the orchard; but the soil was flinty clay, and it is supposed that Thurtell and Hunt were afraid of the noise pick-axes would make. Some of the incidents of the trial were appalling; others ludicrous. A constable carefully unfolded the pistol from a white paper. It was a small, blue-barrelled pistol, smeared black with gunpowder, and dingy red with blood. A piece of tow was thrust into the muzzle to keep in its horrid contents—the murdered man's brains. The short,

curled hairs which had been literally dug from the victim's head were firmly glued to the back of the pan with crusted blood. This fearful instrument of murder made all shudder except the murderers, who were equally callous during the production of Weare's gun, his carpet bag, the shooting-jacket with the dog-whistle hanging to it, the dirty leggings, the shoes, and the linen. The often-quoted reason for a man being respectable "because he kept a horse and gig" occurred during this trial; and when Probert's cook was asked whether the supper at Gill's Hill Cottage was "postponed," she answered, "No. It was pork."

Thurtell's speech in his own defence was written for him by his counsel, Mr. Phillips. He had learnt it by heart, and spoke it in a deep, measured, and unshaken tone, with studied and theatrical action. He denied that he was a callous, remorseless villain, depraved, profligate, and gratuitously cruel. He had fought and bled for his country (he had been in the Marines); but to raise the assassin's arm against an unsuspecting friend was horrid, monstrous, and incompatible with every feeling of his heart. He then enumerated a great many cases of persons who had suffered death innocently, from mistaken circumstantial evidence. He talked of his unstained and happy home, quoted St. Paul, entreated the jury not to cut him off in the very summer of his life (he was just thirty-one), wept, and concluded in these words, which he oratorically emphasised with appropriate and impassioned gesture: "I stand before you as before my God, overwhelmed with misfortunes, but unconscious of crime; and while you decide on my future destiny, I earnestly entreat you to remember my last solemn declaration—I am innocent, so help me God!" "The studied, slow, and appalling tone," remarks a writer who was present, "in which Thurtell rang out these last words can never be imagined by those who were not auditors of it. He clung to every separate word with indescribable earnestness. The final exclamation, "God!" was thrown up with an almost gigantic energy. Yet, from first to last the whole was a performance that had been carefully premeditated.

Hunt, who was condemned to death with Thurtell, but was afterwards respited and transported for life, confessed that Thurtell had planned many murders, and had been hired by gamblers to get obnoxious men out of the way. He had tried to kill, with an air-gun, Mr. Osborne Springfield, a silk merchant, of Norwich, and also Mr. Barber Beaumont. He had decoyed Mr. Woods to his house in Manchester Buildings, and there waited for him with a large dumb-bell. Woods

was frightened, and escaped. He had then planned to shoot him in bed, and pass it off as a suicide. He had also boasted that, when a lieutenant of marines, in the *Bellona*, he stabbed a wounded Polish officer at St. Sebastian, and took from his body one hundred and forty doubloons.

Hunt spent the night before execution with Thurtell. The prisoner shook him cordially by the hand at parting, and said, "God bless you! You have brought me to this situation, but I freely forgive you, and hope you will be reprieved and live to repent of your past errors. If you had had nerve like us, none of us would have been convicted of this crime; but I forgive you from the bottom of my heart."

One account, which describes this implacable ruffian as resigned and penitent, and as having read a sermon on the last judgment during the night before he was hung, does not harmonise with his well-known anxiety about the prize-fight between Spring and Langham, which took place on the previous day. "I know it to be a fact," reports one gentleman,* "that Thurtell said, about seven hours before his execution, 'It is perhaps wrong in my situation; but I own I should like to read Pierce Egan's account of the great fight yesterday.'"

He slept soundly till called; remarking, he had never had dreams "connected with this affair." He then breakfasted, prayed, it is said, received the sacrament, and parted with Hunt, hoping he would go abroad, live long, and die a happy man. He thanked the chaplain, and bade the under-sheriff and jailer good-bye.

The executioner and turnkey came and took off his hat and cravat, drew the white nightcap over his face, and put the cord round his neck. He merely said to the hangman, "Give me rope enough." To which the man replied, "Never fear; there is quite enough." The turnkey left the scaffold; the hangman mechanically pressed the prisoner's hand according to form, and left also. The next instant the platform fell with Thurtell. The body was then taken to the chapel, and in the evening put into a sack and driven in a gig (that day eleven weeks from the murder) to Bartholomew's Hospital, where Abernethy dissected it.

A cast of the murderer's powerful back, bowed as when the strangling bent it convulsively, we have seen in studios side by side with Madame Vestris's foot and the hand of Lucrezia Borgia.

Probert did not take his narrow escape much to heart, for only a year later he was hung at the Old Bailey for

* In the *London Magazine* for February, 1824.

horse stealing ; the judges being only too glad to catch him tripping.

Years after the murder of Mr. Weare, the driver of the St. Alban's coach invariably slackened the speed of his horses when he crossed the bridge by Elstree, and pointed with his whip to the deep, lonely, roadside slough where the murdered man's body was found.

*THE TRIAL AND EXECUTION OF
FAUNTLERoy.*

IN one point, a cynic once said, we in these later days have materially gone back in civilisation: we now only transport bankers who turn thieves. Formerly we used to hang them.

Any day towards the close of the London season of 1821, persons turning into Berners Street out of the din and jostle of Oxford Street, would have seen on the door of Number Six an oblong brass plate, and engraved upon it, in free cursive letters,

MARSH, STACEY, FAUNTLEROY, AND GRAHAM,

names great on 'Change, potent in the Bank parlour, and influential in Lombard Street.

A rapid glance through the thin veil of a dark wire blind, bordered with white, would have shown well-dressed, taciturn young men busy at ledgers, ruffling silvery bundles of bank-notes, or shovelling sovereigns in golden showers from drawer to counter, from counter to drawer. Had a glass door at the back of the room at that moment opened, it might have disclosed a thin-faced, elderly man, with neat powdered hair, and a dress of black, cut in the most perfect—but quiet—fashion. It might have been that the very moment the door opened, that grave, intensely respectable and appreciated person, that delight of society, had just, with a sigh, completed the writing of a certain memorable document, and enclosed it in a tin box, sighing as he turned the key quickly and suspiciously in the lock: then carefully depositing it in a desk, locked the desk with another key which hung among his costly bunch of watch-seals.

Persons living in that street, struggling in small businesses and just turning their money, must have often looked up at the sumptuous apartments on the first floor at Number Six,

and have envied that pale grave man, whose anxious face they could sometimes see looking through the windows. Hackney-coachmen on the rank in Berners Street, as they screwed down the tobacco in their oily pipes, and discussed the world over the tops of their coaches, must have often pointed with the butt-end of their whips surreptitiously to the glittering windows at Number Six, when Mr. Fauntleroy was conspicuously "at home." "Rich as Creases!" may have been said, more than once, on such occasions.

Punctual as the Horse Guards' clock, Mr. Fauntleroy came in from his Brighton villa, turned the corner from Regent Circus, and solemnly pushed open the bank doors, hushing at once all chatter of clerks, their snatches of songs, and their theatrical and sporting reminiscences.

To have impugned that house upon 'Change would have been to incur the penalty of being pumped on, and afterwards of being beaten dry with a horsewhip; an action for libel, with swingeing damages, would have then, without doubt, taken all the remainder of your breath out of you, and embittered the rest of your life with the disgrace of bankruptcy. The British Constitution was not more stable than Fauntleroy's house; Magna Charta not more venerated.

Yet, remarkable to state, on the afternoon of that bright and pleasant autumn day—September 10th.—Samuel Plank, a hard-faced police-officer from Marlborough Street, suddenly entered the neat bank parlour, laid his large brawny hands on Mr. Fauntleroy's shoulder, and apprehended him, on a charge of forging powers of attorney, by which he had disposed of three hundred and sixty thousand pounds' worth of other people's Bank of England stock. The old clerks almost fainted; the young clerks derided the charge in a tremulous way; the partners sympathised; stray persons in the bank on business were horrified, and almost thought the end of the world had come. On those thin, white, perhaps rather mischievous hands the grim bright steel handcuffs, as bracelets, must have looked sadly unfitting. It was remarkable, however, that considering the worthy and most respectable banker's perfect and palpable innocency, Mr. Fauntleroy seemed to expect the unpleasant visit, and locked the desk at which he sat with considerable care just as the police-officer entered the sacred room. The key was taken from the banker's watch-chain at the Marlborough Street office, and was found to lead to most important discoveries, affecting, indeed, half the commercial interest of London.

A palsy of horror and fear seized the tenants of bank parlours the next morning, when, throwing carelessly open the

wet and flowing sheet of the *Times*, their eyes fell on a paragraph in large type, headed in thrilling capitals:

"Arrest of Mr. FAUNTLEROY, the eminent banker, on a charge of FORGERY!!!"

What pallor must have fallen on respectable, grave faces! How many gold spectacles must have been taken off as if to get more air! What stimulants of snuff must have been inhaled! How many grey heads must have met with ominous looks over ledgers!

In the City such catastrophes as this produce a horrible feeling of alarm, suspicion, and distrust. Every bank seems a whited sepulchre. It is as if Lombard Street pavement had suddenly given way, like ice, and a great volcano of uncontrollable fire had come spouting up ten times as high as the Monument. Such convulsions in commerce are what great disappointments are in life; they make men cynics in a moment; they uproot hope, and destroy our trust in human nature. If Fides be false, if Achates is dishonest, who, we think, can be honest, who can be true? No hypocrite is ever exposed without making half a dozen men irreligious for life. No banker is dishonest without turning half a dozen commercial men into misanthropes, who henceforward raise their rate of interest and refuse loans even to their own mothers.

Before Mr. Fauntleroy's trial took place, endless ledgers had been conned, bank-books totted up, tin boxes ransacked, and stupendous discoveries made. The court was full of bankers, merchants, literary men, and West-end men, who had either been robbed by Fauntleroy, or had shared his hospitality at his pleasant dinner-parties. The prisoner, with his powdered hair and dress immaculate as ever, stood pale, nervous, and humble at the bar. Fauntleroy had really embezzled about four hundred thousand pounds, but the Bank of England prosecuted for only one hundred and seventy thousand pounds which he had obtained by forged powers of attorney in the years 1814, 1815.

The grand jury of the city of London found true bills against Mr. Fauntleroy on several charges of forgery, and the trial was appointed to take place on October 30, 1824. The sheriffs determined to obviate the inconveniences of a crowded court by preventing any persons entering it as mere spectators who were not provided with tickets signed by themselves. Nevertheless, the galleries, which were claimed as private property under the control of particular officers of the corporation, were farmed out with great zeal at a guinea a seat.

Long before eight o'clock a throng began to assemble at the

Old Bailey doors, and a tremendous crush was expected; but, as often happens in these cases, so many people feared the crowd, that, after all, no very great crowd came. The price of the gallery seats had deterred the public, and there were not more than twenty persons in them.

Mr. ex-Sheriff Parkins made himself rather conspicuous by his remarkable eagerness for the commencement of the trial, and his great apprehension lest some unforeseen circumstance should produce delay.

At ten o'clock, Mr. Justice Park and Mr. Baron Garrow entered the court accompanied by the Lord Mayor. The prisoner was dressed in a full suit of black, and his grey hair was, as usual, powdered. His previous firmness seemed to desert him now when placed at the bar. His step was tremulous, his face pale and thinner than on his first examination at Marlborough Street. He never raised his head, even for a moment, but placed his hands for support on the front of the dock, and stood in the most dejected way while the Deputy-Clerk of the Arraignment repeated the seven different indictments for forgery. The reading of these occupied twenty minutes.

The first indictment charged Henry Fauntleroy (no respect now to the great rich man) with forging a deed with intent to defraud Frances Young of five thousand pounds stock, and also with forging a power of attorney with intent to defraud the Bank of England.

The Attorney-General then, gathering up his heap of notes, and tossing his silk gown higher over his shoulders, set to work to fit the noose securely and legally round the neck of the unhappy banker. Fauntleroy's father, he stated, had been a partner in the bank from its very first establishment, and continued so till his death in 1807, at which period the prisoner became a partner, and soon rose to be the most active and working member of the firm. In 1815, Frances Young, of Chichester, a customer of the house, lodged in the hands of the firm a power of attorney to receive the dividends on five thousand four hundred and fifty pounds Three per Cent. Consols. These dividends were regularly received; but soon afterwards another power of attorney was presented to the bank, authorising the prisoner to sell that stock, and he sold it. It was afterwards found that he had forged the name of Frances Young, and the names of the two attesting witnesses. Since the discovery, a paper of singular importance had been found proving this. (What this paper was it will be better for us to state further on.)

James Tyson, the first witness called, said: I have been

clerk in the bank ever since 1807, the very year the prisoner was taken into the house. In 1815, the partners were Sir James Tibbald, Bart., William Marsh, Henry Fauntleroy, George Edward Graham, and Josias Henry Stacey. Sir James died in 1819 or 1820, and Mr. Fauntleroy became then the active partner. The name of James Tyson attached to the instrument produced is not in my handwriting. I swear that I did not write it. I never saw Miss Frances Young sign a deed. I never, indeed, saw her in my life till I saw her at the office at Marlborough Street, after Mr. Fauntleroy's apprehension. The description of the witnesses, "clerks to Messrs. Marsh, Tibbald, and Co., bankers, Borne Street," is, I think, in Mr. Fauntleroy's writing. I have been in the habit of seeing him write weekly, daily, hourly. Having such knowledge of his handwriting, I say that I have no doubt that the words of the description are in his writing.

John Browning, junior, examined by Mr. Law, deposed: I have been for twenty-four years a clerk in the Three per Cent. Consols office. I was subsidiary witness to the power of attorney produced. I saw Mr. Fauntleroy attach this signature in the sixth division of our office. I have with me here, the bank ledger, which shows that, on the day named, Miss Frances Young had five thousand four hundred and fifty pounds Three per Cent. Consolidated Annuities standing in her name. The transfer book I here produce shows that on June 1, 1815, five thousand pounds were transferred from the name of Miss F. Young to that of William Flower, of the Stock Exchange. The signature subscribed to that transfer, "R. Fauntleroy, attorney," was written by Mr. Fauntleroy in my presence. I know the prisoner's handwriting.

Mr. Robert Best, secretary to the Bank of England, examined by Mr. Serjeant Bosanquet: I have with me the minute-book of the directors. There is a minute, dated 21st of October, 1824: "Ordered that Three per Cent. Consols should be purchased and entered in the name of Miss Frances Young." There was a preamble——

Mr. Gurney, the prisoner's counsel, struggling against the stream, objected to the preamble being read. Witness was not present when the resolution was agreed to. It really was not evidence.

Mr. Justice Park reserved the question, but said that the order was contained in the books of the Bank of England, and those books had always been received as evidence ever since he had been in the profession.

Mr. Best continued: The original minute was written by the Governor of the Bank, who handed it to the secretary to

read, and to be confirmed by the Court of Directors, after which it was entered in the minute-book.

Mr. Benjamin Tate, stockbroker to the Bank of England, then proved the purchase of five thousand pounds Consols, and the transfer of the sum to the name of Miss F. Young. (This was the sum to replace the money fraudulently taken by Fauntleroy.)

The jury not understanding the tendency of all this evidence, Mr. Justice Park, in his bland way, explained that it was necessary to make Miss Young a competent witness, and that it was required to prove that she had no interest either in invalidating or affirming the genuineness of the power of attorney. The Bank had since replaced the stock, and released her from all claims.

Mr. Gurney objected to Miss Frances Young being called. She had not received her dividends since 1805. The proving the forgery entitled her to dividends of considerable value; she was, therefore, an interested and incompetent witness.

The Attorney-General removed this objection by proving Miss Young's signature to a deed releasing the Bank of England from all claims touching the dividends.

Miss Young proved that her signature to the power was a forgery. "I never authorised the prisoner, nor any other person, to sell out five thousand pounds stock for me. I was never in London either in May or June in 1815. I was all that time in Chichester."

James Tyson recalled: Mr. Marsh generally received the bulk of the dividends at the Bank, as he was the senior partner of the firm. Before the dividends are received, it is usual for bankers to make out a list of the sums they have to receive for their customers. That list was generally made out in our house by Mr. Fauntleroy. (A list was here put into the hands of the witness.) That is a list of the dividends to be received upon Consols in July, 1824. The endorsement upon it, "Three per Cent. Consols, July, 1824, Marsh, Stacey, and Co.," is in the handwriting of the prisoner. The paper contains a long list of names, and of sums opposite to them. The list is alphabetical. The first column is in red. The red figures are made by the bank clerks. The two other columns, the one of the names and the other of sums, are in the handwriting of Mr. Fauntleroy. I see the name of Frances Young in the list. Five hundred and fifty pounds is placed opposite her name as the sum upon which the dividends are to be received. When the dividend warrants had been received by Mr. Marsh at the Bank of England, he brought them home and gave them to Mr. Fauntleroy. Mr. Fauntle-

roy made out an account of part of the sums so received. The rest were made out by the clerk. I have the cash-book of July, 1824, with me, and I see the following entry among those made by the prisoner: "Miss Frances Young, 5550*l.* = 83 - 5. (The witness then produced various ledgers belonging to the house of Marsh and Co., and read entries in them, from which it appeared that from July, 1823, the dividends credited to Miss F. Young were on five thousand five hundred and fifty pounds, and that previously to that time they were on five thousand four hundred and fifty pounds. The entries in the day-book were traced back to 1815, and were invariably found to be in the prisoner's handwriting. The same was the case in the cash-books.) On the 1st June the sum of two thousand nine hundred and fifty-three pounds two shillings and sixpence is entered to the credit of H. F. That entry is in the handwriting of Watson, one of the clerks. I have turned to the private ledger of the different partners, and have looked to the dates of June 1st and June 6th. There is the following entry in one line:—"June 6th, Ryan, 40*l.*; June 1st, cash 2953*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*, 2993*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*" The words, "June 6th, Ryan, 40*l.*," are in the handwriting of Mr. Graham. The remainder is in the handwriting of the prisoner at the bar. It stands short upon the line, and there appears to have been an erasure there. The whole of the line stands to the credit of "H. F."

Cross-examined by Mr. Gurney: The whole of the sums placed there to the credit of the prisoner amount to thirty thousand pounds. I do not know whether those sums did or did not find their way into the funds of the house. That rests with the partners themselves. I do not know that they were drawn out on Mr. Fauntleroy's own private account. Messrs. Martin and Co. were our City bankers, and often received money on our account, and paid it over to us. It is impossible for me to say whether the money about which I am questioned was or was not paid into the banking-house. Mr. Stacey could answer that question; a clerk cannot. It was usual to make entries in the books for large sums to the initials of the partners. They were placed sometimes to stock transactions, and sometimes to exchequer transactions.

Mr. Plank, a police-officer, deposed to finding two boxes at Mr. Fauntleroy's; one of them had the prisoner's name upon it. Both were opened with the keys found in Mr. Fauntleroy's desk. They were taken away in a coach by Mr. Freshfield, the solicitor to the Bank.

Mr. Freshfield proved that in the box with the name

he found principally deeds and probates of wills, and in that with no name (therefore more private) a variety of memoranda, diaries, the sale note of Miss F. Young's stock, and also the extraordinary document already referred to by the Attorney-General.

James Tyson, again recalled, proved the fatal document to be in the prisoner's handwriting. When there was a sale of stock effected for a customer of the house it was usual to file the sold note, and one of the partners then entered it in a book kept for the purpose.

James Kirby, another clerk of Fauntleroy's house, deposed that no such entry had been made as was usual in the fair course of business.

Crushing as this evidence was, the document so often referred to from the tin box had *death* written all over it. It was sufficient to have hung twenty bankers.

It was, in fact, a confession, in the prisoner's own handwriting, and rendered further evidence almost unnecessary. It contained the following items: De la Place, eleven thousand one hundred and fifty pounds Three per Cent. Consols; E. W. Young, five thousand pounds Consols; General Young, six thousand pounds Consols; Frances Young, five thousand pounds Consols; H. Kelley, six thousand pounds Consols; Lady Nelson, eleven thousand nine hundred and ninety-five pounds Consols; Earl of Ossory, seven thousand pounds Four per Cents; W. Bowen, nine thousand four hundred pounds Four per Cents; Parkins, four thousand pounds Consols. Sums were also placed to the names of Mrs. Pelham, Lady Aboyne, W. R. and H. Fauntleroy, and Elizabeth Fauntleroy. The Attorney-General observed that the sum total, one hundred and twenty thousand pounds, appeared at the foot of this list in the prisoner's handwriting. The statement was followed by this declaration: "In order to keep up the credit of our house I have forged powers of attorney for the above sums and parties, and sold out to the amount here stated, and without the knowledge of my partners. I kept up the payment of the dividends, but made no entries of such payments in our books. *The Bank began first to refuse to discount our acceptances, and to destroy the credit of our house; the Bank shall smart for it.*"

The prisoner, on being asked what he had to say in his defence, read a paper stating that, on his joining the firm in 1807, he found the concern deeply involved in consequence of building speculations. The house remained in embarrassment until 1810, and then experienced an overwhelming loss from the failure of Brickwood and Co., for which concern it

had accepted and discounted bills to the amount of one hundred and seventy thousand pounds. In 1814, 1815, 1816, the firm was called upon, in consequence of speculations in building, to produce one hundred thousand pounds. In 1819 the most responsible of the partners died, and the embarrassments of the house were again increased by being called upon to refund his capital. During all this time the house was without resources, except those for which he was now responsible. He had received no relief from his partners. He kept two establishments on a very moderate scale. *He had never embezzled one shilling.*

Having finished reading the paper, Fauntleroy sat down and wept with much agitation.

Never had there been such witnesses to character. Sir Charles Forbes and fifteen other witnesses, who had known Mr. Fauntleroy for from ten to twenty years each, attested their high opinion of the prisoner's honour, integrity, and goodness of disposition. They were all his sincere friends, and were all in the same tune. No doubt of his honour and integrity had ever crossed their minds. They all revealed the serene mountain peak of respectability from which the banker had fallen headlong. "Kind, honourable," said one. "Just, fair, and kindhearted," cried another. "A most benevolent man, with a stainless character for integrity," declared a third.

There is no moment in a trial which involves death so solemn as the moment when the jury rise and retire to consider their verdict. Even the barristers' worn faces glow with excitement. The judge has an air of grave abstraction, and seems pondering over the few still unsolvable mysteries of the case. A cold dew has broken out on the forehead of the prisoner, and he clutches at the dock as if that hold only retained him in life. In that short interval of time there is crowded upon him the agony of years. The horrors of death have already come. There is a dead silence. Then a distant sound of feet; it grows nearer; the crowd surge back. The jury is returning. They enter flushed and grave. The judge gives them one searching look, and the foreman rises to answer the solemn question to be asked him. The prisoner's whole soul is absorbed in the answer. In Fauntleroy's case the jury retired for twenty minutes. The prisoner seemed deeply agitated during their absence, and rose up when the mob poured in announcing their return.

The verdict was, "Guilty of uttering the forged instrument, knowing it to be forged."

Judge Park, after bending down and exchanging a few

remarks with the counsel in a low voice, suddenly, and with extreme abruptness, raised his head and exclaimed :

"Henry Fauntleroy !"

The prisoner started, and rose as if in expectation that sentence was about to be pronounced on him. The learned judge proceeded :

"Henry Fauntleroy, the Attorney-General does not feel it necessary, in the discharge of his duty, to proceed further with the other indictments which have been preferred against you. It is no part of my painful duty to pronounce the awful sentence of the law, which will follow the verdict which has just been recorded. That unplesing task will devolve on the learned Recorder at the termination of the sessions; but it is a part of my duty as a Christian magistrate to implore you now that you bethink yourself seriously of your latter end." A convulsive sob from the wretched prisoner was audible through the court. When the judge had concluded Fauntleroy was quite overpowered, being barely able to raise his hands as if in the attitude of prayer, which was the only answer he was capable of making. He was then removed from the bar, supported on the arms of Mr. Wontner and one of his friends, to the prison.

There remains a certain mystery still shrouding the great Fauntleroy swindle. It is impossible to conjecture for what purpose the dishonest banker preserved in a private box so careful and suicidal a statement of his own misdoings. It might have been that he was contemplating immediate flight even at the very moment of his arrest, and wished to leave behind him a clear and logical schedule that might explain matters to, and absolve, his partners. It might be that Fauntleroy (with that strange confusion of feeling and aberration of judgment that raises some thieves almost to the dignity of monomaniacs) wished to leave ample and clear testimony of the revenge his mistaken honour had taken on the Bank of England for having refused credit to his firm.

Our own hypothesis is, however, a harsher one. It is a kindly trait in human nature, a proof of its indelible goodness (and also its inexhaustible gullibility, sneers the cynic), that people are generally disposed to believe the last confessions of great criminals. The man whose blackened and corrupted soul has planned the most treacherous and cruel crimes is usually supposed to be so cleansed and purified by the sight of twelve British jurymen and a wig of flowing horsehair, that his declarations are heard with all the confidence with which we listen to the lisps of innocence and infancy. No motive is suspected, no mental distortion allowed for. We yield

ourselves ready believers to a dark tissue of subtle and ingenious falsehoods invented by the man who is, as he knows, hotly hunted by the hangman, and on the very brink of the false floor from which the well-greased bolt is already receding.

The man who has once plunged into the slough of crime has long lived on lies. They have become the very breath of his life, his food, his implements, the scaffolding with which he builds, the pitfall he sets for his victims, his mask, his ambush, and his armour; they have grown dear to him as his cruel knife and his still smoking pistol. It is not a few hours in a dark stone cell; it is not even twelve jurymen and an entangled wig that will scare him from their use. He has become a great devilish destructive principle at war with the principles of truth and goodness, and lies are but the twinings and doublings that he makes in his desperate and panting struggle to escape the slip-knot. He has petrified himself into an incarnate lie. As for truth, it chokes him, and is snatched from him before he can utter it.

We believe that Fauntleroy gambled, and lived at Brighton in foolish splendour, under the shadow of the fantastic palace of George the Fourth. The great capitalist, the honourable, benevolent, kindhearted banker, had not moral courage enough to face the world in honest brave poverty. He went on living as he had lived. He silently stole thousands after thousands, buoyed up by the secret excuse of an absurd and illogical revenge, until he got deeper and deeper in the slimy morass of fraud. Theft had to back up theft. He could not stop himself. He must go on now. Restitution became hopeless.

In the glitter of a thousand wax-lights, in his soft-lined carriage on the Steyne, in the Park, in Bond Street, the grave man in black moved and passed, the model of bankers, the very rose of Lombard Street. When he got alone and at night he became the agonized, timid, crushed, miserable, broken-hearted man, trembling at every door that opened, shuddering at every whisper on the stairs, startled at each jarring window, palsied every morning he opened the paper and read another bank failure, another scene on the Newgate scaffold, — every time the fatal dividend-day came round, lest his victims, from a moment's delay, should scent out the long series of cruel and treacherous theft. Riches, show, splendour, Brighton villas, money-bags, diamonds, are indeed pitiful and contemptible when we look at nine years passed in this torture.

The gay and pleasant time had passed; the days of splen-

dour, ostentation, arrogance, and luxury in the club-rooms or the Steyne, in the Berners Street parlour, at the great dinner-parties (mentioned by Hazlitt) had gone by. Those few simple words, written in a bold, clear, business-like hand, had been as the sowing of dragons' teeth; they had evoked police-officers, jurymen, judges, and, last of all, the hangman. The slow dawning day of terrible retribution had at last come. The honourable and benevolent banker was now to stand forth over Newgate door, before a hundred thousand cruel, eager, brutal, pitiless faces, looming white through the fog of a dull, dismal, cold, wet November morning.

Hardly since the Perreaus, the wine-merchants, who were hung in 1776, or since Dr. Dodd, the popular preacher, paid the penalty at Tyburn, for forgery, in 1777, had the contemplated execution of a gentleman moved more pity, or excited such deep and universal interest. One does not see a great London banker hung every day. The sight drew together half the City. At daybreak, a vast crowd began to roll on towards the great gloomy blind stone house on the hill, to scan its hard repulsive profile against the unpropitious and sunless sky, and to gape up at the coffin-like door, emblazoned with the murderer's escutcheon of iron fetters. The sordid and greasy thousands not only extended in a close-packed mass from Ludgate Hill to the entrance of the then loathsome and penned-up Smithfield, but surged away all down Skinner Street and along Newgate Street, around that black mountain range of stone which is called Saint Paul's, far indeed beyond any point where any line of perspective or alley could afford the faintest glimpse of the scaffold.

The sight was evidently considered so grand that it was something to be even half a mile away from it. There was a ground-swell of swearing and howling, and a host of ruffians half maddened by not being able to see the gentleman banker "turned off." A cruel envy and hatred, and a still more horrible heartlessness, filled the minds of those wretches. Every window and house-roof near Newgate was crowded with amateurs of executions, well-bred men whose manners had furnished subjects for shilling books on etiquette. Unsexed women shouted and sang below the windows let out at such profitable sums. Men, drinking to keep out the cold, declared the crowd was equal to that which had witnessed Thistlewood and his gang swung out of the world for their crimes.

At a quarter before eight the sheriffs had entered the prisoner's room. Fauntleroy (it is a mockery to say Mr. now) lifted his eyes sadly, and, seeing them, bowed, but said

nothing. The instincts of the gentleman were still there. Besides the ordinary of Newgate—the Rev. Mr. Cotton (whose name thieves used to pun on)—Mr. Baker was with the prisoner, and the Rev. Mr. Springett had borne with him the agony of the previous night's bitter sorrow and repentance.

Fauntleroy, still true to the traditions of respectability, was dressed in a black coat and trousers, with silk stockings and evening dress shoes. He was perfectly composed. His face showed no change since the trial. His eyes were closed. Even this hour was perhaps preferable to the long torture of those nine years of self-accusation.

The moment came. The silent but unmistakable gesture called him. There was no delay. Nothing could stop those preparations but the sudden death of one man. The sheriffs moved forward with serious faces. The ordinary passed on, after set form. No one required teaching as to his place in the ghastly procession. Mr. Baker and Mr. Springett, true friends even now, took each an arm of Fauntleroy, and followed the sheriffs and Mr. Cotton. The wretched man never turned his head right or left till he reached the foot of the steps leading to the scaffold—no longer the velvet-carpeted stairs, but rough deal planks fresh from the saw. He passed up to the scaffold, where the hard grim man stood to welcome him and arrange him for death.

The moment he appeared a strange thrill went through thousands of hearts. The black dim mob turned white—every hat went off in the twinkling of an eye. In less than two minutes the body of Fauntleroy, the banker, swayed in the murky November air.

Fauntleroy's doom was so thoroughly recognised as well merited, that although, in 1832, every other kind of forger was exempted by law from the gallows, the hands of the hangman still hovered over the forger of wills and of powers of attorney to transfer stock. Meanwhile, only two other executions for forgery took place:—Joseph Hinton, a Quaker linendraper, having forged and uttered several bills of exchange, was arrested in the cabin of the ship in which he had tried to escape to America; and although the jury recommended him strongly to mercy, he was hung in December, 1828. The last execution for forgery was that of Thomas Maynard, in the following year, for forging a custom-house warrant. In 1837 the capital punishment for that crime was abolished.

A ghastly anecdote, illustrative of the deep sincerity of dinner-friendships, and the profound attachment whereof

boon companions are capable, long survived this miserable man, and was, within these twenty years, told for truth by one of his generation. His elegant dinners had been particularly renowned for some remarkable and unmatchable Curaçoa. He had been frequently asked at his own table of whom he bought it, but always kept the secret. When he was ordered for execution, three friends, bound to him by the remembrance of many feasts and many glasses of this famous liqueur, had a parting interview with him in his condemned cell. They had discharged themselves of such edifying remarks as they had brought with them, and had taken their final leave of him and were about to retire, when the most impressive of the three stepped back, and said, "Fauntleroy, you stand on the verge of the tomb, and Eternity awaits you. We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can take nothing out. At so supreme a moment, have you any objection to say how, and of whom, you procured that Curaçoa?"

THE LOSS OF THE "KENT" EAST INDIA-MAN BY FIRE (1825).

DR. ARNOLD says, in one of his sermons, referring to this calamity: "Never was the faith and charity of martyrs shown more beautifully than in the Christian soldiers and sailors so nobly united amid the horrors of that scene in the service of God."

The dangers these brave men underwent were deeply sympathized with by the nation, whose courage and chivalrous fidelity they had so well illustrated, and millions of hearts will beat faster with pride and joy at the recital of their providential escape.

It is sometimes difficult to understand why certain events rouse a whole country, while others, apparently equally or more interesting, fail to excite any attention. There had been wrecks at sea, in which thousands more lives had been lost—losses far more heartrending in their suddenness and in the circumstances connected with them. In 1780, fifteen English vessels of war sank together in a tornado off the West Indies. In 1811, two English men-of-war struck on the iron-bound rocks of Jutland, and nearly one thousand of their seamen perished. Yet these catastrophes are now almost forgotten, and the loss of the *Kent* East Indiaman is remembered, and discussed with an interest that shows that sympathy in the event is still existing. Our nation is incapable of false sentiment or hypocrisy. There is generally a good reason for the emotion it evinces. There is always some peculiar heroism or pathos in any event which touches the national heart.

The *Kent*, a fine new Indiaman of 1350 tons, Captain Henry Cobb commander, bound to Bengal and China, left the English Downs before a fine fresh north-east wind on February 19th, 1825. She had on board twenty officers, three hundred and

forty-four soldiers, forty-three women, and sixty children belonging to the Thirty-first Regiment, besides twenty private passengers, and a crew (including officers) of one hundred and forty-eight men, making a total of six hundred and forty-one souls.

Early on the 1st of March, eleven days from leaving England, the stately vessel, bewildered by a pitiless storm, lay-to under a triple-reefed main topsail only, having struck her top-gallant yards. The passengers were below, miserable and anxious; the women and children groaning in their berths, and praying for a calm. The dead-lights were in, and the three hundred and forty-four soldiers, miserable and pale enough, were on deck, attached to the life-lines that were run along the deck for the purpose. The sailors, worn and apprehensive, were hard at work, under the eye of their indefatigable captain. About twelve o'clock the rolling of the ship became worse than ever, being increased by the dead weight of several hundred tons of shot and shell that formed part of the lading. At every lurch the main-chains were thrown deep under water, and the best cleated furniture in the cabin and cuddy (a large dining-room on a level with the quarter-deck) was dashed about with tremendous and dangerous violence.

Just before the morn, one of the ship's officers, wishing to ascertain if all was fast below, descended into the dark hold with two sailors, who carried with them a patent lantern. The candle in the lamp burning dim, the officer very prudently sent it up to the orlop-deck to be trimmed. Having then discovered a rum-cask to be adrift, he called to the sailors for some billets of wood with which to wedge it up. While they were gone, a heavy lurch knocked the lantern out of the officer's hand, and on his letting go the cask to snatch at the lantern, the cask stove, the rum flooded out, the light caught it, and broke into a wide blaze—the ship was on fire!

For a long time the flame not spreading beyond a place surrounded by the water-casks, it was hoped they could be drenched out; but the light-blue haze soon turned to volumes of thick, brown, curling smoke, that, pouring through the four hatchways, spread through the cabins, and rolled along from the fore-castle to the quarter-deck. There was no longer any hope of suppressing the disaster, or concealing it from the passengers. Soon a strong pitchy smell pervaded the vessel; the fire had burned through to the partitions and sides of the hold. The sailors cried out, all altogether:

"It has reached the cable tier!"

Major M'Gregor, who had been reading the Bible to a friend, being told that the ship was on fire in the after hold, knocked gently at the cabin-door and quietly informed Colonel Fearon, the commanding officer of the troops. On deck, amid the smoke slowly rising, Captain Cobb and the other officers were already giving orders to the seamen and troops, who were working at the pumps, and passing buckets, and throwing wet sails and hammocks on the now irrepressible fire.

Many of the ladies below, seeing Major M'Gregor's anxious face and absorbed manner, and hearing the increased noise and confusion on deck, could not be pacified by the assurance that the gale was no worse. At this awful crisis, Cobb, firm, stanch, sagacious, preserved an imperturbable courage. Desperate measures were all that were left. He ordered the carpenters and the pioneers, ready with their axes, instantly to scuttle the lower decks, cut the combings of the hatches, and open the lower ports to the full wash of the waves. The alternative now was between fire or water. If water could only be persuaded to fight fire (as in the old Arabian legends), and would then in pity, after her victory, refrain from sinking that unhappy vessel, the six hundred souls might still be saved.

The order was remorseless in its suddenness. There were a few lives to be sacrificed in order that many might be saved. The axes went to work, the timbers crashed in, over them and through them leaped the water, immediately drowning several sick soldiers, poor women, and shrieking children, whose cries were, however, in a moment stifled.

Colonel Fearon, Captain Bray, and other officers, as they descended to the gun-deck to assist in rapidly opening the ports, met staggering, in an exhausted and almost senseless state, through the dense choking smoke, one of the mates, who had just stumbled over the bodies of several men who had been suffocated. The moment the ports were opened the sea rushed in with cruel and eager force, carrying into the hold in its irresistible progress huge bulkheads and ponderous seamen's chests. The soldiers and sailors, knee-deep in water, tried to cheer each other by the hope that this immense quantity of water, which had already in some degree checked the force of the flames, might soon bring safety, the danger of the explosion of the spirit-casks and powder being now diminished.

The treacherous ally had, however, only brought death in a more sudden and silent form. The ship became water-logged, and presented many indications of settling into a terrible

quietude, before going down headlong. A fresh impulse seized the desperate men; they tried to close the ports again, to shut down the hatches, to exclude the external air, and to rather wait for the slower vengeance of the fire. All hope was abandoned. Survivors afterwards thought of the noble lines of the great poet of the day :

"Then rose from sea to sky a wild farewell,
Then shrieked the timid, and stood still the brave."

The upper deck was crowded with more than six hundred people, many of them sick, risen half naked from their beds, who were running about scared, and crying for husbands, children, and fathers. They were seeking them only to interchange prayers, and to die in each other's arms. Many were standing in silent resignation, some in stupid insensibility to the fast-coming death; others yielded themselves to tears, or screamed, and tossed their arms in a frenzy of despair. Many were on their knees, shouting prayers and ejaculations from Scripture, appealing with the most earnest gesticulations for mercy to Heaven. The Roman Catholic soldiers were crossing themselves, while a group of veteran soldiers and stout-hearted sailors, who had braved death all their lives, and despised his terrors in whatever shape, threw themselves down directly over the powder-magazine, in order to perish instantly in the explosion, now every moment expected: too brave to rush into the ravening sea, they wished to avoid calmly the excruciating horrors of death by fire.

Captain Cobb, the brave Kentish man, full of thought, and imperturbable as granite, ordered the deck to be scuttled forward, in order to draw the fire in that direction, as there were several tiers of water-casks between it and the magazine, and the wet sails thrown into the after hold would prevent the fire spreading to the spirit-room abaft. To those who were cool enough to observe, the scenes rapidly passing were truly heart-breaking. In the after cabins on the upper deck some of the soldiers' wives and children were reading and praying with the ladies, who, being only half clothed, had taken refuge there. Many of these latter, and two young sisters in particular, preserved their self-possession, and, with firm reliance on God, comforted the others. One young man asked Major M'Gregor if there was any hope. The major replied, they must prepare themselves to sleep that night in eternity. The lad exclaimed with fervour, as he pressed the major's hand, "My heart is filled with the peace of God; yet, though I know it is foolish, I dread exceedingly the last struggle."

There was no excitement of battle here to occupy and distract the mind. The unhappy creatures were rather like condemned men waiting the hour of execution. It was very affecting to see the little children in bed in the cuddy-cabins, smiling, and quite unconscious of danger, playing with their toys as usual, or asking innocent and unseasonable questions. One of the senior officers whispered to some of the older children that now was the time to put in practice what they had been taught in the regimental school. They replied, with the hot tears running down their cheeks :

"Yes, sir, we are trying to remember them, and we are praying to God."

All exertions had failed; it was only left them to wait calmly for their terrible and agonizing death. Few of the sailors or soldiers seemed to have either much hope or dread of a future state; so religious men present observed. Many, however, vowed, with loud and piteous cries, that if their lives were spared they would dedicate themselves to good works; and others, filled with remorse, cried that the judgment was falling justly on them for the crimes and sins of their past lives.

While the crew of the *Kent* lay in this heartrending position of physical quietude and mental terror, the waves rose higher and beat faster and more furious, as if impatient at the long struggle with their hopeless victims, and greedy to snatch from the fire their already half-drowned prey. All at once the binnacle, with a violent lurch, was torn from its fastenings, and the compass, with its now useless needle, was dashed to pieces on the deck. It seemed an omen of approaching death, and one of the younger mates exclaimed, with despair :

"What! is the *Kent's* compass really gone?"

A young officer was seen to quietly and thoughtfully remove a lock of hair from his writing-case and place it calmly near his heart; while Major M'Gregor, writing a few lines to his father, enclosed it carefully in a bottle, in the hope that it might relieve those he loved from long years of fruitless anxiety and suspense. This bottle was, however, dropped in the cabin in the emotion of the next moment, and was forgotten. By a most singular coincidence, however, it floated from the wreck, and was afterwards picked up at Barbadoes.

All hope had now gone; but it occurred to Mr. Thomson, the fourth mate, during the lull, to send a man to the fore-top, rather in the ardent wish than in the expectation that a friendly sail might possibly be in sight. Eagerly the man

clambered—eagerly all eyes were fixed on him in momentary hope; the despairing scarcely looked up to know on whom the eyes were fixed. The man swept the horizon with the long searching practised glance of a sailor; but made no sign. Suddenly he threw his head forward and strained his eyes on one spot, without moving. It was a moment of unutterable suspense. All at once he said something.

Gracious God! Merciful God! He waves his hat. Silence!

Then down to the paralysed crowd below, fixed like statues with expectation, comes the clear sharp shout:

"A SAIL ON THE LEE BOW!"

Hope's rainbow springs up and brightens the air. Many burst into tears, and fall down in grateful prayer. Three ringing cheers break from the men; a faint smile of joy comes over the stern face of the captain, as, to hide his emotion, he gives quick and sharp orders to hoist flags of distress, to fire minute-guns, and to bear down under the three topsails and foresail still left upon the heaven-sent vessel. Women clasp their children; friends grasp hands; husbands and wives fly into each other's arms with tears of joy. The sailors hurry to their guns, and load and fire every sixty seconds.

The vessel proved to be the *Cumbria*, a small brig of two hundred tons burthen, W. Cook captain, bound to Vera Cruz, and having on board twenty or thirty Cornish miners, and several agents of the Anglo-Mexican Company. But the danger was still imminent; the brig either did not observe the signal, or was not disposed or able to lend assistance. The wind was so tremendous that the *Kent's* guns could not be heard; but, at last, the *Cambria* slowly tacked—then hesitated. Then up went the British colours, the brig crowds all sail, and bears down to the relief of the burning vessel.

But the danger was still threatening and perilous. The *Kent* had been already a long time burning; the brig was extremely small, and there was a tremendous sea running for any boats that came to the rescue. It was certain that many must perish, and those who determined to be last felt even yet no hope left them of preservation.

"In what order are the officers to be moved off?" said Captain Cobb to Major M'Gregor.

"Of course in funeral order, the juniors first," was the brave reply.

"And see," said Colonel Fearon, "that any man is instantly cut down who presumes to enter the boats before the women and children."

The soldiers and sailors were already looking with wild

and hungry eyes at the boats; a maddened rush seemed certain. The officers at once drew their swords, and stood by the starboard cuddy-port where the cutter hung.

The ladies and soldiers' wives were to go in the first boat. At about half-past two (four hours and a half from the breaking-out of the fire), the women, hastily wrapped up, moved in a mournful procession from the after cabins to the cuddy-port. Amid the unutterable anguish of that sudden, and, as it seemed, eternal parting, not a word or scream was uttered; even the infants ceased to cry, as if in emulation of their parents' courage. Only in one or two cases ladies plaintively entreated permission to die with their husbands; but on being told that every moment's delay cost a human life, they one by one tore themselves from their husbands' embraces, and were placed, without a murmur, in the boat, which was instantly lowered into a most dangerous and tempestuous sea. Twice, indeed, there came a cry from the chains that the boat was swamping. Captain Cobb, dreading this lowering—always a difficult work—had wisely placed a man with an axe to cut the tackle if there was the slightest difficulty in unhooking it.

The order was given to "unhook," but the bow-ropes fouled, and the axe would not clear them. The moment was critical. The boat followed the motion of the ship, and in another instant would have been hanging perpendicularly by the bow, when just then a wave lifted up the stern, and enabled the quick seaman to disengage the tackle. The boat, dexterously cleared, launched out upon the waves, now a speck on the crest, now disappearing in the dark valleys between the billows.

The *Cambria* lay prudently at some distance from the *Kent*, dreading an explosion or the fire of her shotted guns, and the men had far to row. To better balance the boat, and to give the men freer play for their oars, the women and children were stowed close together under the seats, so exposed to the spray that they were soon breast-high in water, and the children all but drowned. It was a half-hour of dreadful anxiety for those on board the *Kent*.

There was still great difficulty and danger in getting the passengers on board the *Cambria*. "The children first!" was the cry, and they were at once thrown up or handed from the boat. The women were then urged to avail themselves of every friendly lift of a wave to spring into the loving arms held out for them. Only one lady came short in leaping, and would have certainly perished had she not caught a rope hanging over the *Cambria's* side, and saved herself till she

could be dragged aboard. So great was the joy and gratitude among the husbands on board the *Kent*, on seeing the safety of their wives and children, that they for a time seemed to forget the storm over their heads and the fiery volcano beneath their feet.

As the *Cambria's* boats could no longer get alongside in such a heavy sea, it was determined to tie a child to every woman, and to lower them by ropes from the stern. The heaving of the vessel, and the extreme difficulty of lowering at the moment the boat was underneath, rendered it impossible to prevent plunging the poor creatures repeatedly into the water. No woman was lost, but the younger children nearly all perished from cold and exhaustion. The women wept silently over their dead children, half paralysed with the agony of their fear, and the anguish of the recent parting. Now the deaths grew more frequent, as the excitement and hurry increased, and the sun began to set, as if cruelly withdrawing his light from their great misery.

Amid this conflict of feelings and passions, roused to the utmost, many affecting episodes of parental and filial affection and of generous and unselfish friendship occurred. At that moment even the sourest cynic would have owned that human hearts are not all bad. Death began to claim his victims with terrible rapidity. Two or three soldiers, to relieve their wives of the care of several of their children, sprang into the water with them and instantly perished. One young lady, who had hitherto absolutely refused to quit her father at his post, was not saved by the boats till she had sunk five or six times. Another soldier, having the horrible alternative of losing his wife, or his four children, saved his wife, and was compelled to leave his four children to the fire. A fine young soldier, having no wife nor children of his own, insisted on having three children lashed to him, and flung himself into the water to try and reach the boat. He, however, failed, and was again drawn into the ship, but not till two of the children were already dead. One man fell down the hatchway headlong into the flames; another broke his back and fell overboard; a third slipped between the boat and the *Cambria*, and had his head crushed to pieces; and several other unfortunate men were lost in trying to clamber too hastily into the brig.

Captain Cobb and Colonel Fearon now seeing that it was risking the lives of all to delay with the women alone, who, being weak and terrified, took longer to escape, gave orders that a certain regulated number of soldiers should accompany each boat. Many soldiers, instantly leaping overboard in

their eagerness to escape, were drowned in the general confusion. One poor fellow was just raising his hand to lay hold of the boat's gunwale, when the bow of the boat gave a sudden pitch, struck him on the head and he sank. This man's wife, to whom he was warmly attached, had hidden herself in the vessel at Deal, in order to accompany her husband.

One of the sailors, who had placed himself over the magazine, and there waited patiently for the long-expected explosion, now leaped up in a rage, crying: "Well, if she won't blow up, I'll see if I can't get away from her!" He reached the boat in safety and escaped.

Three out of the six boats of the *Kent* were stove in, or swamped during the day; one was full of men, who it was supposed, had plundered the cuddy-cabins, and sank sooner from the weight of their ill-gotten spoil, which they now probably considered had become common property.

The danger was now increasing at a terrible rate. Darkness was coming on, and the flames were slowly but perceptibly extending. Colonel Fearon and Captain Cobb, therefore, felt fresh measures must be at once taken. A rope was slung from the end of the spanker-boom, and along this slippery spar, nineteen feet from the stern, the soldiers had to crawl and slide down into the boats that were tossing wildly some thirty feet below. If the man dropping failed to seize the right moment for falling, he swung in the air, fell into the sea, or was crushed by the returning boat. Dreading the dangers, many of the soldiers, now less restrained, threw themselves out of the stern windows, and were frequently drowned before reaching the boats. Rafts made of spars and hencoops were constructed and thrown overboard to help these fugitives, and to become a last point of retreat if the flames spread faster. The men were also advised to tie ropes round their waists in order to lash themselves to the rafts. Even at this crisis the soldiers were scrupulous in asking leave before they cut the cordage from the officers' cots; and some of them, having discovered a box of oranges, would not slake their thirst till their officers had taken their share.

The officers began to leave the ship in prescribed order, with rigid discipline and intrepid coolness—neither hurrying impatiently, nor ostentatiously refusing to go. A thoughtful man, who afterwards recorded his observations, mentions that amongst the sufferers there seemed no degree of courage between high fortitude and frenzied cowardice. There appeared to be but two classes—those whose minds were raised to heroic endurance, and those who seemed paralysed, or

driven into delirium by the sudden pressure and agony of an unusual danger. In the course of the day, many, however, who had been agitated and timid in the morning, rose by a great internal effort into positive distinction for courage, while others, at first cool and brave, appeared suddenly to experience a physical reaction and a collapse, and cast their minds prostrate before the danger.

Just at this time all eyes were fixed on the red setting sun. Should they ever again see it rise? was the thought preying at every heart. The cuddy, so lately the scene of kindly intercourse and gaiety, was now full of smoke, and deserted by all but a few men, who lay drunk on the floor, stupidly heedless of danger, or who prowled about like beasts of prey in search of plunder. Sofas, cabinets, and desks, lay shattered in a thousand pieces. Geese and fowls that had got loose were cackling with hunger; while a solitary pig, broken from its sty in the fore-castle, was vainly routing at the Brussels carpet in one of the cabins.

As night advanced, the alarm and impatience increased tenfold. The timid and cowardly filled the air with their groundless or exaggerated reports of the fire. The soldiers began to tie towels and white linen round their heads, in order to be sooner recognised in the water; the sailors, more nimble, cool, and ready, had nearly all effected their escape. In the dreadful intervals between the boats (three-quarters of an hour), men, after a period of brooding, would burst forth into long lamentations, that only gradually subsided. They seemed like persons awoke from a nightmare. The oldest and coolest soldiers evinced no hurry to leave, no desire to remain behind longer than necessary.

The women had gone, the braver men had left; the residue were the cowards, and the baser and more excitable sort, whom nothing could arouse to becoming fortitude, and who refused to adopt the proper and prescribed means of safety. In vain Captain Cobb threatened and entreated; they still obstinately hesitated, begging and imploring to be lowered as the women had been. But this was impossible, for it was a slow process, and every moment was now valuable.

Between nine and ten o'clock the boatmen shouted that the wreck, long since nine or ten feet below the watermark, had sunk two feet lower since their last trip. Colonel Fearon and Major McGregor, who had promised to remain to the last with Captain Cobb, prepared to leave, there being still three boats to fill. Then at once, one after the other, without pausing, they crept along the long tossing boom in the darkness, and in the blinding squall of wind and rain. The other landsmen still

dared not follow, and remained to die horribly. When they got towards the end, the wind was so violent that the three men despaired of reaching the rope. The first was twice plunged over his head in the water; the second Major M'Gregor, noticing that it was dangerous to drop down the rope as the boat was inclining towards the person descending, waited till the boat receded, and so dropped safely into it as it swayed back, without being either drenched or bruised. Colonel Fearon, the third, was drawn under the boat, struck against it, and was at last dragged in only by the hair of his head, almost senseless and alarmingly bruised.

Captain Cobb still remained on board, generously urging the few dumb and powerless wretches that remained to pass on along the boom, on which they crowded. But finding all entreaties useless on such men—many of whom, however, had previously shown courage—and hearing the guns—their tackles bursting in the flame—fall and explode in the hold, he instantly saw the moment had come when he could do no more. He therefore sprang on the boom, seized hold of the topping lift or rope that connects the driver-boom with the mizen-top, and passing over the heads of the infatuated men, dropped himself into the water, and escaped.

Yet even then a boat from the *Cambria* remained under the *Kent's* stern, her crew expostulating with and entreating those on board, till the flames, bursting from the cabin windows, almost scorched the oars; nor would the captain of the *Cambria* let the boat come alongside his ship till he was sure that no hope was left.

Some of the *Kent's* crew were less generous in their self-devotion, and refused again to venture their lives. Still the boats did not cease to ply between the *Cambria* and the wreck, until one of the three boats left had to be plugged with soldiers' jackets, another had its bow stove, and the second was so torn as to make it necessary to lash the oars to the cutter's ribs.

The scenes on board the *Cambria* were beyond the painter's and the poet's powers. The most passionate joy alternated with the most wild despair as the death of husbands or of children was announced, or as some saved man rushed into his wife's arms. But all these conflicting feelings were arrested by the last tremendous tableau of destruction and death. From that doom some had just escaped; in that doom the husbands or children of others were passing from them in torture.

The last boat had hardly arrived, when the *Kent*, three miles distant, showed flames spreading fast along the upper

deck and poop, and flashing like lightning up the masts and rigging, till all became a pyramid of flame, that crimsoned the sky and shone red upon the *Cambria's* sails. The flags of distress, hoisted so hopefully in the morning, were seen waving amid the fire, till one by one the masts fell like stately steeples over the ship's side. About half-past one the flames reached the magazine; there was a violent explosion, the blazing timbers of the *Kent* flew like rockets into the air; and then came a horrible darkness that seemed deeper and blacker than before.

In the mean time, the frightened and despairing men left on board the *Kent* were driven by the advancing flames to the chains, till the masts fell crashing overboard, and they then clung to ~~them~~ in the water in horrible suspense for some hours.

Help was approaching. About twelve o'clock the watch of the barque *Caroline*, on her passage from Alexandria to Liverpool, observed a bright light on the horizon, and knew it at once to be a ship on fire. There was a heavy sea on, but the captain, instantly setting his maintop-gallant-sail, ran down towards the spot. About one, the sky becoming brighter, a sudden jet of vivid light shot up; but they were too distant to hear the explosion. In half an hour the *Caroline* could see the wreck of a large vessel lying head to the wind. The ribs and frame timbers, marking the outlines of double ports and quarter-galleries, showed that the burning skeleton was that of a first-class Indiaman. Every other external feature was gone; she was burnt nearly to the water's edge, but still floated, pitching majestically as she rose and fell on the long rolling swell of the bay. The vessel looked like an immense cage of charred basket-work filled with flame, that here and there blazed brighter at intervals. Above, and far to leeward, there was a vast drifting cloud of curling smoke spangled with millions of sparks and burning flakes, and scattered by the wind over the sky and waves.

As the *Caroline* approached, part of a mast and some spars, rising and falling, were observed grinding under the weather-quarter of the wreck, having become entangled with the keel or rudder-irons, and thus attaching it to the hull of the vessel. The *Caroline*, coming down swift before the wind, was in a few minutes brought across the bows of the *Kent*. At that moment a shout was heard as if from the very centre of the fire, and at the same instant several figures were observed clinging to a mast. The sea was heavy, and the wreck threatened every moment to disappear. The *Caroline* was hove-to to leeward, in order to avoid the showers of

flakes and sparks, and to intercept any boats or rafts. The mate and four seamen pushed off in the jolly-boat, through a sea covered with floating spars, chests, and furniture, that threatened to crush or overwhelm the boat. When within a few yards of the stern, they caught sight of the first living thing—a wretched man clinging to a spar close under the ship's counter. Every time the stern-frame rose with the swell he was suspended above the water, and scorched by the long keen tongues of pure flame that now came darting through the gun-room ports. Every time this torture came the man shrieked with agony, the next moment the surge came and buried him under the wave, and he was silent. The *Caroline's* men, defying the fire, pulled close to him, but just as their hands were stretching towards him (latterly the poor wretch had been silent), the rope or spar was snapped by the fire, and he sank for ever.

The men then, carefully backing, carried off six other of the nearest men from the mast. The small boat, only eighteen feet long, would not hold more than eleven persons, and indeed, as it was, was nearly swamped by a heavy wave. In half an hour the boat bravely returned, and took off six more.

The mate, fearing the vessel was going down, and that the masts would be swallowed in the vortex, redoubled his efforts to get a third time to the wreck. While struggling with a head sea, and before the boat could reach the mast, the end came. The fiery mass settled like a great red-hot coal into the waves, and disappeared for ever. The sky grew instantly dark, a dense shroud of black smoke lingering over the grave of the ship, and instead of the crackle of burning timbers and the flutter of flames, there spread the ineffable stillness of death.

As the last gleam flickered out, Mr. Wallen, the mate of the *Caroline*, with great quickness of thought set the spot by a star. Then, in spite of the danger in the darkness of floating wreck, he resolved to wait quietly till daylight, and ordered his men to shout repeatedly to cheer any who might be still floating on stray spars. For a long time no one answered; at last, a feeble cry came, and the *Caroline's* sailors returned it loudly and gladly. What joy that faint cry must have brought to those friendly ears! With what joy must the boatmen's shout have been received!

When day broke, the mast was visible, and four motionless men could be seen among its cordage and top-work. They seemed dead, but as the boat neared, two of them feebly raised their heads and stretched out their arms. When

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taken into the boat, they were found to be faint and almost dead from the cold and wet, and the many hours they had been half under water. The other two were stone-dead. One had bound himself firmly to the spar, and lay as if asleep, with his arms round it, and his head upon it, as if it had been a pillow. The other stood half upright between the cheeks of the mast, his face fixed in the direction of the boat, his arms still extended. They were both left on the spar. One of the Indiaman's empty boats was also found drifting a short distance off. The wind beginning to freshen and a gale coming on, it was all the jolly-boat could do to rejoin the *Caroline*. There could be no doubt that when the *Caroline* hove-to and luffed under the lee of the *Kent*, it must have passed ~~men~~ drifting to leeward on detached spars. They of course all perished in the rising storm.

In the mean time, the brig *Cambria*, unconscious of these scenes of hope and despair, was making sail, and running at the rate of ten knots an hour back to Old England. The shrewd Yorkshire smelters and brave Cornish miners having dragged the last of the exhausted survivors on board, had shared with them their clothes and provisions, and surrendered their beds to the naked and half-famished women and children.

The people of the *Kent* were still in a condition of great misery and danger. Even now their ultimate safety was by no means sure. A gale of wind was blowing, and six hundred human beings, several hundred miles from any accessible port, were crowded into a small brig of two hundred tons. In a little cabin, built to hold ten persons, there were now huddled nearly eighty, who had scarcely room even to sit. The brig's bulwarks were driven in, and the sea beat so dangerously that the hatches could only be lifted off between the return of the waves. No lights would burn below in that polluted atmosphere, and the steam arising from the breathing excited at one time an apprehension the ship was on fire. The men on deck were standing half naked and ankle-deep in water. Infants were crying for the milk their mothers could not give them, and many of the children and elder women were seized with fits. In the midst of this misery, a soldier's wife was delivered of a child, which was christened *Cambria*, and survived. If the wind abated or changed, and the *Cambria* had been long kept in the open sea, famine and fever must have soon claimed their victims.

The gale continued with greater violence, and Captain Cook, crowding all sail even at the risk of carrying away his masts, nobly urged his vessel forward, and on the afternoon of the

3rd the cheering cry from aloft of "Land! land!" brought joy to every heart. That evening the Scilly light gleamed out brightly, and running rapidly along the purple granite coast, the *Cambria* joyfully cast anchor in Falmouth about half-past twelve on the following morning.

On reviewing this terrible calamity, it will be seen at once that the same gale which caused the first accident also contributed to the safety of the *Kent's* crew and passengers, as, but for the heavy rolling that enabled Captain Cobb to at once inundate the hold, the vessel would have burnt away before the *Cambria's* boats could have reached it. There were also many other singular and providential circumstances attending the event. The *Cambria*, which had been unexpectedly detained in port nearly a month, had that morning completely changed her course, and taken an opposite tack, to give the distressed and labouring brig some ease. The *Kent* had sighted no vessel before, nor did the *Cambria* see another till she entered the chops of the Channel. It was also remarkable that the fire, though undisturbed, should have been eleven hours reaching the magazine, the spirit-room, and the tiller-ropes. Had the *Cambria*, too, been homeward-bound, she would not have had food enough on board for one meal, and if she had had a full cargo, there would not have been time in that heavy weather to stow even three hundred of the six hundred survivors, and many must have perished.

The people of Falmouth overwhelmed the sufferers with kindness. The Governor-General of Pendennis Castle took instant steps for the disembarkation. The ladies formed, as before, the vanguard; then came the haggard, cold, wet, and half-clothed soldiers and sailors; lastly, the officers, beggared by the loss of their stores, and on them the compassionate and warmhearted Cornish people pressed hats, shoes, and coats, as soon as they reached the shore. Every private house was thrown open, subscriptions were collected, clothes provided for the women and children, and mourning found for the poor widows and orphans. The sick and wounded were sent to the hospital, and the crew sent home with money provided by Captain Cobb. In all these good works the Quakers of Falmouth were especially active.

On the Sunday after their arrival, all the officers, passengers, ladies, soldiers' wives, soldiers, and sailors went to church to publicly thank God for their deliverance, and a touching sight it was. On the 13th the regiment embarked for Chatham, where the commander-in chief allowed them a period of relaxation and rest before they re-embarked for India and China.

A piece of plate was presented to Captain Cook, of the *Cambria*, by the officers and passengers of the *Kent*, and the Duke of York publicly thanked him for his humane zeal and promptitude. The secretary of war (Lord Palmerston) authorised a sum of five hundred pounds to be given to the captain and crew of the *Cambria*, and the agents of the ship were also paid two hundred and eighty-seven pounds for provisions, two hundred and eighty-seven pounds for passengers' diet, and five hundred pounds for demurrage. The East India Company awarded six hundred pounds to Captain Cook, one hundred pounds to the first mate, fifty pounds to the second mate, ten pounds each to the nine men of the crew, fifteen pounds each to the twenty-six miners, and one hundred pounds to the ten chief miners for extra stores, to make their voyage out more comfortable. The Royal Exchange Assurance gave Captain Cook fifty pounds, and his officers and crew fifty pounds. The subscribers to Lloyd's voted him a present of one hundred pounds; the Royal Humane Society awarded him an honorary medallion; and the underwriters at Liverpool were also prominent in their liberality.

So ended the last scene of a calamitous event, attended with the loss of eighty-one persons.*

* One woman, twenty-five children, one seaman, and fifty-four soldiers.

THE RED BARN.

ON Friday, the 18th of May, 1827, Maria Marten, the daughter of a mole-catcher living at Polstead, a small retired village in the county of Suffolk, prepared to set out to drive to Ipswich, twelve miles distant, with her lover, a farmer's son, named Corder, who, after many delays and subterfuges, had agreed to marry her. The girl, pretty and thoughtless, had not maintained a very good character in the place.

The marriage had been fixed for the Monday, but Stoke Fair had detained Corder on that day; and on Thursday his brother James had been taken dangerously ill. Such, at least, were the excuses that Corder offered Maria Marten for not keeping his promise. The girl and her mother were upstairs in their cottage when Corder came on the Friday, and abruptly proposed to instantly start for Ipswich, as he had got the licence all ready.

"Come, Maria," he said, "make haste; I am going."

The girl looked round surprised at the sudden decision and peremptory tone, and replied—

"How can I go at this time of the day, without anybody seeing me?"

But Corder was in no mood for waiting, and he answered moodily—

"Never mind, you have been disappointed many times, and shan't be again; we will go now."

"How am I to go, William?" was the girl's next question.

"You can go up," he said, "to the Red Barn, and stop till I come to you with my horse and gig."

The girl was still full of objections. The marriage was to be a clandestine one, and yet her lover was going to drive her to Ipswich in open daylight.

"I am not ready," she said; "and how am I to order my things?"

He was ready to answer every objection. "I will take the things," he said, "in a bag, and carry them up to the barn, and I'll come back and walk with you."

She still disliked the suddenness of the departure.

"There are none of my workmen about," he said, "in the fields or near the barn, and I am sure the coast is quite clear."

How carefully he had foreseen every difficulty! how prompt he was to remove every lingering obstacle to their immediate marriage! The old father and mother were not the sort of people to oppose the will of their master—their daughter's rich lover. They made no objection. Maria then put up her things—a black silk gown, black silk stockings, a Leghorn hat, and some other small necessities, all tucked into a wicker basket and a large black velvet reticule. There had been, probably, some previous arrangement between the lovers: for Maria now produced from some secret nook a bundle of men's clothes. These she was to put on while Corder was carrying the basket and reticule in a brown holland bag to the Red Barn. Corder then left with the bag, and Maria, crying all the time, proceeded to put on her disguise—blue trousers, a striped waistcoat, and brown coat. She wore a man's hat over her three large hair-combs, and a red and yellow silk handkerchief to muffle her chin and long ear-rings. She had in her hand a large green cotton umbrella, with a bone handle. While Maria was still dressing, stopping every now and then to cry at the suddenness of her departure, Corder returned, carrying a gun. Maria's mother asked if it was charged, and on being told that it was, she said—

"Then I'll move it away, on account of the child."

This was Corder's child, for whom he had just paid the weekly allowance. Corder then sat down by the fire, and drawing out a pair of pistols, snapped them several times. (It was not so unusual to go armed in 1827 as it is now.) He then looked up, and said to Mrs. Marten—

"Mrs. Marten, the reason I go to Ipswich to-day is because John Balaam, the constable, came into the stable to me this morning, and told me that he had got a letter from Mr. Whitmore, from London. In this letter there was a warrant to have Maria taken up and prosecuted for our illegitimate child."

"Oh, William!" the poor mother answered, reproachfully, "if you had but married Maria before the child was born, all this would have been settled."

"Mrs. Marten," was the conciliatory reply, "don't make yourself at all uneasy, for I'm going to Ipswich to-day to get a licence to be married to-morrow morning."

On the Sunday before, he had told Maria's mother that he already had the licence, but had been obliged to send it to London to a friend.

The mother was still anxious.

"William," she asked, "what will you do if she can't be married?"

"She shall be my lawful wife before I return home."

The mother repeated—

"But if you *can't* be married?"

Corder replied—

"Then I'll get her a place somewhere till such time as we can be married."

Just then Maria came down, still anxious and crying, Corder took a paper of ham out of his pocket and gave her some to eat. The girl asked her stepmother to go out into the yard, and see if there was any one near who might observe her leaving. But there was no one; so the lovers stole out of the house, after Maria had kissed and shaken hands with her stepmother, her sister Ann, and her stepbrother, a little boy of ten. Ann had often quarrelled with her sister—jealous of her dress and of her lover—but she forgot all that in the sorrow of that sudden parting. The lovers left about half-past twelve, stealthily by different doors; she by the back door, the field, and the fen; he by the door opening on the road. They met in the road; the stepmother saw them meet; they both got over a gate and went across the Hare Hill field, past the hedges already in bud, in the direction of the Red Barn, which was two fields distant, and where Maria's things in the brown holland bag had been left by Corder. The disguised girl still in tears, and the sullen lover, with the odious, sly, malignant face, disappeared in the distance, where the green boughs grew greyer and fainter towards the low horizon.

Yet it was a singular thing, too, that little George, out in the fields that very day that William and Maria drove to Ipswich to get married, ran in from play about four o'clock, declaring he had just seen William in a velveteen jacket, and carrying a pickaxe on his shoulder. He seemed going home over the corner of Brandfield, and went down the Thistly Lane close to the Red Barn. The boy had good eyes, and was not twenty rods off; it scarcely seemed likely that he could be mistaken.

On Saturday, Maria's stepmother saw Corder; he was in his sick brother's room, and she did not speak to him. On Monday he came to the Martens' house about nine in the morning, and the first question of course was—

"Well, William, what have you done with Maria?"

He replied—

"I have left her at Ipswich. I have got her a comfortable place. She is going down with Miss Rowland to the water-side."

The woman's motherly anxiety was again busy.

"Why, William," she said, "what will she do for clothes?"

Corder replied—

"Miss Rowland has got plenty, and would not let me send for any." He added: "I have got a licence, but it must go to London to be signed, so I cannot marry until a month or six weeks; but I have changed a cheque for twenty pounds, and given her the money."

The conversation continued—

"Which way did you go?"

"By Stratford."

"Where did she dress?"

"She put her things on in the barn, and threw the great-coat over them to hide her till she could get into a bye-lane. The great-coat and hat were tucked into the seat of the box, and she put her own hat on."

One day, a week after, Mrs. Marten confronted Corder with what the boy had told her, wishing him to explain the strange delay. "George saw you go down the Thistly Lane with a pickaxe on your shoulder."

"Indeed, that was not me," was the ready explanation; "that was Tom Acres, who was planting trees on Mr. Hoy's hill."

There was, of course, an end of the matter.

On the 17th of July, 1827, at Polstead Fair time, Corder's brother James died. Mrs. Marten was at the funeral, and observed that William Corder had Maria's umbrella in his hand. She said to Corder afterwards—

"Why, William, you had got Maria's umbrella at your brother James's funeral."

He immediately said: "It was not hers, but one belonging to Deborah Pryke, and like hers."

She afterwards again recognised it, and Corder then said he had been over to Ipswich to see Maria, and she had lent it him, as it rained hard. This was natural enough, and yet it was singular his denying the umbrella to be Maria's at first.

From July to September, Corder strolled into the Martens' just as usual, on his way to market or shooting, or from his fields and barns. Sometimes he came two or three times a day. He described Maria to the old people as "purely well,"

and said that at Michaelmas he should bring her home to his farm. It was odd, however, that Maria never wrote to her father, step-mother, nor sister; but Corder explained that she had an obstinate gathering on her hand, and that prevented her.

About this time, Mr. Peter Mathews, Maria's former lover, came on a visit to Polstead, and had several interviews with Corder, being anxious about a letter he (Mathews) had posted to Maria on the third of January, 1827, and in which he had enclosed five pounds. Mr. Mathews left Polstead on the 9th of August. On that day, Corder told Mr. Mathews that he had received a letter from him to Maria, but did not know where to forward it. He thought she was somewhere near Yarmouth. There was some concealment. Mr. Mathews grew angry, and told Corder that he was deceiving him, and that the letter must be forwarded. Corder promised to do his best, and they parted.

Now this statement that Maria was then near Yarmouth could not have been true, because, one day in May, Corder had called at the house of a labourer named Stow, who lived at the nearest cottage to the Red Barn, and borrowed an old spade of the man's wife, at the same time naming another place as Maria's residence, so near, that he could see her any day he liked.

On August the 26th, Corder wrote a letter to Mr. Mathews, and told him that Maria was at Herlingbury, near Yarmouth, but that the gathering on her hand still prevented her writing. The letter concluded thus:

"P.S. I have already enclosed your letter for Maria in one of my own, which I shall post with this immediately, and beg permission to add that I have fully determined to make Maria my bride directly I can settle our family affairs, which will be in about a month or six weeks' time. Till that time, Maria wishes to continue with my kindred. In concluding, if I can at any time render you any service whatsoever, I shall be most happy to oblige, as I am truly sensible of your generosity."

On the 8th of September, a farmer named Pryke drove Corder to Colchester. On the road they talked of farming and of Maria, of whom Corder spoke with great affection, but said he had not seen her since May. That was odd, too, for had he not told Mr. Mathews he had seen her in August at Herlingbury, and Mrs. Stow that he could see her any day he liked? On the 17th September, Corder called at the Martens', and told Mrs. Marten he was going to the waterside for his health, and that he should call at Yarmouth and bring Maria

with him to be married at Ipswich. On October 18th, Marten, the old mole-catcher of Polstead, received a hearty, affectionate letter from Corder, dated from the Bull Inn, Leadenhall Street, London. He and Maria were married at last. The letter began in the following way :

"Thomas Marten. I am just arrived at London upon business respecting our family affairs, and am writing to you before I take the least refreshment, because I shall be in time for this night's post, as my stay in town will be short, anxious to return again to her who is now my wife, and with whom I shall be the happiest of men. I should have had her with me, but it was her wish to stay at our lodging at Newport, in the Isle of Wight, which she described to you in her letter ; and we feel astonished that you have not yet answered it, thinking illness must have been the cause. In that she gave you a full description of our marriage, and that Mr. Rowland was daddy, and Miss R. bridesmaid. Likewise told you they came with us as far as London, where we continued together very comfortable for three days, when we parted with the greatest regret. Maria and myself went on to the Isle of Wight, and they both returned home. I told Maria I should write to you directly I reached London, who is very anxious to hear from you, fearing some strange reason is the cause of your not writing."

Corder then expressed his intention of immediately taking a farm in the Isle of Wight. The letter concluded with the following sentence :

"I think you had better burn all letters, after taking all directions, that nobody may form the least idea of our residence. Adieu."

On the 23rd, Corder wrote again, in answer to a letter from old Marten, expressing surprise at never having received Maria's letter. He said—

"I have this day been to the General Post Office, making inquiry about the letter Maria wrote you on the 30th of September, which you say never came to your hands. The clerk of the office traced the books back to the day it was wrote, and he said a letter, directed as I told him to you, never came through their office, which, I think, is very strange. However, I am determined to find out how it was lost, if possible ; but I must think coming over the water to Portsmouth, which I will inquire about to-morrow, when I hope to find out the mystery. It is, I think, very odd that letters should be lost in this strange way. Was it not for the discovery of our residence, I would certainly indict the Post Office ; but I cannot do that without making our appearance

at a court-martial, which would be very unpleasant to us both. You wish for us to come to Polstead, which we should be very happy to do, but you are not aware of the danger. You may depend, if ever we fall into Mr. P.'s hands, the consequence would prove fatal; therefore, should he write to you, or should he come to Polstead, you must tell him you have not the least knowledge of us, but you think we are gone into some foreign part."

The most remarkable sequel to these letters was, that Corder never returned to the Isle of Wight, in spite of all his protests. A month later, Mr. Mathews ran against him by accident near Somerset House. He said Maria was at the Isle of Wight—they were *not* married—he was waiting to settle his family affairs. He had forwarded her the letter of Mr. Mathews. Mathews then told him that Maria's father was very uneasy about her, not knowing where she was, and had written once or twice to him, Mathews, about her. There was a great entanglement of lies somewhere.

Very soon after this, in December, Corder inserted the following hypocritical and impudent advertisement in the *Morning Herald*:

"A private gentleman, aged twenty-four, entirely independent, whose disposition is not to be exceeded, has lately lost chief of his family by the hand of Providence, which has occasioned discord among the remainder, under circumstances the most disagreeable to relate. To any female of respectability, who would study for domestic comfort, and is willing to confide her future happiness to one in every way qualified to render the married state desirable, as the advertiser is in affluence. Many happy marriages have taken place through means similar to this now resorted to. It is hoped no one will answer this through impertinent curiosity; but should this meet the eye of any agreeable lady, who feels desirous of meeting with a sociable, tender, kind, and sympathising companion, they will find this advertisement worthy of notice. Honour and secrecy may be relied on. As some little security against idle application, it is requisite that letters may be addressed, post-paid, A. Z., care of Mr. Foster, stationer, 68, Leadenhall Street, with real name and address, which will meet with most respectful attention."

Corder received fifty-three answers, some from servants, others from distressed ladies of ambiguous antecedents, dilating on their various mental qualifications, their beauty, and their favourable disposition to matrimony. One letter was from a lady who, as he said, kept her carriage, and was living in a sphere very superior to his. She requested

him to attend at a certain church at a certain hour, having one arm in a sling, and wearing a black handkerchief. She described the carriage in which she would come, and directed him to go to a certain pew in the church where he might be opposite to her, and they might have a view of each other during the service. He mistook the hour, however, and when he went to the church he found that the service was over.

A lady who kept the Grove House Academy in Brentford Lane, Ealing, near London, then wrote to him; he saw her, liked her, and married her within the week. She proved a worthy, religious woman, and to the very last watched and served him with the most faithful love. When they parted for the last time, Corder said to her—

“I hope you will not marry again; and, above all, not marry in a similar way: *it is a most dangerous way of getting a husband.*”

While in Ealing, Corder lived in seclusion, seldom going out of his own premises, and never to church, though his wife took her pupils there every Sunday. He was, however, compelled to once or twice visit London, on matters connected with the school. On these occasions he always went armed with pistols (in case of footpads, as he told his wife), and usually took the long path that used to lead from the small lane off the Oxford Road at Turnham Green, by the Woolpack public-house, through the fields, to Ealing churchyard and Brentford Lane. He soon began to disagree with Mrs. Moore, his wife's mother, who lived with them, and accused her of trying to wean his wife's affections from him.

On the 19th of April, 1828, an event, however, happened at Polstead that somewhat disturbed Corder's matrimonial happiness and his quiet mode of life at the Ealing school. Two or three times since Maria's departure with Corder, her step-mother, the mole-catcher's wife, had dreamed that the poor girl had been murdered, and her body hid in the right-hand bay of the Red Barn. Spiritualists, who are fond of distorting the simplest dreams into supernatural revelations, profess to be astonished, even up to the present time, by the recurrence of this dream, which was merely the return at night of the ever-recurring suspicions of the day. To invest such an occurrence with an atmosphere of the supernatural is a mischievous, crab-like attempt to return to the superstition and debasement of the middle ages. The suspicion of the whole family of the Martens had rested on the Red Barn from the first alarm at Maria's mysterious silence. The barn had only two bays. If the body was there, it was as likely to be in the

right as the left bay. It was very natural that on the third or fourth recurrence of the dream, the old mole-catcher should resolve to ask Mrs. Corder's bailiff to allow him to search the Red Barn, to see if there was anything in his wife's dream after all.

The Red Barn, so long the nightmare of the Martens and their shuddering thought by day and night, was a long, partly tiled wheat-barn, divided into two bays or divisions for corn, having between them the usual planked floor for thrashing, and on to which, at harvest-time, the loaded waggons could be driven, when the wide folding-doors on either side were thrown open. There was a tiled chaff-house on one side of the barn, and behind it a projecting lean-to. There was a farm-yard round it, and at the back of this a long thatched shed to shelter cattle in wet weather. A gate at the end of the yard divided the thatched shed in two. The barn seems to have originally derived its name merely from its red tiles; tiling being less frequent than thatch in that part of the country.

All persons who know the country will remember such barns as the one we have described. The yard was heaped with black trampled straw. It was a lonely place when the flail was not thumping on the thrashing-floor. When the cattle were out in the fields, there would be no sound to break the oppressive silence but the chirping of a thievish sparrow or two on the tiles, and the buzz of the large orange-banded bees on the flowers of the rank nettles that covered last year's dry dunghills.

There was no flail sounding merrily on that 19th of April, a year all but a month since Corder and Maria had been seen crossing the fields towards the Red Barn. Pryke, Mrs. Corder's bailiff, unlocked the door and went in first. The bays were covered with litter too thick for any examination of the floor. The bailiff therefore pushed the straw back from the right-hand bay (the scene of the dream) with a rake and a hayfork. On the floor of the bay they found some large stones, and the earth beneath looked loose. Marten then poked the earth with the handle of his rake and a mole-pike he had with him, and then removed it. To their horror, when they tried the iron again, they turned up something black—evidently part of a murdered body, and in that ghastly silence they dared not search further. So they went to get help, but first locked the door behind them cautiously, taking the key with them. Marten remained, wandering about the barn and searching and moaning for two hours, and then went home to tell his wife. He then returned with Pryke and

another man, and they dug down a foot and a half for the body. They at once knew it to be Maria's, defaced as it was. Round the neck was a green handkerchief, pulled so tight that it had made a deep groove in the flesh. A bullet had passed through the left cheek. There was a stab in the neck, one in the right eye, and one through the apex of the heart. The body was recognised by the half-decayed clothes, which were stained with blood. The dreadful dream had come true at last, and it must have been done by Corder.

On the 22nd of April, about ten o'clock in the morning, a grave, hard-looking man knocked at the door of Grove House, Ealing. As the man entered the hall, Corder came out of the parlour. What then happened the grave man shall himself tell:

"I told him I had a little business with him. Prisoner said, 'Walk into the drawing-room,' and we went in. I then told him I was an officer, and was come to apprehend him on a very serious charge, and he must consider himself my prisoner. He replied, 'Very well.' I told him the charge was respecting a young woman of the name of Maria Marten, whom he had formerly kept company with. I said she had been missing for a length of time, and strong suspicions were attached to him. I continued: 'I believe you know such a person? It was a young woman you kept company with in Suffolk.' He said no; he did not know such a person. I asked him, 'Did you never know such a person?' He said no; I must have made a mistake; he was not the person I wanted. I said, 'No; I have not made a mistake—your name is Corder;' and I was certain he was the person. I told him to recollect himself; I had asked him twice if he knew such a person, and I would ask him a third time. He still said no, he did not; he never knew such a person. I then proceeded to search him, and took from his pocket a bunch of keys. I then took him to the Red Lion at Brentford. On our way thither, I said the body of the young woman had been found in his Red Barn. He made no remark then. We proceeded some distance, and he asked me, 'When was the young woman found?' I told him, 'On Saturday morning last.' He made no further reply."

A pair of pistols were found in a black velvet bag that hung on a nail in Corder's dressing-room. A gunmaker at Sudbury remembered repairing these in February, 1827. There was also found a short, very sharp, crescent-shaped sword, which Corder was proved to have taken to a cutler at Hadleigh, in May, 1827, to be ground as sharp as a carving-knife. There were now ominous-looking rust-spots and scratches on it,

The murderer was tried at Bury St. Edmund's, August 6th, 1828. The crowd was so enormous, that the counsel and officers of the court had to fight their way to their places. Corder appeared in court dressed in a new suit of black, with his hair combed over his forehead. He was twenty-four years of age; the girl he murdered twenty-seven. There was a sulky, ill-tempered, yet smirking expression about his face, and he seemed to be vain of a pair of blue French spectacles which he wore. He was, at first, calm and unconcerned, and busied himself writing notes to his counsel, and eyeing the witnesses smilingly through the pitiable disguise of his spectacles. Towards the end of the day, however, he seemed to lose confidence, and the heavy fixedness of his eyes gave way to occasional convulsions of involuntary motion.

On the renewal of the trial the next day, the prisoner appeared jaunty, cool, hardened, and composed, until Mr. Lawton, the surgeon, produced the skull of the murdered girl in court, and proceeded to show with a quill how the sword found at Ealing fitted the wound in the orbit of the eye.

During this re-examination of Mr. Lawton, the prisoner, who had taken off his spectacles, replaced them, and beheld attentively this painful spectacle. He inclined his body forward, so as to command a full view of the skull; but as if the effort to sustain his attitude and evince this expression had become too great for his nerves, he suddenly flung his back against the pillar, hastily drew off his spectacles, and evidently laboured under the strongest emotion. In a few moments, however, he rallied, replaced his glasses, took out his pocket-book, and quickly wrote a memorandum to his leading counsel, Mr. Brodrick, who at once wrote a reply, which the prisoner read with close attention, and, on the signification of a movement from the learned counsel, tore into the smallest fragments. His solicitor at the same time went to the front of the dock and had a long consultation with him.

The prisoner being called on for his defence, advanced to the front of the bar, took out some papers, and read his address to the court from a thick copy-book.

He commenced by referring to the hardship sustained by prisoners in his situation in not being allowed the aid of counsel in their address to the jury. He also complained of the partial conduct of the coroner, and entreated the court to dismiss from their minds everything they had heard of a nature to prejudice his cause. He then proceeded to the

nucleus of the case, stating that when he and the victim reached the Red Barn, she, while changing her dress, flew into a desperate passion, and upbraided him with not having so much regard for her as a gentleman who had been previously alluded to. "Feeling myself in this manner so much insulted and irritated, when I was about to perform every kindness and reparation, I said, 'Maria, if you go on in this way before marriage, what have I to expect after? I shall therefore stop when I can; I will return straight home, and you can do what you like, and act just as you think proper.' I said I would not marry her. In consequence of this I retired from her, when I immediately heard the report of a gun or pistol, and running back, I found the unhappy girl weltering on the ground. Recovering from my stupor, I thought to have left the spot; but I endeavoured to raise her from the ground, but found her entirely lifeless. To my horror, I discovered the pistol was one of my own she had privately taken from my bedroom. There she lay, killed by one of my own pistols, and I the only being by! My faculties were suspended; I knew not what to do. The instant the mischief happened I thought to have made it public; but this would have added to the suspicion, and I then resolved to conceal her death. I then buried her in the best way I could. I tried to conceal the fact as well as I could, giving sometimes one reason for her absence and sometimes another."

The prisoner delivered the address written for him in a diffident, distrustful way, and in a whining, canting voice. He at first attempted to recite it, but failed; he stammered over several words, and confused the sentences in an ignorant manner. He occasionally fixed his eyes on the jury, to try and discover if he had made any effect. The reading took about twenty-five minutes. The jury were absent about half an hour, and returned with the verdict of Guilty.

During the judge's address to the jury, the countenance of the prisoner repeatedly changed colour, from a deep-red flush to a pallid hue; he betrayed a very feverish anxiety as to the result of the trial, and appeared to be suffering much mental torture. Occasionally there was a convulsive motion of the lower part of his face; his lips were parched, and he sighed deeply. Towards the conclusion of the trial he rested his head against a pillar in the felon's dock, and closed his eyes.

On hearing the sentence the murderer sank down in a state of intense agony. Seeming inclined to faint, he was removed into a small cell behind the dock. There he let fall his hand-

kerchief on a table, pressed his face down upon it, and then, with his arms folded round his head, remained in a state of syncope. A more miserable picture of guilt and despair, without any real penitence for the crime, poor humanity had never surely presented.

In prison Corder slept soundly. In the jail chapel, when he first entered the condemned pew, he wept convulsively for the first time. He still refused to make a full confession.

"The sermons," said he, "which have been put into my hands since I came into this place have convinced me that all confession which it is necessary for me to make is a confession to my God of the transgressions of my life. Confession to man can be of no good to my soul; I do not like it, and I will not make it, as it savours strongly of popedom." To another person he said, "Why should I disgrace my family by confessing all the follies and transgressions of my youth? They are indeed manifold; the confession would hurt their feelings, and would do me no good."

He refused to see any Methodist preacher. It was only after great difficulty that Mr. Orridge, the governor of the jail, persuaded Corder to make a confession, and not let Maria Marten's memory be stained by the accusation of her having committed suicide. A little before midnight he suddenly said to the governor, "I am a guilty man!" but he would not enter into any full detail. The following was the confession—

"Bury Jail, Aug. 10, 1828. Condemned Cell,
"Sunday Evening, half-past eleven.

"I acknowledge being guilty of the death of poor Maria Marten, by shooting her with a pistol. The particulars are as follows: When we left her father's house we began quarrelling about the burial of the child, she apprehending that the place wherein it was deposited would be found out. The quarrel continued for about three-quarters of an hour upon this and about other subjects. A scuffle ensued, and during the scuffle, and at the time I think that she had hold of me, I took the pistol from the side-pocket of my velveteen jacket and fired. She fell, and died in an instant. I never saw even a struggle. I was overwhelmed with agitation and dismay. The body fell near the front doors on the floor of the barn. A vast quantity of blood issued from the wound, and ran on to the floor and through the crevices. Having determined to bury the body in the barn (about two hours after she was dead), I went and borrowed the spade of Mrs. Stow;

but before I went there I dragged the body from the barn into the chaff-house, and locked up the barn. I returned again into the barn and began to dig the hole; but the spade being a bad one, and the earth firm and hard, I was obliged to go home for a pickaxe and a better spade, with which I dug the hole and then buried the body. I think I dragged the body by the handkerchief that was tied round her neck. It was dark when I finished covering up the body. I went the next day, and washed the blood from off the barn-floor. I declare to Almighty God I had no sharp instrument about me, and that no other wound but the one made by the pistol was inflicted by me. I have been guilty of great idleness, and at times led a dissolute life, but I hope through the mercy of God to be forgiven."

W. CORDER."

Corder that night again slept soundly.

This murder had excited great and marked interest in Suffolk. The streets had been full of puppet-shows representing the scene of the crime. A Methodist preacher had held forth to five thousand persons in the neighbourhood of the barn. On the Monday of the execution all the workmen in Bury struck work in order to see the hanging. As early as nine o'clock upwards of a thousand persons assembled; before twelve, seven thousand had collected. When Corder stood on the scaffold, Mr. Orridge approached the wretch and spoke to him. He (the governor) then advanced to the front of the scaffold, and cried to the people—

"He acknowledges the justice of his sentence, and dies at peace with all mankind."

A magisterial order caused Corder's skeleton to be preserved in the museum of the county hospital. Shortly before his execution, Corder wrote the following letter to his wife:

"My life's loved Companion. I am now a-going to the fatal scaffold, and I have a lively hope of obtaining mercy and pardon for my numerous offences. May Heaven bless and protect you through this transitory vale of misery, and which, when we meet again, may it be in the regions of everlasting bliss. Adieu, my love, for ever adieu; in less than two hours I hope to be in heaven. My last prayer is, that God will induce you with patience, fortitude, and resignation to His will. Rest assured His wise Providence works all things together for good. The awful sentence which has been passed upon me, and which I am now summoned to answer, I confess is very just, and I die in peace with all mankind, truly

grateful for the kindnesses I have received from Mr. Orridge, and the religious instruction and consolation from the Rev. Mr. Stocking, who has promised to take my last words to you."

Subsequent disclosures prove this man to have been a scoundrel, blood and bone, and his victim's character not much better. Even at school he had been notorious for stealing, and had bought false keys, with which he could open any boy's trunk he wished to ransack. He confessed to a forgery on a bank; and it was generally supposed he had murdered a child that he, Maria, and the stepmother secretly buried. Whether the deaths of his father and brother were to be attributed in any way to his cruel agency, was never investigated. There can be no doubt he did a liar, for, he obstinately persisted he had never used a sword. This was, no doubt, in order to try and prove that the murder was not premeditated, and only the result of a sudden quarrel. The fool forgot that he had been seen snapping his pistol in Marten's cottage the morning of the murder.

The excitement of the crime did not cease with the execution. Melodramas were written upon it; and the Red Barn itself was all but pulled to pieces by curiosity-mongers from London. Phrenologists, rejoicing in a triumph of their young science, announced pompously to the scientific world that in Corder's skull "secretiveness, destructiveness, and philoprogenitiveness were inordinately developed."

RESURRECTION MEN. BURKE AND HARE.

FOR several days in the summer of 1829, a certain committee-room of the House of Commons, as well as all the passages leading to it, were thronged by some of the strangest and vilest beings that have perhaps ever visited such respectable places. Sallow, cadaverous, gaunt men, dressed in greasy moleskin or rusty black, and wearing wisps of dirty white handkerchiefs round their wizen necks. They had the air of wicked sextons, or thievish grave-diggers; there was a suspicion of degraded clergymen about them, mingled with a dash of Whitechapel costermonger. Their ghoulish faces were rendered horrible by smirks of self-satisfied cunning, and their eyes squinted with sidelong suspicion, fear, and distrust.

These were resurrection-men, vampires who earned their bread in a horrible way by digging up newly-interred bodies in the churchyards of London and its suburbs, and selling them for dissection. They had been raked together from their favourite house of call, The Fortune of War, in Smithfield. There were terrible rumours that when "subjects" ran short, they had a way of *making* dead bodies. The most eminent of them was Izzy, a Jew, who bought bodies of sextons, and sold dead people's teeth to dentists. He was at last transported for a highway robbery. The evidence of these ghouls will best explain their habits. One of them deposed that, in one year alone, he had sold one hundred bodies. The most he had ever obtained had been twenty-three in four nights. There were, he said, about fifty resurrection-men in London; but they were for the most part petty thieves, who only called themselves resurrection-men in order to account to the police for being about at suspicious hours. "Lifters" usually went about in light carts, and the difficulty was to baffle the armed watchmen placed in every London burial-ground, and who

fired on persons discovered searching for bodies. They were frequently shot at, and the trade became dangerous. The rich were buried too deep; their favourite game was workhouse subjects, who were sometimes laid three or four together. It was a good living if a man "kept sober and acted with judgment." It was sometimes their "dodge" to pass off as relatives of the dead and to claim workhouse bodies.

At this same time, Edinburgh, too, had its resurrection-men—wretches perfectly well known to the police and their neighbours as engaged in the dreadful traffic, but by no means shunned by the refuse of the Old Town if they were sociable, and reasonably liberal with whisky. On Friday, the 31st of October, 1828, two of these men were to be seen lounging about the West Port, especially round the snuff, whisky, and chandlers' shops of that miserable neighbourhood. One was William Burke, a short, tlickset Irish cobbler, with a round smirking face, high cheek-bones, and small, pert, hard features. His deep-set grey eyes had not a savage expression, but there was a specious cunning cruelty about them. His hair and small whiskers were sandy, his complexion sanguineous. The detestable fawning-looking fellow was buttoned up in a shabby blue frock-coat, which almost hid a dirty striped cotton waistcoat. A black tangled neckcloth graced his grimy limp collar and bull neck.

This ruffian's companion was William Hare, a fish-hawker, and, like Burke, an Irishman; a squalid skeleton of a man, with leering watery almost idiotic eyes, a thin aquiline nose, the forehead of an ape, but the bony resolute chin of a man who would commit a murder for half a mutchkin of whisky.

Burke's house was one of those towering dens that the scanty space within ramparts in old times led men to build; vast burrows for thieves, ruffians, and beggars, such as many of those with which the Old Town still swarms. It had five stories—five layers of vice, sin, and wretchedness; a few sovereigns would have bought the furniture of the whole five families. This nest of misery looked out on a piece of waste ground, to which a door on Burke's stair led.

Hare's house was of another order of wretchedness in Tanner's Close, opening off the West Port, a little beyond Burke's. It was a one-storied house, with three rooms, and well known as a beggars' sleeping-place. Its dreary back windows looked out on the same waste ground as Burke's. About six o'clock on the 31st of October, the day on which these two rascals are seen together, Burke was taking a dram (no unfrequent habit of his) at the shop of a Mr. Rymer, close by his house. A little old Irish beggar-woman from Glasgow

—a poor wandering body in an old dark printed gown and red striped short jacket—entered the shop to ask for alms, and Burke commenced a conversation with her. In his smooth way he asked her name, and what part of Ireland she came from? He is astonished and delighted to hear that her name is Docherty, and that she comes from Innishowen, his own part of Ireland. Eventually he asks her home to breakfast (etiquette is not much cultivated in the West Port); they go home together, and she has some porridge and milk with him and Mrs. M'Dougall, the woman who lives with him. Later in the day the old beggar-woman comes to Mrs. Connoway, a woman living in Burke's passage, and under the same roof; she is then half drunk, and sits talking about Ireland and the army, for Connoway has been a soldier. Mr. and Mrs. Hare drop in. Even that savage skeleton, Hare, looks sociable this Halloween, and it's soon "Hoo are ye?" and "Hoo's a' wi' ye?" and there are songs, dancing with bare feet on the brick floor, and much passing to and fro of whisky-bottles. The little "broad-set" old beggar-woman, to whom Burke has been so charitable and kind, is the loudest and merriest of them all. Hare and Burke are left late at night dancing, and the beggar-woman is singing to them.

The Connoways are disturbed after midnight by a scuffling noise. Burke and Hare, drunken and furious, are fighting and screeching; but this is no uncommon occurrence; for Burke is a man who, without doing much cobbling, gets a great deal of money for drink in some mysterious way, which is no concern to anybody in the West Port. One or two neighbours on the same stair, however, a little curious at the goings on, looking through the keyhole, see Mrs. Burke holding a bottle to the beggar-woman's mouth, and swearing at her for not drinking, as she pours the pure whisky into her mouth. The woman cries murder. "For Heaven's sake," screams one of them, named Allston, "go for the police; there is murder here;" and then strikes the outer door of Burke's house. There are then three cries, as though some one were being strangled in fighting. Allston goes out at the mouth of the passage to the West Port and calls for the police, but none coming, and the sound ceasing as if the men had got reconciled, Allston turns and goes to bed.

Early next morning there is quite a party at Burke's—Mr. Law, a lad named Broggan, and Mrs. Connoway. The room is a dismal den. There is a trestle-bed without posts or curtains, a great tumbled heap of dirty worn-out boots and shoes in one corner, a huge litter of filthy straw down by the bed—the shake-down on which Gray, his wife, or any chance

friend sleep—a pot of potatoes on the fire, here and there a broken-down chair. Burke is sitting near the bed in high spirits, a whisky-bottle and a dram-glass in his hands. He tosses the whisky up to the ceiling and back, over the bed. Mrs. Connaway is surprised, and asks him—“why he wastes the drink?” Burke laughs recklessly, and says he wants it finished, to get more: a tipsy and irrational answer. Mrs. Connaway looks round for the old beggar-woman, and asks Mrs. Burke, *alias* M'Dougall, who is in bed, what is become of her? Mrs. Burke says: “I kicked her out of the house because she got drunk.” Burke goes out, and requests Broggan, the carter, his wife's nephew, to sit on a chair near the straw and wait there till he returns. He goes to Rymer's, buys a large tea-chest, and carries it home. All this time Mrs. Burke, in bed in a heavy drunken sleep, hears and notices nothing. Broggan, not seeing the use of watching and warding a heap of dirty straw, soon gets tired of his charge, and goes out. Mrs. Gray, follows, looking for Burke; goes out twice, and the second time finds him drinking at the West Port. On her return, Mrs. Burke starts up, still half mazed with drink, asks for her husband, and leaves the house.

The moment she has gone, the Grays look at each other; the woman first goes straight to the straw at the head of the bed, and rummages it to see what it is that Burke has hid there that he was so anxious about. To her horror, she touches the naked arm of a dead body. It is the body of the old beggar-woman they had seen drinking and dancing the night before.

Gray takes her up by her grey hair, and says: “She has been murdered.” He then packs up his things, and is taking them to a room near, when, as he goes up the stairs, he meets Mrs. Burke, and says to her grimly:

“What is the meaning of that thing I saw in your room?”

“What thing?”

“I suppose you know—the body!”

Mrs. Burke replies: “Oh yes, she died in our drunken frolic last night—I could not help it.” But as he presses her closer, and calls it murder, she falls on her knees—thin bony Scotch-woman, with large sunken dark eyes—prays for mercy, offers him five or six shillings down, and hints at ten pounds a week that it would be worth to him. Mrs. Gray says she would not “wish to be worth money got for dead people.” Gray says his conscience will not let him be silent. As they go to the police, and as Mrs. Burke is following them in an agony of stealthy supplication, they meet Mrs. Hare, who, asking what they are quarrelling about, invites them into a public-house,

just to take a dram and settle the matter. The two guilty women, finding silence hopeless, leave hurriedly. On the return of the Grays they call in the neighbours to see the murdered woman, but the body has been removed. Gray instantly alarms the police; a party is sent to the house, but they find neither the body nor the murderers. A servant-girl, however, has seen Burke and his wife, and Hare and his wife, following a porter, named M'Culloch, up the stairs. The porter had on his back a tea-chest stuffed with straw. As she passed, she laid her hand on it, and felt that its contents were soft.

Just before this, Hare had been noticed by the neighbours lurking about the stairs for William Burke. Being universally disliked, he was ordered away, Mrs. Connoway telling him "he would frighten the lasses coming to Mrs. Law's mangle." They then called him an ill-bred fellow, and slammed their door in his face. This was what the rascal wanted. The passage cleared, the body was at once removed.

Soon after the police leave the West Port house, still crowded by people, Burke and his wife are heard coming down the stairs and along the passage. They know well that the Grays have raised the alarm; but they are neither flurried nor hurried, and Mrs. Burke goes in, as usual, to Connoway's, and gets a light. Burke leans against the doorpost and chats. Connoway says to him: "We have been speaking about you, William." "I hope you have not been speaking ill of me?" says Burke. Connoway replies: "You are suspected of murdering the little old woman with whom we were all so happy last night, and the police are after you." Burke rejoins, angrily: "I defy all Scotland to prove anything against me. I have not been long about these doors, and this is the second time such a story has been raised upon me." Mrs. Connoway remarks: "I have heard of your being a resurrection-man; but never heard of any murder being laid to your charge."

Another minute, and griping hands are on Burke's wrists. He and his wife are prisoners. It is Gray who points them out on the stairs. Sergeant-Major Fisher asks where Burke's lodgers are? Burke points to Gray, and says: "There is one. I turned him away for bad conduct." The officer asks what became of the little woman who was there on Friday. Burke says: "She left at seven in the morning, and William Hare saw her go." "Any one else?" says the officer. Burke answers, insolently: "Many saw her go." All this time Mrs. Burke dances about, and, laughing dryly, says: "It was only a drunken spree. The neighbours want to do us an ill turn." The prisoners were then removed. On returning

to the house, the police find a striped bedgown on the bed, and a great deal of bloody straw at the bed foot.

There being as yet no tidings of the body, it is at last resolved to search the dissecting-rooms. Lieutenant Peterson and Sergeant-Major Fisher then go to Dr. Knox's, at Surgeon's Hall, to see a body, which Gray and his wife at once recognise as that of the woman Docherty. The clue is found. Early next morning the police seize Hare and his wife in bed, lodging them in separate cells.

Soon after this, the discovery of the murder rapidly developed. The porter named M'Culloch proved that Burke and Hare helped him double up a body, which was taken from under the bed, and cram it into a tea-chest. He pushed in some hair that hung out, saying, "It was bad to let it hang out," roped the box, and carried it to Surgeon's Square, followed by Burke and his wife, and Hare and his wife. They put the box in a cellar; then, at about half-past six, went to Newington, where they were paid at a public-house, and he got five shillings.

David Paterson, keeper of Dr. Knox's Museum, and who lived at No. 26, West Port, also deposed that about twelve o'clock on the Friday he went home, and found Burke waiting at his door. He went with him to his house, and found Hare and the two women there. Burke told him, in a low voice, he had procured something for the doctor, pointed to some straw near the bed, and added, "It will be ready to-morrow morning." Paterson sent his sister to him in the morning, and he came alone, and was told he must see Dr. Knox, and agree with him personally. Between twelve and two Burke and Hare came to Dr. Knox and told him they had a dead body which they would deliver that night, and Dr. Knox told Paterson to be in the way to receive it. About seven the two men and a porter brought in the tea-chest, and it was placed in a cellar. They then went to Newington, and Dr. Knox sent them out five pounds. The rest, if Dr. Knox approved of the subject, was to be paid on the Monday. When the police opened the chest, they found the body of an old woman. It presented marks of strangulation and suffocation.

The trial took place on the 24th of December, 1828, before the Right Honourable the Lord Justice Clerk, and Lords Pitmilley, Meadowbank, and Mackenzie; Sir William Rae, the Lord Advocate, assisted by counsel, prosecuted. The counsel for Burke and his reputed wife gave their services to the wretches gratuitously. Hare having been received as king's evidence, proved the murder. He said he had been

ten years in Scotland, and had known Burke a year. On the Friday, Burke had come to him in a public-house, and told him he had got an old woman off the street, who would be a good *shot* for the doctors (that was the phrase of these men for a person they had fixed on to murder). In the evening he and Burke fought, and the old woman cried for the police, as she said Burke had treated her well, and she did not wish to see him ill-used. Mrs. Burke dragged the old woman back. He then, as they were struggling, knocked down the old woman, and as she lay on her back drunk, crying out not to hurt Burke, Burke flung himself on her, his breast on her head. He then put one hand on her nose, and the other under her chin, and kept them there for ten minutes; she was then ~~dead~~ ^{dead}. He stripped the body, doubled it up, covered it with straw, and put her clothes under the bed. When Paterson came in, Burke wanted him to look at the body, but he refused. When he (Hare) awoke, about seven o'clock, he found himself in a chair, with his head on the bed, in which were the two women and Broggan (Mrs. Burke's nephew); Burke was sitting by the fire.

The prisoners' defences were most criminating. Burke declared that the old woman left his house at five o'clock on the Friday, to go and beg in the New Town; but a week afterwards he confessed that she returned, drunk hard, and then lay down in the straw, where, finding her dead, he went and sold the body. He had previously sworn that the body found was one left in his house by a stranger who had come to have his shoes mended. His wife had in the mean time declared that the old woman left the house for good about two o'clock on the Friday.

The trial lasted twenty-four hours. The jury returned a verdict of guilty against Burke, after nearly an hour's consultation, but acquitted his wife. The Lord Chief Justice, in passing sentence, expressed a doubt as to whether Burke's body should not be hung in chains, and trusted that his skeleton would be preserved in remembrance of his atrocious crimes. He then adjudged Burke to be hung in the Lawn-market on the 28th of January.

During the trial Burke maintained a tranquil self-possession. He conversed with his wife, and smiled at part of the evidence. He was anxious for dinner, and ate heartily when it came. While the jury were "enclosed," Burke prepared his wife for her probable fate, and told her to see how he behaved when the sentence should be pronounced. When his wife was acquitted, he turned to her and said curtly, "Nelly, you are out of the scrape." Hare, after the trial,

chuckled, capered, laughed, and chatted as if exulting in his own escape and his comrade's doom. When in the witness-box, whenever he wished to avoid answering a criminating question, he gave a diabolical nod of the most repulsive cunning.

Mrs. Burke was a thin, spare, large-boned, dissolute Scotch-woman, with large but good features, and full black eyes disfigured by a painful frown. Mrs. Hare, who carried a repulsive and neglected child in her arms, was coarse, short, stout, and red-faced. While in the lock-up, Mrs. Burke stated that one night, while her husband and Hare were carousing in Hare's shambles on the profits of a recent murder, she and Hare's wife saw from a further room Hare toss his hand up, and heard him exult that he and Burke should never want money; for, when they were at a loss for a "shot," they could murder and sell their wives. There was then a long discussion, and Hare finally succeeded in persuading Burke to let his wife go first, when the time came for it.

Burke having obtained his priest's permission, made a full confession of his crimes. He owned to *sixteen murders* between the spring and the October of 1828. He and Hare had been first set on to it by an old drunken pensioneer, named Donald, dying of dropsy in Hare's house. After his coffin was closed, they decoyed the undertaker away with drink, took out the corpse, and filled the coffin with tanner's bark. They took the body in a sack to Dr. Knox, who gave them seven pounds ten for it. The first person they murdered was a woman from Gilmerton, who came to lodge with Hare. After a revel, Hare closed her mouth and nose, and Burke lay upon her to keep down her arms and legs. They then put the corpse in a chest, and met Dr. Knox's porter by appointment at night at the back of the Castle, who took the box on to the class-rooms. The next victim was a miller named Joseph, who lay ill at Hare's lodging-house, as it was supposed of a fever, which kept away other lodgers. Burke held a pillow down over his mouth, and then lay across the body till he was dead. The price of the old pensioner's body had been a temptation which these monsters could not resist. On one occasion Burke met a policeman dragging a drunken woman to the West Port watch-house. Burke, who had a good character with the police, volunteered to see her home; he took her to Hare's, and they murdered her like the others.

One of the most revolting of Burke's murders was that of Daft Jamie, a poor half-witted bare-footed lad, with a

withered hand, who used to sing and dance about the Old Town, and pick up what alms he could. Mrs. Hare decoyed him to her home, under pretence of taking him to his mother, of whom the lad was peculiarly fond. Burke was taking a dram at the time at Rymer's shop, and Mrs. Hare came in for a pennyworth of butter, and stamped on his foot as a signal. Jamie would not take much whisky; but as he lay on the bed, Burke, eager, kept saying to Hare, "Shall I do it now?" Hare replied, "Bide awhile; he is too strong for you yet; you had better let him alone awhile." Burke at last, irresistible, threw himself upon the poor harmless lad, and they fell off the bed struggling. Roused to a sense of the imminent danger, Jamie leaped up, and by a dreadful effort threw off Burke, who then closed with him. Burke was for a moment almost overpowered. Shouting that he would run his knife into Hare unless he came and helped him, Hare ran, tripped up Jamie, dragged him about with Burke lying on him, and held his hands and feet till he was dead. Hare felt his pockets, and took out a brass snuff-box and a copper snuff-spoon. It was after breakfast when Jamie was lured in. By twelve his body was in a clothes-chest of Hare's, and on its way to Surgeon's Square. Burke gave the clothes to his brother's children, and they quarrelled about them. The dress of the other persons had been destroyed in order to prevent detection.

Burke also murdered a poor girl of loose character named Mary Paterson, whom he met, with a friend of hers, named Janet Brown, just released from the Canongate watch-house. He brought her home, gave her breakfast, plied her with whisky, and murdered her. Her lodging-house keeper's servant came for her, and was told that Mary Paterson had gone off to Glasgow with a packman.

There were other murders still more terrible committed by these wretches. Hare one day invited home a poor Irish-woman from Glasgow, and her deaf and dumb grandson. They intoxicated the poor woman, who was delighted with his kindness and generosity. When she became torpid, they suffocated her with the bed-tick and bed-clothes. The next morning, Burke killed the boy. The piteous look the dying boy gave him, Burke confessed, went to his heart; he could never forget it. They crammed the two bodies into a herring-barrel. This they put in Hare's fish-cart, and at dusk set out for Surgeon's Square. The horse, a miserable, half-starved beast, at the entrance to the Grassmarket refusing to go a step further, a crowd assembled. Burke said he thought at that time that the old horse had risen up

in judgment against them. While the crowd tugged at the horse, Burke and Hare hired a porter with a hurley, and put the barrel on it to carry to Surgeon's Square. The wretched horse was, in revenge, instantly taken to a tanyard and shot.

While Burke and his wife were on a visit at Falkirk, during the festival of the anniversary of Bannockburn, Hare decoyed home a drunken woman, murdered her unaided, and sold her body for eight pounds. When Burke returned, and asked if he had been doing any business, Hare replied in the negative; but Burke ascertained from Dr. Knox that he had bought a subject, and Hare then confessed the secret to his partner. They also murdered a married cousin of Burke's wife; Hare taking the chief part in the horrible business, because he was not a relation. They put the body in a "fine trunk" which Paterson supplied. Broggan, in whose house they were, discovered the murder, and they gave him three pounds, and sent him out of Edinburgh, to keep the secret. Another of their victims was a Mrs. Hostler, a washerwoman at Broggan's. She had ninepence-halfpenny in her hand when they smothered her, and they could scarcely remove it after she was dead, it was clutched so hard. This poor woman had been heard the evening of her murder singing, "Home, sweet home," with Burke.

The only person Burke murdered by himself was the daughter of Mrs. Holdane, whom they had previously disposed of. Burke also confessed that Hare's wife had urged him to murder the woman with whom he lived, but he would not agree to it. They were distrustful of her because she was a Scotchwoman. The plan was that he was to go into the country after the murder, and write word to Hare that she had died there, so as to deceive the neighbours. Nine of the people had been murdered in Burke's house (five of these in an inner room where he used to cobble shoes—it looked out only on the waste ground and pigsty), four in Broggan's room, two in Hare's stable, and one in Burke's brother's house. They had marked out a great many for murder, but were disappointed of them in various ways. They were generally drunk when they committed these murders, and also while the money lasted. They very often did not know the dates of the murders, nor the names of their victims. They had arranged a plan that Burke and another man were to go on a tour to Glasgow and Ireland, and to forward bodies to Hare for the surgeons. Their regular price was ten pounds in winter and eight pounds in summer. Burke said they had got so daring, that he believed they might have gone on even

to seize people in the streets. At first they removed bodies only in the dark; latterly they grew more bold and went in the daytime. When they were carrying the girl Paterson, some boys from the High School yard followed them, crying, "They are carrying a corpse." They nevertheless got her safely delivered. Hare could sleep well after a murder, but Burke kept a "twopenny candle" all night by his bedside, and a bottle of whisky. If he awoke, he sometimes gulped half a bottle at a draught, and that made him sleep. When their money was spent, they pawned their clothes, and got them out again as soon as they got a subject.

After the trial, when Burke was removed to the lock-up house, he had scarcely been seated, when, looking round, he said to the officers—

"This is an infernal cold place you have brought me till."

He then said Hare was the guiltier of the two, for he had murdered the first woman, and persuaded him (Burke) to join him, and he should regret to his last hour that he did not share the same fate. He then prayed; and when some chapters of the Bible were read to him, remarked, "That passage touches keenly on my crimes." When he was removed to Calton Hill Jail, he wished the turnkeys good-bye. "Though I should never see you again," he said, "you will see me on the 28th at the head of Libberton's Wynd. I have now only five weeks to live, and I will not weary greatly for that day." He then grew composed, cheerful, and talkative. In his sleep he sometimes raved and ground his teeth, but on awakening, recovered his composure.

It was discovered by the numerous biographers of Burke that he was a native of Tyrone, and had served seven years in the Donegal militia. When he came to Scotland, he turned canal labourer, then pedlar; he had tried his hand at weaving, baking, and cobbling. Burke was thought a lively, harmless man, fond of singing, and kind to children, whom he used to encourage to dance, by hiring a street organ to play to them. He was once seen to shudder when some one told him of a child's face having been lanced for a tumour. To account for his money, he pretended that he smuggled "small still" whisky; while his wife used to boast of legacies and small annuities. Burke had been at one time a regular attendant during the "revivals" at the open-air prayer meetings in the Grassmarket, and had possessed a small library of religious books.

The excitement in Edinburgh during this trial was unequalled in intensity. The mob shouted for the blood of

Hare, the two women, and Burke's other accomplices. Two guineas were offered the turnkeys for one peep at the murderer. Eager enthusiasts paid enormous sums for Burke's shoemaking hammer; and Hare's whisky-bottle brought a high price. The blood-soaked bed was cut up into relics, and the chairs were hollowed into snuff-boxes. Mrs. Burke, venturing back into the West Port, was nearly torn to shreds, and was besieged in the watchhouse. Finally, she left the town and went to Glasgow. Mrs. Hare, *alias* Lucky Log, was pelted nearly to death with snowballs, mud, and stones; was nearly killed also at Glasgow; and eventually escaped to Belfast, quite indifferent to her husband's fate.

It was felt to be a blot on Edinburgh, and a stain on Scotland; for although the two men were Irish, the woman who had been deepest in it was a native of Maddiston, in the county of Stirling. The populace were savage, also, against the doctors. The night of the trial, Dr. Knox's and Dr. Munro's class-room windows were broken, and, but for a stormy night, their house might have been destroyed.

During this agitation, Burke was composed and almost apathetically calm. He regretted one or two of his murders, and showed one touch of humanity in his anxiety for his wife, to whom he sent some money and an old watch. He shut himself up daily with two Catholic priests, and expressed his belief in the efficacy of full repentance and perfect faith. He declared to the turnkeys that he was glad of his sentence, for it had brought him back to religion. He was suffering much from a cancer, which was popularly supposed to have been caused by a death-bite from Daft Jamie, but which was really the result of fatigue and dissipation in former years. He was kept chained to the gad in the condemned cell, and was guarded day and night, to prevent his committing suicide. His great anxiety seemed to be to get from Dr. Knox the five pounds still unpaid for the beggar-woman's body, and buy some clothes to appear in on the scaffold. "Since I am to appear before the public," he said, "I should like to be respectable."

He betrayed no emotion till his "dead clothes" were brought him to put on, on the morning of his execution. He slept soundly for five hours before this. He then grew impatient, and said: "Oh that the hour were come which is to separate me from the world!" At half-past five the smith removed his chains. When they dropped off, he looked up to the ceiling and said, "So may all earthly chains fall from me." At half-past six, the priest prayed with him. At seven, Burke came with a firm step into the keeper's room, and sat

in an arm-chair by the fire, sighing once or twice deeply, when a priest said to him: "You must trust in the mercy of God." He exhibited no emotion at seeing the executioner; merely said, "I am not ready for you yet;" and in a minute or two submitted silently to be pinioned.

Invited to take a glass of wine, he bowed and drank "Farewell to all present, and the rest of my friends;" then thanked the magistrates, bailie, and jailer, for their kindness. When the magistrates appeared in their robes, and with their rods of office, he rose instantly, and walked on, conversing calmly with the priest. As he passed up Libberton's Wynd, in crossing from the lock-up house, he picked his way through the mud (it had rained) with the greatest care.

The night before, the gibbet had been raised by torchlight. An immense crowd remained till two in the morning, cheering as every fresh beam was fixed. Hundreds slept in the adjacent closes and on stairs, and at the windows of neighbouring houses in the Lawnmarket. Many well-dressed ladies were among the spectators, and half a crown for a single hasty look from a window was freely given. By seven o'clock the rain had almost ceased. When the raw cold day had begun, every avenue to the High Street was thronged, and the area between the West Port and the Tron Church was one close-wedged mass of heads. About forty thousand persons were waiting eagerly for St. Giles's clock to strike eight. There were crowds on the Castle Hill and in Bank Street, and stragglers as far as the Advocates' Library. The rough and ribald jests and street-cries changed to a demoniacal roar of joy when Burke appeared ascending the stairs to the platform; then there rose yells, savage curses, and stormy cries of "The Murderer!" "*Burke* him!" "Choke him, Hangie!" "Hang Hare, too!"

An Edinburgh mob is always fierce, and now their deepest passions were thoroughly roused. Burke stood before them at last, a thickset, cadaverous man, with very light hair, an old black coat too large for him, a white neckcloth, and mouldy boots. He turned deadly pale, and shook when he heard the appalling shouts; but he still cast at the heaving mob one look of fierce and desperate defiance. He then knelt and prayed, with his back to the people, and told the priest that he died in the full assurance that he should be saved. When he arose, he took up the silk handkerchief on which he had knelt, and carefully put it into his pocket. He looked at the gallows, and took his place on the drop, giving a withering scowl at a man who pushed him a little on one side. He told the hangman how to untie his neck-cloth. As he put on

the white cap, the yells grew tremendous. "Don't waste rope on him," they cried. "You'll see Daft Jamie in a moment." But the murderer stood unflinching, and even manifested a repugnance to the cap being drawn over his face. He then said the Belief, uttered a cry to God, and, jerking the signal handkerchief from him angrily, fell and died with hardly a struggle.

Not one said "God forgive him," or "May he find mercy!" The whole dark mass below the scaffold shouted, clapped their hands, waved their hats, and roared applause, that was heard as far away as the roads of the suburbs. Many cried ferociously, "Off with the cowl. Let's see his face." Every time the corpse moved, a shout rose again. The men on the scaffold threw shavings and chips from the coffin among the people, and the workmen scrambled for them and for the rope. There were a few shouts of "Let's have him to tear to pieces!" and there was a defeated attempt made to lead the mob to Surgeon's Square, to pull down the class-room.

On Thursday, Burke's body was exhibited by Dr. Munro, Mr. Liston, Mr. George Combe the phrenologist, Sir William Hamilton, Mr. Joseph the sculptor, and others. Phrenologists found Burke's organ of benevolence to be as large as that of destructiveness. On the Friday, thirty thousand persons visited the Anatomical Theatre, to see the corpse.

Haro had a narrow escape at Dumfries, where he was besieged in an inn by the furious populace, who kept calling out, "Burke him!" "Give us the murderer!" "Hell's ower gude for the like of you. The very deevils wadna let ye in, for fear of mischief!" The mob then pursued him to the jail, and threatened to burn down the door with peat and tar-barrels. Eventually, Haro escaped from one of the Cumberland ports, and got safely to London. There, however, a terrible vengeance fell on this branded wretch. The scoundrel obtained work under a feigned name at a tanner's. His terrible secret at last coming out, the men seized him and tossed him into a lime-pit, which burned out his eyes. According to a London paper, Hare died a few years ago, in Canada.

There were no more Burking murders until 1831, when two men, named Bishop and Williams, drowned a poor Italian boy in Bethnal Green, and sold his body to the surgeons. The bill introduced in 1829 to supply the hospitals with the unclaimed bodies from the workhouses and elsewhere, closed this door to hell, we trust for ever.

THE BRISTOL RIOTS.

On the 29th of October, 1831, that inflexible anti-reformer, the eccentric, sour-faced, shambling, learned, ungainly, Sir Charles Wetherell, was to arrive in Bristol to open the assizes. The secret political unions of the West of England had been for some time before preparing to give him such a rough welcome as might convince that eccentric old Tory lawyer that there was no reaction against the Bill for which the struggle had been so long and so fierce. The Bristol magistrates, alarmed at the popular menaces, had begged Lord Melbourne to send troops to escort Sir Charles into the city, and their request had been granted. An unsuccessful attempt had also been made by Lieutenant Claxton to form the seamen then in port into a body of special constables, but this scheme had been crushed in the bud by the Radicals, who became irritated at these tacit threats of their opponents, and were determined to show what their real feeling was. The ballad-singers and placard-stickers had been for weeks exhorting the populace of the ancient city to show their opinions of the Tory recorder. Even the astrological prophets in penny almanacks had been urging to violence. There can be no doubt, indeed, that the recent three days' revolution in Paris had affected men's minds deeply, and that even quiet people, when the House of Peers arrogantly threw out the Reform Bill, began to think that only terror could ever induce the privileged classes and the great landed interest to widen the basis of the constitutional pyramid. The will of the people had been defied; it was now savagely bent on asserting itself. A Bristol mob has always been dangerous and fierce; Irish and Welsh sailors lent it fire, colliers and boatmen brute courage, shipwrights and the higher order of artisans intelligence, and at this time political emissaries from Birmingham had given

it all it needed for ruthless mischief and destruction—organisation.

There are always certain small events that, like stormy petrels, announce a tempest. On the 24th, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, especially obnoxious to people from his wealth and his recent vote in the House of Lords, had been pelted by the mob while returning from consecrating a new church at Bedminster, and had to be guarded to his carriage by a party of gentlemen, who volunteered for that purpose. The magistrates, alarmed at this, swore in two hundred special constables, and hired another hundred. Well-dressed agitators had been seen at night going from beer-shop to beer-shop exciting the people against the recorder, who was reported to have said heartlessly and in public that six shillings a week was quite enough to support in comfort a labouring man and a large family. Idlers from Birmingham and other centres of discontent had been observed in the streets. A warning proclamation was accordingly issued by the mayor, exhorting all honest citizens to forget their political differences, and rally round the standard of peace and order.

On the morning of the 29th of October preparations to put down a riot were made with the Tories' usual irritating timidity. Two troops of the 14th Dragoons were marched into the cattle-market, and one troop of the 3rd Dragoons into the court-yard of the jail. The special constables were also assembled in the area of the Exchange, and staves distributed among them. On Sir Charles's arrival at Totterdown, and on his getting into the sheriff's carriage, he was received with yells, groans, and angry hisses. At Hill's Bridge the vehicle was pelted, and in Temple Street, just by the leaning tower, and not far from Redcliffe church, viragoes at the windows screamed out their denunciations, and charged the mob with cowardice and want of spirit in not doing more. In the Guild-hall the clamour was ceaseless and threatening; when the court rose, the people gave three cheers for the king, and ran into the street to meet Sir Charles again on his way to the Mansion House. The streets were densely crowded; the people were sullen and dangerous. On the quay at the bottom of Clare Street an attempt was made to run a truck, on which was placed a large box, under the mayor's carriage, in order to upset it, but the scheme failed. When the procession escorting Sir Charles stopped at the Mansion House, a shower of stones broke one of the carriage-lamps.

There were by this time two or three thousand people assembled round the Mansion House, at whose windows a few sticks and stones were from time to time thrown. One

of these men being seized, there arose the cry, "To the Back!" (the Welsh Back is one of the quays where Welsh vessels unload, and where piles of faggots are stacked;) in a short time about six hundred men returned armed with bludgeons, and fell on the constables, who, however, defeated their assailants, and carried off several bundles of sticks as trophies. One constable was chased into the Float, from whence, however, he was rescued by a boatman, and a man in the crowd had his skull fractured, and was carried off. The mob did not disperse, but grew quieter about half-past two, when the tired constables retired inside the Mansion House. Many respectable persons were heard sympathising with the crowd, and whenever the constables struck a hard blow, there were exclamations of—

"Shame—shame! A pack of Tory constables and bludgeon-men."

About three o'clock a party of police, escorting some rioters to Bridewell, were attacked in Nelson Street, knocked down, and the prisoners released. As evening advanced, the stones and sticks beginning to fly faster at the Mansion House windows, the mayor came forward, and talked of reading the Riot Act and sending for troops. He was pelted while he was speaking, and a very large stone all but struck his head. About dusk the mayor, attended by other magistrates, came out and read the Riot Act three times; he was received with volleys of stones and brickbats, and a rail from the square was also murderously thrown at him. The mob was now uncontrollable; the constables were driven in, and the front and side of the building attacked with an increasing ferocity. The yells were savage and unceasing.

"Give us the recorder!" they cried, "and we'll murder him."

Pulling down the low walls of the front court in the square, the mob used the bricks and coping-stones as missiles. The window-frames, shutters, and the panels of the doors were soon driven in. They raked the hall and dining-room with their missiles till the floors were thickly covered with stones. One storming party attempted to force their way into the cellar, but the constables sheltered themselves behind mattresses and piles of furniture, and drove them back. Another party broke up the iron railing in front of the Mansion House, and threw it into a rough barricade to impede the soldiers; they also put out the gaslights, and placed poles and planks across Little King Street. It was at this time that the mob, singing God save the King in chorus, got possession of the lower part of the Mansion House, driving

the constables to the staircase, which they pelted from the door and side-windows. The cry was to burn the recorder alive, and some men instantly threw straw into the lower rooms, shouting for a light. Sir Charles, seeing the danger to be very imminent, got on a flat roof at the back, and, obtaining a ladder, ascended to a place where he could drop into the stable-yard. Exchanging dresses in the hayloft with a friend, Sir Charles contrived to pass through the crowd unobserved, and finding the riots continued, he that same night took a post-chaise for Newport.

About nightfall the helmets and swords of dragoons gleamed and flashed through one of the avenues leading to Queen Square, and a squadron of the 14th dashed up; Colonel Brereton received the mayor and magistrates' order to clear the streets, and use force to put down the now alarming mob. The people paused from their attack, but showed no other signs of alarm. The soldiers did not look mischievous, and already a report had run through the city that Colonel Brereton was friendly to the demonstration, was himself an ardent reformer, and was loud against any resort to violent measures. In spite of showers of stones and brickbats, the troops were ordered to only "ride through" the rioters, and to "walk them away." Unfortunately, omelettes can by no means be made without breaking several eggs. Sprinkles of rose-water will not put out such flames as these rioters were ready to kindle. The people were savagely bent on showing their power, and they would let nothing stop them. They did not wish to kill, but they had resolved to burn and destroy, and scare for ever all exuberant bishops, stiff old Tory recorders, and anti-progressive, over-wealthy aldermen. Land and money had been tyrannously and arrogantly selfish; now the people were going to be in their turn selfishly and tyrannously violent and destructive.

Although two of the dragoons were severely wounded, and an officer injured by a fall from his horse, Colonel Brereton expressed his opinion that the mob was "good humoured," and that he should still "walk them away." The magistrates, alarmed at the colonel's quietude, asked him if he had any secret instructions from the Government. He replied no; he was merely ordered to obey the magistrates.

About eleven at night he gave Captain Musgrave's troop orders to charge, but the men were directed to use the flats of their swords as much as possible, and not to proceed to extremities except as a last resource. A little later, two or three constables were sent to lead the troops with lights, but the rioters then retreated to the barges, and kept up the

pelting from the decks. Colonel Brereton still refused to allow his men to fire, nor would he encourage a half-pay officer, who offered, with twenty-five men, to board the trows and dislodge the stone-throwers. The colonel was still of opinion that the people, if left alone, would soon disperse and go home, and he promised to patrol the city during the night.

In the mean time, Captain Gage, with his troop of the 14th, was less patient under injuries. Finding about a hundred panes of glass already broken in the Council House windows, the trumpeter instantly blew the charge, and a line of swordsmen swept along High Street, Broad Street, and Wine Street, scattering the mob like chaff. Eight persons were left on the pavement severely wounded. Not another rioter was to be seen; but in a moment afterwards the mob surged up through the Pithay back into the side alleys of Wine Street, and flung stones and pieces of iron at the soldiers as they passed. Captain Gage flashed his pistol at one ringleader. One of his troop then fired, and the rioter fell dead. The mob never forgave the 14th this.

About two o'clock on the Sunday morning the streets were tolerably quiet. About eight o'clock, Colonel Brereton withdrew the pickets from the Mansion House and the Council House. The colonel said the troops were tired; and they were therefore sent to Leigh's Horse Bazaar. Nine prisoners were taken by the constables and lodged in the jail. It was now generally known in the town that Colonel Brereton had cheered the mob, and shaken hands with many of the rioters, and it was generally believed that many of the soldiers would side with the people. This gave the mob courage; for if the soldiers had refused to act, the city was evidently at their mercy. The quieter citizens were alarmed by stories that showed the premeditation and organization of the mob, some of whom, during the fight in and out of the court yards in Queen Square, had boarded a Stroud vessel and tried to seize a carboy of vitriol to throw over the dragoons. Every moment the confidence of the people grew greater, the fears of honest men more acute. No sooner had the troops left Queen Square than the mob deluged back again and attacked the Mansion House, broke down all the barricades nailed up during the night, and plundered the wine-cellar. The china and glass were thrown into the square, the wine distributed and tossed about. Hundreds of drunken men instantly scattered themselves through the city, and allured others to the revel already begun. The mayor, a little, worthy, but nervous and irresolute man, escaped over the roofs disguised

in a woman's dress, and instantly hurried to Colonel Brereton to order out the troops, and to knock from door to door down College Green and St. Augustine's Back, to collect the citizens and their servants, and to call on them in the king's name to assist the little pale-faced magistrate who summoned them. The mob fell back when the soldiers entered the square, and the constables soon retook the Mansion House; but many of the rioters now tore up iron rails to pile in the roadway, or to arm themselves. Alderman Hilhouse read the Riot Act three times, and then motioned women and children from the windows, and respectable spectators from any places where the fire of the troops might reach them.

Colonel Brereton replied: "The troops cannot, and shall not, fire." They were worn out, and if they fired the mob would be infuriated, and the city would be given up to slaughter. He therefore advised that the mob should be kept in good humour till the next morning, when reinforcements of troops might be expected. He also ordered the 14th at once back to their quarters, as their firing had irritated the people. The troops were pelted the whole way back, although they drew their swords and presented their pistols. Opposite Denmark Street a dozen powerful fellows were trying to pull a lagging dragoon off his horse. The man fired, and shot one of the rascals dead. In St. Augustine's Back about a dozen of the leading pelters were wounded. The soldiers charged several times, rode up the steps of the Grammar School, and leaped over the railings in College Green, wounding four or five persons. A party of reformers then went down the Boar's Head yard to attack the cavalry stables, but the sentinel fired a carbine over their heads, and they dispersed. Colonel Brereton instantly rode round to the mob, and told them he should reprimand the officer who had fired, and send the troop out of the city, upon which the people cheered. The 14th left the city for Keynsham almost immediately, and Colonel Brereton told the mob the fact in the square, to their great delight. The city was now at the mercy of the Destructives, and they knew it. They tore down the mayor's proclamation, and forced the head of the Tory billsticker into his own kettle. The magistrates were still vainly trying to stem the tide. They sent letters and messengers to all the churches and chapels, summoning citizens to the Guildhall. About a hundred and fifty gentlemen met at the Council House, and offered to be on duty all night, but only on condition of being supported by the troops. To the horror and alarm of the Tory citizens, one of the rioters in Queen Square had already clambered on the fine

equestrian statue of William the Third, and fixing a tricolour cap on a long pole, shouted: "The Cap of Liberty!" But worse things than this mere aping of France were coming.

About one o'clock, a mob assembled in Old Market Street, urged on, it was supposed, by some ringleaders recently arrived, and rolled back towards the town. The cry was: "To the Bridewell!" In Nelson Street they halted, and broke open a smith's shop, and carried off several sledgehammers and crowbars.

The keeper and the turnkeys tried to keep the gates firm against the pressure, but the doors soon gave way, and were thrown into the river Frome. The scoundrels began to force an old window, when Mr. Evans, the keeper, appeared with a blunderbuss, and threatened to kill the first man who lifted a stone. He kept about fifteen thousand madmen at bay in this manner for a quarter of an hour. Then being told that the 14th Dragoons had been sent out of the city, his heart failed him, and he handed down the keys for the rioters to release any prisoners they wanted. He and his wife and children escaped over the roofs, and at the same moment the prison burst into a flame.

A large party then attacked the new jail, a strong stone building. The rioters stopped on their way to the jail at Messrs. Acramain's warehouse. The ringleader, a well-dressed man, ordered the workmen to bring him two dozen sledgehammers, two dozen crowbars and wedges, and three pairs of spanners, to take off the nuts from doors. All these tools, he said, he should expect to see returned to the warehouse. Two aldermen and about sixty constables arrived at this moment, and were instantly pelted and beaten off. The streets were filled with respectably-dressed people, but none of them joined the magistrates. This was a terrible omen of fear and indifference. After three-quarters of an hour's pounding the large gates gave way, and the mob stormed in. Everything moveable was thrown into the New River, including the governor's books and the prison caravan. Only three prisoners had yet been liberated when the 3rd Dragoons arrived, looked in at the gate, then wheeled round, held up their hands, and rode off, according to Colonel Brereton's directions, cheered by the mob, who now cried—

"The soldiers are with us!"

One hundred and seventy prisoners were instantly released, stripped of their prison clothes, and dismissed, half naked, with tremendous cheering. Orders were then given to "go to Hill's Bridge and stop the London mail!" A well-to-do man, named Davis, who had given the released prisoners money

then put his hat on his umbrella (it was raining hard), waved it to cheer the mob, and cried—

“Now, d——n ye, we will have reform. This is what ought to have been done years ago!”

A black handkerchief was tied as a signal to the weather-cock over the porter's lodge, and the prison was fired. The straw in the wards was heaped round the treadmill, and the benches in the chapel were rubbed with a prepared liquid brought in tins by the rioters, and then placed on their ends. The fire was so intense as even to calcine the massive stone corbels of the roof. The cry in the crowd was, “The king and reform!” The mob now began also in some places to levy contributions.

From the jail a band of about three hundred persons next went to the toll-house by Cumberland Basin, and threw the towing-path gate into the river. The ringleader, a respectable-looking stalwart man, came to the toll-house, and said—

“These gates were to have been down five years ago. Not down yet. Go it, my lads!”

They burnt the toll-house there and at the Prince's Street bridge, and then inquired at the basin what ships had come down that tide, and what steam-vessels were expected. While these flames were rising and joining in one vast sheaf of crimsoned smoke, two hundred citizens had assembled at the Guild-hall, offering to act, but not unless supported by the soldiers. Colonel Brereton, who was present, refused repeatedly and peremptorily to recall the 14th Dragoons. All was terror and confusion. The wildest schemes were proposed. One man wished to throw all the stock of Mr. Hole, a leading gunsmith (value five thousand pounds), into the river, for fear the mob should arm itself. The vice-president of the Political Union, who, as an honest partisan, had tried to disperse the rioters, suggested swinging the bridges, and so leaving the rioters helpless on an island. Amid all this alarm, the magistrates sent off despatches to London, Gloucester, Cardiff, Bath, etc.—in all, seven places—for troops.

About half-past six Lawford's Gate Prison was fired; the assailants knocked the irons off twenty-three prisoners, broke up the parish stocks, attacked the lock-up house in Pennywell Lane, and attempted to set fire to a spirit-shop which they plundered. A huge man, with a bar on his shoulder, directed the rioters, and one of the ringleaders, waving the Bridewell keys in the shop of a druggist where he asked for money, cried out—

“I'm off to the bishop's palace.”

Yes, that was the next *bonne bouche* for these violent protesters against Toryism. Three prisons were already alight—that showed the mob's hatred for misused law; the recorder had been chased out of the city—that proved their hatred to obstinate politicians; the Mansion House had been sacked—that showed their rage against obdurate and over-fed aldermen. Now the bishop's palace and the cathedral were to be attacked, to show the antipathy of the people to a Tory church that the people were taught to believe was overpaid and underworked. The mob moved towards College Green in three divisions, beating time on the paving-stones with the crow-bars. Davis, their orator, stood near the deanery, abusing the bishops, and saying it was a shame a bishop should have forty thousand pounds a year while so many were poor. The doors of the palace yard were instantly torn away, and the mob, rushing through the cloisters to the palace door, forced it with a crowbar, and entered, shouting angrily—

“The king and no bishops!”

In a moment they broke all the glass and set the tables on fire, with heaps of blazing furniture. In the kitchen they heaped the hot coals on the dressers, and placed wood over them. Upstairs they cut the feather-beds open, and put fire inside them also. While the mob was still plundering, some magistrates and constables arrived, with about sixteen dragoons, who at once set to work to extinguish the fires. On seeing the constables exchanging blows, Colonel Brereton cried out, if the striking was repeated, he would ride the constables down. He released some of the rioters met carrying off plunder, and soon after a loud cheer from the crowd announced his withdrawal of the troops. The constables, threatened and discouraged, were now dispersed, one was stabbed, and many were severely wounded.

A third party of rioters, that had tossed up as to whether they should first attack the bishop's palace or the aldermen's houses in Berkeley Square, now poured into the palace, drove out the bishop's butler, the sub-sacrist, and a few others who had been active in the defence, and set fire to the house. The lead on the roof soon melted, and poured down in boiling streams. The glass of the great cathedral window gleamed ruby in the flames. The mob then lit a fire in the chapter-house, but the stout old Saxon building would not burn. The men, however, burnt the collegiate seal, and a heap of valuable old books and records. One ignorant wretch knelt on a large Bible, tore out handfuls of leaves, and threw them with curses into the fire. During these disgraceful outrages, soldiers of the 3rd were seen drinking among the mob. While the cham-

berlain of the city was distributing firearms to a few resolute men who had resolved to defend the Council House to the last, Captain Codrington arrived with the Doddington troop of yeomanry, forty sturdy, well-fed farmers' sons, ready for anything. After a short conversation with unfortunate and misguided Colonel Brereton in College Street, Captain Codrington wheeled round his troop, of course by order, and at once left the city, which now, indeed, seemed doomed.

As soon as the prisons were burned, the rioters pressed back into Queen's Square, having first cleared the cellar of the Mansion House of its four hundred dozen of wine. There were six dragoons on guard in the front of the house, but they would not interfere with the attempts to set the house on fire in the back. A man went up to the soldiers and said, "Well, you will not fire!" Then a strong-built, bow-legged fellow mounted the gas-lamp and lit a candle. Soon after smoke burst forth from the cellar. The great scething crowd danced and shouted for joy when the flames leaped out, and hundreds rushed in to carry off the spoil. Six men deliberately carried off a grand pianoforte, and sold it in Back Street for a mere trifle to a gentleman who had followed them, and who afterwards restored the piano to the mayor uninjured. Many of the ruffians were seen at the windows destroying beds, mirrors, and chairs, when the floors below and above them were breaking into flames, and all escape was cut off—stairs on fire, ceiling below and above them burning into flame with terrible rapidity. In about half an hour the front of the building fell in with a tremendous crash, burying at least twenty reformers in its fiery ruins.

About ten o'clock Colonel Brereton arrived with a detachment of the 3rd Dragoons; but as if hurried to his destruction, he only kept them wrapped in their cloaks from the drizzling rain, walking their horses quietly along the square, as spectators, for a quarter of an hour. They were then marched off, and no further effort was made by the colonel to check the cruel and ruthless destruction. Colonel Brereton went quietly home to bed, perfectly satisfied with himself and the somewhat violent reformers. The great pictures at the Mansion House were cut out of their frames, rolled up and rescued, and some money and valuables were secreted in the trunks of some female servants, and so passed safely through the crowd.

The great protest had, indeed, begun. The burning was carried on by gangs allotted to the work. A man from Bath led one party, and gave the signals with a noisy watchman's rattle; the leader of another carried a large bell. The first

division that entered broke no glass or furniture, but only ransacked the houses for money, plate, and valuables. The next division removed the furniture roughly into the centre of the square. A third band, generally Irish, carried off, or threw out, the furniture, to remove into their own hiding-places in the low parts of the city. The fourth gang were the firemen, who were accompanied by boys with torches. They smeared an ignitable paste on the walls, nailed linen steeped in oil on the shutters and woodwork, and lit the curtains; others threw balls of composition upon the floors, or poured trains of turpentine from door to door. About every fifth house of the forty destroyed, the rattle was again sprung, and a fresh gang came to the front, thirsting for the destruction of the property of the "Blues." In several instances the rioters, frenzied with success, broke through the party walls, and fired the next house before the plunderers in the upper rooms of the last could escape. In one house some of the incendiaries—lads (probably sailor-boys)—finding the floors and staircases a gulf of fire below them, coolly clambered along a narrow outer coping not more than twelve inches wide, entered an adjoining house, and set fire to it, while other scoundrels were revelling below. In a centre house between the Mansion House and the Council House some gentlemen prepared for a vigorous defence; but the rioters entered the attics from the next roof, and the unfortunate Blues had to retreat from the double danger—the angry mob and the raging and still more merciless flames. The panic was now universal; every Tory sought to escape at all hazards; pale frightened men, crying women, naked children, homeless, beggared, almost paralysed with fear, poured out of the houses and sought any shelter they could find. None of these were injured; a short notice was always given at each house by the rioters, and the plunderers and "firemen" then went to work.

At a quarter before twelve a fellow entered the Custom House, and told the fifty officers stationed there to "move out." The officers instantly began to remove the books and valuable papers, and the plate and pictures brought from the Mansion House. When the robbers came, one of the officers said—

"This is the king's house—that good king!"

A ringleader answered, roughly—

"Never mind the king. Go it!"

There was a furious rush, like the sea over a broken dyke, and in a moment every room was full. Desks were broken open, and the combustibles spread. The long room and the lower offices were fired simultaneously. This greediness for

destruction led to the death of at least fifty rioters. The upper rooms were full of men; many were on the roof, having escaped from an adjoining house, where they had been in imminent danger. The reckless villains above, intent on plunder and drinking, were unconscious of their companions setting fire to the rooms below. A large party sitting down to supper in the housekeeper's room were all shut in by the fire, and burnt to death. Three dropped from the roof; one unhappy man rolled into a reservoir of boiling lead formed by the roof of the portico. He lay there writhing and screaming till death came. Another, half crushed on the pavement, had just strength enough to exclaim to a gentleman, who ran up in pity—

"Oh, that I had taken my wife's advice, and never come to Bristol! But I was persuaded, and sent for."

When at last the roof fell into the vortex of fire, a half-burnt man came through one of the end windows, and fell headlong into the street. A party of rioters instantly carried the body to the Royal Oak public-house in Princes Street, and threatened to burn the house if the door was not opened. They told the landlord they should call for the body the next morning. The north side of the square was now a great wall of fire. The western side was also all alight except two houses, from which all the inflammable furniture had been cautiously removed. The Excise Office at the west corner, the Custom House, and the Customs bonding warehouse, were soon wrapped in tumultuous hurricanes of rolling and billowing flame. The spirits, bursting from the cellars, ran like lava in burning rivers; the casks exploded like cannon as the hoops gave way. At the house of Mr. Strong, an exulting blackguard seated himself on the sill of a drawing-room window, cheering the mob, and shouting, "The king and reform!" Here was the protest again with a vengeance! Presently the flames swept over him, and he fell on the spikes of the court wall below, to the infinite delight of his companions, who seemed to regard the accident as the most delicious practical joke. In one house the wretches, seeing a lady fainting as the windows were crushed in, advised the gentleman who was carrying her off to let her stay and be burnt.

While the houses were every moment thundering down, the flames roaring, the red smoke waving up to heaven, these thieves, mad-drunk now, and crazed with a hellish spirit of destruction, shouted and danced, and waved bottles and crow-bars, as the walls, roofs, beams, and burning ceilings fell around them. In the centre of the square, under the statue

of William the Third, costly tables and settees, rich with coloured satins, were spread with the rarest wine and the richest food. Thieves, murderers, and vile women sat there at the most loathsome revels, cursing and shouting obscene imprecations; to these tables the tired incendiaries retired from time to time for refreshment, and to still further heighten their madness. In other parts of the square smoke-stained rioters were selling by auction for a mere trifle the more valuable furniture—silver teapots for a shilling, feather-beds for half a crown. One rascal, failing to part with a handsome mahogany chair for a shilling, cried, "What, nobody bid a tizzy!" and instantly dashed it to pieces.

During this hideous carnival (horrible as the French revolutionary scenes, yet without their redeeming points), the firemen were prevented getting to their engines. Hundreds of anti-reform merchants were kept at home by letters informing them that their houses would be soon burnt. In various parts of the city rioters called and demanded drink or money, crying—

"Look at the fires blazing; there shall soon be more of them!"

At a tavern in St. John Street four men dashed in a window and drank three pints of raw spirits between them. Before daybreak on Monday the rioters were reinforced by parties of bludgeon-men from Stapleton, and from the Kingswood, Wells, Bath, and Bedminster roads. Most of these men threatened to destroy all turnpikes and churches. They sometimes cried to passing travellers—

"Well, you shall pass this time, but you have rode long enough; it will be our turn soon."

At three o'clock A.M. the mayor again tried to rouse infatuated Colonel Brereton, who was found in bed at the house of a friend in Unity Street. The colonel asked, listlessly, "Are the riots still going on?—are they still burning?" He said, "Men and horses were jaded, and could do nothing against such a mob." Captain Warrington said, "There was a great screw loose somewhere," and declared the troops should not fire upon the people. The insane colonel was at last, however, so strongly urged that he let the troops go.

The clock struck five as the dragoons charged through a mob of about seven hundred persons in front of a burning warehouse in Princes Street. The people cheered the soldiers, held up bottles of spirits to them, and shouted—

"The king and reform!"

Some of the rioters withdrew; others were busy destroying.

Mr. Claxton's house. Colonel Brereton still thought nothing effectual could be done ; but a dozen gentlemen, not fearing the rioters, drove them out of the windows and over the banisters, and extinguished the fire. The tide had turned at last. The mob, breaking into plundering parties of twenty or thirty, were one by one dispersed. Only one shot was fired from the mob.

About seven o'clock Major Beckwith arrived from Keynsham with the 14th, eager for work. The men instantly made some rioters, carrying off wine from the bishop's palace, feel their sabres, and then dashed into the square. They soon spread over the area, singling out the chief rioters, slashing down ten or twelve round the statue of King William in a way that that Dutch king would have highly commended. They then chased the mob to the Back, and on their return found the dead and wounded all carried off. The dragoons plied their swords sharply down the Back, through the square, and along the Grove. One fellow, who threw a wine-bottle at the major, was pursued up a court and cut down. Many rioters were felled as they were trying to force a way through a line of constables in King Street. Another reinforcement from the country was driven back at Bedminster Bridge. At the end of Marsh Street a man, snatching at the bridle of a dragoon, had his head clean severed from his shoulders. The troops then scoured Clare Street, Corn Street, Wine Street, Peter Street, and Castle Street, for the people were trying to get back now and form in Queen Square. One soldier broke two swords, and then did execution with his scabbard. At the end of Castle Street a dragoon singled out a powerful man who was pelting the troops, and urging the people to stand their ground. The man's head rolled off under a swift, strong, back-handed blow. The citizens, too, now began to rally in earnest. A call on the posse comitatus produced five thousand men with staves in their hands and strips of white linen on their arms. Two hundred and fifty naval and military pensioners were also called out and organized by a militia officer, while the constables patrolled the city, stopping plundered goods; each mob as it was dispersed was prevented from reassembling. In the afternoon the rioters were again routed, about four miles from Bristol, and tranquillity was once more restored. The crews of vessels were mustered to repel attacks, and the citizens requested to keep in doors, and light up their windows, for fear the gas should be cut.

Troops began now to pour fast into the city. At Newport, the mob, crying, "Where are your coffins?" had attempted to prevent the departure of the 11th Foot. At Bath there had

been riots that delayed the yeomanry. About eleven the North Somerset Yeomanry arrived, the Tetbury troop about twelve, the North Wilts before dark. These troops were all bivouacked in open places like St. James's Barton. About eight o'clock the 11th Foot, just landed from Wales, came down Park Street, their drums beating. Every window was thrown up to welcome them; the cheers and acclamations were incessant; ladies even ran out to shake hands with the soldiers and thank them as preservers. A division of the 52nd regiment, just landed from North America, was instantly ordered to the devastated city, as well as a brigade of artillery from Woolwich by forced marches. If the riots had continued regiments would have arrived almost simultaneously from the Welsh and Irish ports, and several frigates were ordered to King Road.

On Tuesday the search for the plundered property commenced, the Exchange and some of the churches being appointed as depôts. In one house in Host Street alone two waggon-loads of stolen furniture was found. In one place, a well was stuffed with soaked furniture. In St. James's Back and the Dings men were found drunk with bottles of wine hidden under their beds. One man had two hundred pounds concealed about him, while a dirty, ragged fellow had his pockets crammed with sovereigns. In digging among the smoking ruins in the square a drunken man was found with one of his arms burnt off above the elbow; on being released, he rose up and *walked away* without a word. In a room in Marsh Street an Irishman was found sitting by the fire, his arm flayed by a sabre-cut. In a bed in a corner lay a dead body, with a gash across the forehead.

It is quite certain that not less than five hundred rioters perished in these disgraceful scenes, either by the fire, the drink, or the dragoons' swords. Only one hundred wounded men came to the infirmary: as these were all felons, hundreds of other wounded men must probably have paid for secret aid. The riot prisoners were tried January 2, 1832, before Lord Chief Justice Tyndal: three thousand five hundred soldiers were ready in the town. Of one hundred and two prisoners, eighty-one were convicted, five hung, many transported, and the rest imprisoned with hard labour.

Colonel Brereton was tried, as he might have expected to be, before a court-martial. The examinations had gone on for four days; at the close of the fourth day the miserable man dined with some friends and then drove home to his house at Lawrence Hill. He did not go into the nursery to kiss his children as usual, and shortly after he had entered his bed-

room he threw himself on his bed and shot himself through the heart. Captain Warrington was tried and cashiered ; but, in consideration of his youth, was allowed to sell his commission for the regulated value of three thousand two hundred and twenty-five pounds.

It is said that Bristol never recovered this blow ; a debt of seven or eight thousand pounds sprang up, and its great West Indian trade soon after began to decline. Such were the unhappy consequences of a selfish and arrogant resistance to just popular claims (for we take a wide-spread feeling of irritation to have been genuine in the beginning), and such was the unhappy way in which the dregs of vagabondism claimed to be an irritated people.

FIESCHI AND THE INFERNAL MACHINE.

DURING the last week of the July of 1835 France was full of vague but deep and universal apprehensions. On the 28th of July, the fifth anniversary of the revolution of 1830, Louis Philippe, then growing rapidly more despotic and less popular, was to review the National Guard of the Seine and the troops of the garrison of Paris.

Saint Pelagie prison was full of republican prisoners. A band of nearly one hundred Lyonesse conspirators, among whom Reverchon was conspicuous, had lately defended themselves before the Peers at the Luxembourg with boldness and eloquence. Mademoiselle Lenormand, the fashionable prophetess, had predicted a political catastrophe about this time. There is a heat and oppression in the air before thunder, and also before the outburst of political volcanoes : signs which alarm the thoughtful. The Duchess of Berry's friends were suspected of a wish to remove the wily king. Letters from Hamburg, Berlin, Coblenz, Aix, Chambery, Turin, spoke vaguely of mysterious murmurs of danger. Now it was an ambuscade on the road to Neuilly, then an explosive machine opposite the Ambigu-Comique theatre. Houses were searched, arrests made. The bourgeois dreaded the public anniversary of the Three Days, yet they scarcely knew why. It was

generally supposed that the Luxembourg trials had driven the more violent republicans into a howling frenzy that must terminate in some insane act of violence. Ministers were anxious; the mouchards (spies) were restlessly watchful; M. Thiers adjured the king to be on his guard; the queen, Amelia, besought him not to face the danger. The king, cool in judgment, unimaginative, crafty, bold, brave, and self-willed, turned a deaf ear to all these random rumours, and bantered those who tried to arouse his fears.

On the 28th the citizen king positively refused to allow any alteration in the place where the review was to be held. He was affable and chatty as usual, did not manifest the slightest apprehension, nor order any precaution to be taken; but it was secretly resolved to guard and surround him as if he had been going into an engagement. The only words that Louis Philippe uttered, alluding to the review, were on the night before, when postponing some work which one of his librarians wished him to supervise. He said—

“To-morrow—at least if I am not killed.”

Long impunity had given the king a belief in the futility of conspiracies. The Duke of Orleans shared deeply in the general apprehension, and said to General Baudrand, his first aide-de-camp—

“General, they threaten to fire at us. My brothers and I will keep constantly near the king, and make a rampart for him with our bodies. You and the other officers of the cortège, on your part, on the least movement must draw close and cover his majesty.”

Even that brave scarred old veteran, Marshal Mortier, the Duke of Treviso, was nervous. Mortier had been in the retreat from Russia, and, indeed, in all the great battles of the Revolution and the Empire, and, having passed through rains of fire and hailstorms of bullets, had forgotten what fear meant; but still the rumours roused him. Although the old soldier's health was so bad that only five months before he had been obliged to surrender the presidency of the council, he resisted all the prayers and supplications of his family, and determined to attend the anniversary review.

“Yes,” he said, with the old fix-bayonet look—“yes, I shall go. I am a big man, perhaps I shall cover the king.”

There is no doubt that these alarms arose from a consciousness of the feelings of the people. You heard the rumours at the marble tables of the cafés, and round the rough deal slabs in the poorest wine-shops. In 1833 there had been émeutes at Grenoble, Lyons, Châlons, Marseilles, and at a dozen places. In 1834 two thousand persons were seized or chased out of

France, one hundred and sixty-four political prisoners tried, and four thousand witnesses examined. The press dreaded more chains; justice was interfered with. The prudence of the king in his foreign relations the old Napoleon party maliciously construed into neglect of the dignity and glory of France. Tolerant and wise men thought the king too indiscriminate in his efforts to defend his power from revolutionists. He swept into his lawyers' net every sort of opponent. He treated his enemies as if they had been God's enemies. There were fears that Justice was not merely to wear the bandage, but also to have her eyes put out. The press was to be gagged and throttled off from truth; there were rumours that the king was going to raise a body-guard, and so defy the bourgeois soldiers, who had burnt powder bravely for him before Charles the Tenth turned his back on Paris. There was no true liberty, then, after all the fighting for it. King Stork had unseated King Log.

The July morning came; the sky was blue and burning, the heat was striking fiercely on the walls of the Tuileries and the paving-stones of the boulevards, and the leaves of the trees in the Luxembourg gardens were languid with the heat. The quick, sharp "tam-tam" of the drums of the National Guard sounded everywhere in the soldierly city, from the Place of the Bastille to the Arc de l'Etoile. The measured tramp of infantry was heard in the Rue St. Honoré and round the Bourse; behind the Madeleine and past the Louvre the lines of bayonets flashed and glittered; everywhere there was marching. The cavalry, too, were coming through the barriers; children laughed and clapped their hands; grisettes and bonnes smiled and showed their white teeth; old soldiers drew themselves up stiffly, and assumed a critical air, now and then perhaps passing their hands across their eyes with joy and pride when a son or a nephew (*décoré*) marched or rode past among the "Première Légère" or the Cuirassiers, and nodded shako or helmet to them as they passed. The men of Austerlitz, the men of Marengo, were there, looking at the youths of the last revolution, and brown-faced striplings fresh from Algiers.

There were many blanks in the ranks of the National Guard, and that indicated mischief and dislike. That keen observer, M. Louis Blanc, says: "The city was alarmed and weighed down, and on every face there was a sort of half-defiant apathy. People were silent and sullen."

At half-past ten the mockery of the festival to celebrate a restoration of liberty had begun. As the king passed through the gate of the Tuileries, the grenadiers threw their muskets

forward, and presented arms, stiff as statues of iron. The king bowed, and bowed, and still rode on bowing, to encourage the scanty cheering. The staff was brilliant. The king was followed by his three sons, the Dukes of Orleans, Nemours, and Joinville, close to, and watchful of, their father. Then came old Marshal Mortier, the Grand Chancellor of the Legion of Honour, against whom steel and lead had been powerless for sixty years. He, too, looked on the alert, and watched the populace and the blouses suspiciously, ready to throw himself before the king, on whom he wasted his devotion. There were three other marshals who rode near him—Count Lobau, the Marquis Maison, Minister of War, and the Count Molitor.

The National Guards were cold and silent. About half-past twelve the cortège reached the boulevard of the Temple. An immense crowd of every age and both sexes crowded the roadways and the alleys, and filled every window. The poorer the district the more eager and numerous the crowd. Opposite the Jardin Turc, the space being large, the mob was enormous, and many well-dressed women filled the terrace.

At that moment, M. Bock, a grenadier of the first battalion of the 8th legion, advanced from the ranks to present a petition. The 8th legion occupied the space between the Rue du Temple and the Rue Saint Ronge, the 7th legion having been just marched from there to face the Château d'Eau.

M. Laborde, the king's aide-de-camp, put out his hand and received the petition. The king was just passing a tree opposite the last of a block of buildings adjoining a two-storied café. There was nothing remarkable about the house; it was a small mean strip of building, three stories high, with a dirty awning over the bottom shop, which was the lowest order of cabaret. The last window but one had the usual Parisian outside shutters, and the top windows were open, with a dingy Venetian blind trailing out and held up from within half a foot of the bottom. The interior of such a house one could easily imagine. Two men in blouses drinking glasses of inky wine, a grisette and her mother busy at slop-work, above them some grimy gunsmith in swarthy attire filing and scraping, busy by himself, or with some cheery comrade, too industrious even to throw up the blind and look out.

All at once, from no one knows where, comes a sound like a badly-executed volley, mingled with a sort of muffled report. In a moment there is a terrible gap in the king's escort, and there arise cries of rage and terror, for the boulevard is strewn

with dead and dying men and horses. Men have fallen behind and round the king, but he and his sons are unhurt. In the lane facing the house, and under the terrace of the Turkish Garden, a rain of shot had in the same way cut a path through the crowd.

The excitement was almost maddening. The spectators and the National Guard flew in all directions, as if an ambuscade battery had opened upon them and was about to fire again. A whirlwind of fear swept the boulevard. Had the earth opened, or fire fallen from heaven? No one knew what had happened. But there lay the heap of torn and bleeding men, and there was the waft of smoke still drifting from the fatal window where the blind was lifted for air. Lenormand had been right after all; the popular terror had some foundation. This was the blow that was threatened. And what was to follow? In a moment the more resolute men, the soldiers especially, who are accustomed to any suddenness of death, throw themselves upon the door of No. 50, from whose top window the smoke still kept breaking out in thick whiffs.

The king was unhurt, all but a graze on the forehead from a bullet. The mane of his horse had also been skimmed by a shot. The horse, starting, had struck the king's arm against the head of the Duc de Nemours' horse, and for a moment Louis thought that he was hit. The horses of the two princes, who rode forward eager for their father's safety, were also grazed; but he relieved their anxiety by a few words. Then with one look of deep grief at the carnage around him, the king rode forward, reassuring the National Guards by his presence and his words.

When the crowd of soldiers and citizens went to raise the wounded, they found that forty-two persons had been struck and nineteen mortally wounded. The nineteen included the following: Poor old Marshal Mortier, sixty-seven years old, struck by a ball that had penetrated his left ear, traversed the muscles of his neck, and fractured his second cervical vertebra. Marquis Lachasse de Verigny, aged sixty, struck in the head by a bullet, and his horse killed by five balls in the neck; the marquis died that night. Colonel Raffé, of the gendarmerie of the Seine, aged fifty-six; he expired in the night. Count Oscar de Villette, captain of artillery, thirty-four years old; skull fractured by two slugs. Rieussec, a lieutenant-colonel of the 8th Legion of National Guards—a great sportsman and proprietor of a horse-breeding establishment at Virolflay; killed by three bullets. Labrousse, seventy-two years old, a tax-collector of the 7th arrondissement, struck

in the right arm and abdomen; died two days after. Léger, mathematical instrument maker, and grenadier of the 8th legion; Benettet, ebony carver, and grenadier of the 8th legion; killed on the spot. Prudhomme, marble cutter, and sergeant of grenadiers; dead. Ricard, wine merchant and grenadier; dead. Brunot and Inglar, weavers; dead. Ardouin, a journalist; dead. Madame Ledernet; shot in the thigh. Madame Briosne; four wounds in the thighs. Madame Langoray, a workwoman, mother of four children, one of whom was in her arms when she fell dead. Rose Alison, a servant, wounded in the thigh. Louise Josephine Remy, a little girl of fourteen, dead. Leclerc, an apprentice of thirteen years old, died a month afterwards.

The twenty-three wounded consisted of five superior officers, eight National Guards, five workmen, three children, and five women; there were all ages and all classes, generals and bakers, a chef-d'escadron and a dyer, the son of a mayor and a street gamin; a lady fell beside her dying husband and dead sister; there were wounds of every kind, in the breast and on the head, thighs and feet, hands and mouth. A hair-breadth of difference in the elevation of the ambuscade battery, and more than two hundred persons would have been mowed down by that storm of slugs and bullets; a second sooner, and the king must have fallen, riddled by shots.

Before the wounded and the dead could be removed to the hospital of St. Louis or the neighbouring houses, No. 50 had been surrounded by a crowd of enraged and shouting men, commissaries of police, police agents, National Guards, and maddened citizens. All the doors were at once blocked up by the crowd; the ground floor and the first floor, where M. Durant's wine-shop was, was ransacked and searched in every part. M. Jacquemin, a commissary of the police, was the first to ascend to the third floor. A kick or two of his foot, and the barricaded door fell in, and M. Jacquemin and three Municipal Guards, seven or eight National Guards, and M. Bessas Lamégie, mayor of the 10th arrondissement, rushed in. The first two rooms were empty; in the third, which was thick with smoke, they found at the open window a rough framework, like a clumsy table with the top removed; in this had been screwed twenty-five gun-barrels; some of these were split and shattered, almost all displaced by the terrible explosion. On the right-hand side was a fireplace, in which blazed a fire of straw and wood. The police, suspecting some trap in a fire too large for a garret on a hot July day, at once scattered and put out the fagots.

As the men's eyes grew accustomed to the thick sulphurous

smoke oozing from hell itself as it seemed to their excited minds, they saw that the room was empty, but that there were smears of fresh blood on the wall. On the floor, near the door, lay a pierced grey hat, with pieces of torn gun-barrel near it. All at once M. Jacquemin, crying "They are here," springs on a door in the wall facing the window, but it proved to be only a large cupboard containing some straw and a mattress. Returning through the two rooms, the soldiers and police found on the left hand a small kitchen, with a window looking out upon the court-yard. Here also there was a hat pierced with fragments of gun-barrels, and there were prints of fresh blood. There is a ladder in one corner and a trap-door in the ceiling. This monster of evil, this last embodiment of Satan, must be there. M. Jacquemin is mounting the ladder, when Corporal Dautrep, of the Municipal Guard, draws him back.

"If they are there," he says, "I am armed."

He mounts with sword drawn and pistol ready. His comrades wait impatiently for his cry for help; but there is nothing there but a portmanteau that has held gun-barrels, a hammer, a flask basket, and a sealed letter. Just then, a soldier, looking out at the window, finds a rope hanging down into the court below. It is covered, in places, with blood, and the police at once feel sure that the assassins have escaped in that direction.

Whilst all this was going on, Daudin, a sharp officer, who had run into the court of the fatal *Maison Travaut* with some men of his brigade, hears Lefèvre, one of his police agents, crying—

"I see a man dropping from a rope into the next court."

Lefèvre, and a comrade named Devillers, instantly climbed on to the roof of the shed that looked into the next yard, while Daudin went round by another entrance to the *Café des Mille Colonne*s, next door, when he was arrested by mistake, and led off to the *Château d'Eau*. In the meantime, the two agents had come upon a short, stoutly-built man, staggering from a dreadful gaping wound in his temple, and trying, with both hands, to press back the blood that was gushing down over his eyes. He could make no resistance, and was at once led to the *Château d'Eau* with bayonets held to his breast.

They found on him six francs, fifty centimes, a packet of gunpowder, a knife with a horn handle, a pair of green spectacles, a watch, and a life-preserver made of cord and weighted with lead. In the confusion of numerous arrests, the man contrived unobserved to throw a poignard with a

silver handle under a camp-bed. Taken back to the room where the infernal machine was, and examined before M. Gisquet, the prefect of police, the procureur-general, the king's procureur, and the commissaries of police, the man explained by signs that he was the assassin, and confessed that his name was Girard, the name found on some receipts for rent which had been discovered to belong to him. He was then handed over to Dr. Marjolin and Dr. Ollivier d'Angers, and, about two o'clock, taken to the Conciergerie.

The indignation at the hideous fanaticism, the bloodthirsty vanity, of such a patriot as Girard, and all who instigated or aided him, was deep and heartfelt. The people felt that the king represented, however imperfectly, peace, order, and prosperity, and that without him anarchy and murder must reign supreme. The National Guards, who that very morning had been so cold and silent, were now loud and enthusiastic in their cheers, and as the king rode mournfully back to the Tuileries, shakos waved on thousands of bayonets, and the "Vive le Roi!" ran deafening from street to street.

The Bourbonists, who had declared that the Duc de Berry died stabbed by Guizot and Decaze's liberal ideas, were now told that the Duchesse de Berry's party had incited this murder. Party spirit, often dishonest, was now atrociously so. Each party tried by every mean and dishonourable shift to throw the odium of the crime upon its adversaries. In a letter to Marshal Lobau, the king spoke ominously of the murder:

"Frenchmen," the king wrote, "the National Guard and the army are mourning; French families are sorrowing. A frightful spectacle has lacerated every heart. An old warrior, an old friend, spared by the fire of a hundred battles, has fallen by my side, struck by the blows that the assassin destined for me. In their desire to reach me, they have immolated glory, honour, and patriotism, peaceful citizens, women, and children; yes, Paris has seen her best blood shed in the same spot and on the same day on which it was poured five years ago to maintain the laws of the country." The very day of the attempt the Chamber of Peers was organized as a court of justice to try the conspirators, under the presidency of Baron Pasquier.

Girard was twice examined the day of the massacre, first at No. 50, then in the Conciergerie. At first faint and bleeding, he could only feebly hold up his fingers in reply to the questions. He implied that he was alone in the plot; that he had been for weeks making the infernal machine; that it was his own idea alone. He then fell back fainting; no more

could at that time be got out of him. In the evening, bandaged and slightly stronger, he confessed that he had had accomplices, but declared that he alone held the blind up and fired the train. He was a republican. The agony of his wounds then compelled the doctors to forbid the wretch being tortured by further questions. The next morning the man was better, and could speak. He said his name was Joseph Francis Girard, and his wife and child were at Lodève, near Montpellier. He was thirty-nine years of age. The judge representing the enormity of the crime, Girard cried, with broken words—

“I am an unfortunate man. I am miserable. I can hope for nothing. I may render a service. We shall see. I regret what I have done. I may perhaps stop something. I will name no one. I will sell no one. My crime has been too much for my reason.” He confessed that the newspapers had excited him to the crime. He spoke of the *émeutes* in the Rue Transnanain and at Lyons.

It was still doubtful whether Girard had really had accomplices. One man declared he had seen three persons at the window, and others imagined they saw conspirators escaping over the roof towards the Rue des Fosses du Temple. The portmanteau that contained the gun-barrels was the great clue upon which the police relied. It had been brought to Girard three or four days before the crime, and Girard said it came from his wife, and contained linen and brandy. A waterman at the cabriolet stand in the Rue Vendôme had carried it from the corner of the Rue Charlot to No. 50 in the Temple boulevard. It was a wooden trunk, four feet long, covered with a black skin, and very heavy. A commissioner was also found who, on the morning of the 28th of July, had brought the trunk back from No. 5 to the Place Vendôme. The cabman he had ordered to drive to the Place Maubert; but on the way he changed the order to the Place aux Veaux, near the Port aux Tuiles. A cooper's boy had helped him to put the box on his shoulder, and he walked towards the Rue Saint Victor. There the clue was lost, for Girard himself refused to say where he had taken the trunk; but it was discovered that he had taken the trunk to a marble-worker named Nolland, No. 13, Rue de Poissy. Girard, whom he had only seen once, came to him with the trunk, telling him if it was not sent for in an hour not to give it up without an order from M. Morey, a harness-maker, No. 23, Rue St. Victor, who came for it.

Here was another clue. Nolland, taken to the Rue Croulebarbe, pointed to No. 10, at the corner of the Rue du Chant

de l'Alouette. The scent got hotter. The people there remembered Nolland's friend, a Corsican, named Fieschi, a short man, with brown beard and hair, and a southern pronunciation. He had lived an infamous life with a woman named Petit, who had a young daughter with one eye, since living in the Salpêtrière. He had been the terror of the place, and used to boast of an infamous condemnation before a military tribunal. The judge's eyes sparkled. This was the man. Nolland, being taken to the prison, at once recognized Girard as his old neighbour of the Rue Croulebarbe. Morey's porter identified the fourth story in No. 11 in the Rue du Long Pont as the place to which he had taken the trunk. The police found there a young girl with one eye, named Nina Lassave, Fieschi's last mistress. The trunk was found in the room; she had just written on a scrap of paper her intention of killing herself, Morey having deserted her after giving her sixty francs to go to Lyons and hide herself. The trunk had contained Fieschi's clothes and account-books, which she had pawned. The gun-barrels were identified as rejected government barrels, purchased from M. Bury, a gunsmith, in No. 58, Rue de l'Arbre Sec, and a pupil in the Temple testified to Girard and Morey buying the trunk found at Nina Lassave's. A woman, who had been with Nina to the review, declared that she returned trembling and distracted with grief, hearing that the murderer was killed.

On the 5th of August, Nina confessed the whole. On the 26th, she went to see her hideous lover, and found him at work at some machine, as she thought, in the ordinary way of his trade. Fieschi told her not to come to Paris during the fêtes, as there would be disturbances; and if she came, he said he would not receive her. His manner seemed altered, and he looked careworn. She, however, went the next day, and the porter told her that Fieschi was then shut up with his uncle, an old gentleman (Morey), and they had given orders that they would see no one. Some minutes after, she saw Morey and Fieschi sitting together drinking beer under the tent of a café. Fieschi, then more gloomy than ever, came up and told her he could not receive her.

The next day, feeling sure the fire had come from Fieschi's window at No. 50, she lost her head, feeling sure that her only friend was dead; and, packing up her few things at the Salpêtrière, returned to Paris to see the friends whom Fieschi had told her to consult on emergencies. She first called on Pepin, a grocer, No. 1, Faubourg St. Antoine. Not finding him at home, she went, all in tears, to Morey, who said to her—

"Well, what is the matter? It was Fieschi, then, who

fired the thing? Is he dead?" He, afterwards, however, owned that he had been with Fieschi on the Monday, and then took the girl to a small wine-shop outside the *Barrière du Trône* to talk to her more privately.

Nina said, "What a dreadful thing—so many victims! They say General Mortier was so good."

"He was *canaille*, like the rest."

"It was cruel to kill fifty persons to get at one. I, who am only a woman, if I had wished to kill Louis Philippe, should have taken two pistols, and, after having fired with one, I should have shot myself with the other."

"Hush! We shan't lose by waiting; and he'll give up his body-guard. Fieschi is an imbecile; he would load three of the guns himself, and it is just those that blurt. I urged him to load his pistols. He ought to have blown out his brains. He is only a braggart. He went and told in several places that something was going to happen on the day of the review; that was wrong."

"But how did Fieschi, who was no engineer, construct a machine like that?"

"It was I who traced the plan. I have only just torn it up, or I would show it you. The guns were placed in such a way that they could not miss; but Fieschi fired too late."

On his way to dinner outside the barrier, Morey had stopped at a paper manufacturer's to return a passport to a man named *Bescher*, which Fieschi had borrowed. Coming back, Morey stopped at the corner of a wall to throw away a bag of bullets he had in his pocket.

Pepin, the grocer, was found in his shirt only, hidden in a concealed cupboard at *Magny*. He had with him two blouses for disguise, nine hundred and forty francs, and a volume of the works of *St. Just*. *Pepin* had already been under accusation for having, in 1832, permitted the insurgents to fire from his windows in the *faubourg* at the troops. The police also arrested *Victor Boireau*, a tinman and a member of the dangerous society of the *Rights of Man*. It was he who, on one of *Pepin's* horses, had trotted and galloped past No. 5, in order that Fieschi and Morey might regulate the level of the gun-barrels. *Bescher*, a bookbinder, who had lent his passport to Fieschi, was also arrested.

The trial took place before the Court of Peers, under the presidency of *M. Pasquier*, on the 30th of January. So great was the interest excited in Paris, that applications were made to the grand referendary for seventeen thousand five hundred tickets. Fieschi, now the blood was washed off and the plaster and poultices removed, appeared a short muscular

man, with a high narrow forehead, hollow eyes, livid face, and thin pointed nose. His Corsican face gave him a diabolical likeness to a degraded Napoleon. His black hair was cut very short, and shaved over the left temple, where the wound had exposed the brain; a second wound had gashed his left eyebrow; a third splinter had ripped the left corner of his mouth, and gave it a sardonic grinning expression. His left eye was closed, and seemed lower than the other. His little eyes were quick as those of a rat, and much hidden by the brows. This monster of bloodthirsty vanity, calling itself patriotism, wore a black satin waistcoat and a black cravat. He took snuff perpetually, and kept arranging a portfolio of papers with gay and smiling alacrity. He was never still a moment, constantly rising up, sitting down, or turning his head from this side to that. He shook hands with his counsel, offered snuff to his guards, and seemed piqued at their refusal. He assumed the air of a great man, whose actions, though mistaken, had been in pursuit of a grand idea.

Morey, an old man on the point of dying from a terrible disease, had a calm, fearless manner, and was treated with consistent respect by Fieschi, whose death, however, he had no doubt planned by overloading three of the barrels. Pepin, a mild, talkative, weak man, looked pale and miserably apprehensive. Bescher was careless; Boireau, a very young man, energetic, eloquent, and assured.

Fieschi, in some vague hopes of being received as evidence, confessed, in the course of the trial, the whole progress of the crime. It was a plan struck out by Morey as early as 1824. It was originally a mere soldier's scheme.

"I said to myself one day, 'If I was in a fortress with five hundred men, and an epidemic came and carried off half of them, could I defend the place with a few people left?' I had then an idea of mounting ninety muskets in a row. 'With that,' thought I, 'I can destroy a whole regiment with a few men.' Morey's wife saw me at it, and told Morey, who came and asked me what it was. I replied, a machine that could demolish Charles the Tenth, and all his family. It was too complicated, however, being ranged in batteries, and made for flint locks. I explained it to Morey, and he said, 'That would do very well for Louis Philippe.' He put the model in his pocket, but did not say what he should do with it."

It was then arranged between Pepin, Morey, and Fieschi, and the expense of the whole plot coldly and carefully estimated at five hundred francs. They met one day, after dinner, at Pepin's appointment, in the cemetery of Père la Chaise, to make experiments as to the best way of firing

trains of powder. Afraid of being seen there, they went up into the vineyards. Morey drew out his "pear" (small powder-horn), and spread the powder. Pepin struck a light that went out. Fieschi then lighted the powder in the middle, and his comrades seeing the good effect, cried at once, "*Ça va bien!*" "And certainly no way is quicker and sharper than that," added the witness. They afterwards drank together at a restaurant at the *Barrière de Montreuil*. The sums advanced to Fieschi were found in Pepin's books entered as paid to "the Dauber," as Fieschi was nicknamed from his griminess at his first interview with Madame Pepin. Boireau lent tools to pierce the touch-holes of two of the barrels. Morey had regretted he had not money enough to carry out another project. He had wanted to hire a house next the Chamber of Deputies, and blow up the king and the princes the day of the opening of the Chambers. He also said (he was a celebrated leader at shooting-matches) that if he once got the king at the end of his gun, he would take good care not to miss him.

Fieschi especially insisted on his not being a mere hired assassin.

"No," he said; "I worked, I gained my bread even while I was about to make this attempt. I shall pass in the eyes of the world as a great criminal, not as an assassin. I do not deserve the name of assassin. An assassin is the man who kills to get money; but I—I am a great criminal—un grand coupable. I declare that I received nothing from anybody. They shall never say that I am a stabber. I had goods from Pepin, but I paid for them; they were only sugar and trifles."

Fieschi met the Prince de Rohan also at Pepin's, who came, as Pepin said, to discuss some new machine for decorticating vegetables, but more probably for political purposes.

It was about five o'clock in the afternoon of the 27th when Morey arrived with the powder and bullets. The guns were loaded for the most part by Morey. The mounting and loading took up till after six. Morey then went out, keeping his handkerchief to his mouth. He also took off his July decoration, and turned his back to the people as much as possible to prevent his being recognized. The barrels that burst were found to have been loaded with intervals purposely left between the powder and the bullets, so that they might explode and Fieschi be destroyed. At eleven o'clock that night, after leaving Boireau and his experiment of riding past, Fieschi went home and tried to sleep, vexed and alarmed at Pepin's disclosures to Boireau.

The next morning very early Fieschi went to a young Corsican, named Sorba, to ask him to be his second in a duel. It was only a pretext to obtain society; for Sorba was too young, and he dared not confide his fears to him. M. Sorba, who evidently knew of the plot, said to him—

“You have an unlucky hand.”

At half-past nine Fieschi met Boireau again on the boulevards. Boireau left the friends with whom he was, and said to Fieschi—

“We are all ready. You go to your work; we shall be at our posts.”

Fieschi then met Morey on the Rue Basse du Rempart. Morey proposed, after all was demolished, to destroy the telegraphs, to set fire to the barns in the banlieue, and to attack the National Guard when they came to put out the fires. Morey said that when the government was once free, the world would be happy, and the nation rich. Small fortunes were to be left alone; but when a man had a million, all beyond three hundred thousand francs were to be thrown into the national funds. Pepin clapped him on the back, and said, “Mon brave, you shall be recompensed.” But Fieschi replied, the government was not to be shut up in a snuff-box. There would be civil wars; and all he wished was to win glory at the head of one hundred or two hundred men, and chase the stranger from the Rhine, and drive off the Cossacks, who were jealous of France. Pepin then declared that the heads of all supporters of monarchy must roll along the streets like paving-stones.

On the 15th of February, the seventeenth audience, the court brought a verdict of guilty against all the prisoners but Bescher, who was acquitted. Fieschi, Morey, and Pepin were condemned to death; Boireau to twenty years’ detention, and to be for the rest of his life under the surveillance of the police. Morey heard his sentence with calm indifference, Pepin with assurances of his innocence, Fieschi with vain and verbose assurances of repentance.

He had become a lion of the day, and keenly relished the popularity he had acquired so dearly. Even the peers applauded some of his sallies. With distorted face and sardonic smile he watched eagerly for his moments of recrimination or self-assertion.

The antecedents of Fieschi were soon unravelled. He was a Corsican of Genoese extraction, born at Murato in 1790. His father, a condemned criminal, had died in voluntary exile. One of the assassin’s brothers fell at Wagram: his only sister was blind. A second brother, born dumb, was so heart-

broken with grief at the news of Fieschi's crime that he remained two whole days without taking food.

Giuseppe Fieschi was originally a goatherd, but being quick and adventurous, soon left Corsica, enlisted in a regiment of light infantry at Naples, and, displaying much zeal and courage, became regimental staff-sergeant by the time he was nineteen. Entering Murat's Guards, he distinguished himself by great courage in the campaigns of 1812 and 1814, and won the decoration of the Two Sicilies. In 1815, Fieschi deserted to the Austrians, and his information, it is said, contributed to his old master's defeat at Tolentino. When Murat was at Vescovato, Fieschi rejoined him, and was sent on important secret service to Naples. His reports encouraged Murat to his rash and fatal expedition. On landing at Pizzo, Fieschi requested leave to go first and reconnoitre, and a very short time after Murat was shot down by the gendarmes of Monteleone.

Traitor or not, the man did not thrive. He returned to Corsica a beggar, to wrangle with his brother-in-law for a share of the fraternal heritage. Unable to obtain even a sou, Fieschi took the law into his own hands, and, like a true Corsican moss-trooper, drove off a cow belonging to his brother, and sold it openly in the market-place. Brought before a magistrate, he produced forged papers to prove his right, and was in consequence arrested and sent to Bastia. Here he escaped to the mountains by leaping from a window twenty feet from the ground.

In 1816, when only twenty-six years old, Fieschi was condemned to ten years' imprisonment at Embrun, and to police supervision for life. At Embrun he learnt the trade of a cloth-maker, and when he was released, breaking the ban, he went to Lodève, and practised his trade. From there he went to the royal manufactory at Villolouvette, conducting himself there well, and with a pretence of religion. Coming to Paris, he obtained help from his old commander, and became porter at a newspaper office, and a spy of the police.

He lived at this period with his mistress, Laurence Petit, who kept a students' table d'hôte; but he finally seduced her daughter, Nina Lassave, then quite a child, and led a life so dissolute and so disgraceful that the police dismissed him. It was at this time that he sought help of Morey, and described himself as wretched as the dog that looks for food at a street-corner. Most men, he afterwards said, in such misery, must have gone mad or thrown themselves out of window. It was in this poverty and despair that men like Morey took advantage of his cunning, recklessness, and in-

ordinate vanity. The government observing that a sort of boastful gratitude was a leading point in his character, persuaded him to disclose the plot to his old benefactor, M. Ladvocat.

The king, in acknowledgment, forgave Fieschi the parricide's penalty of wearing a black veil on the scaffold, and walking to the guillotine with bare feet. While he was undergoing the toilette, he merely said—

"Is it not heartbreaking that I should be the first executed for political causes since 1830? I would have rather remained on the field at Beresina."

Pepin was cruelly bound in the camisole. While his hair was being cut off, he said to Fieschi—

"I am your victim."

Fieschi was going to reply, but his confessor stopped him. Fieschi then threw himself at Pepin's feet, and begged him to tell the whole truth, as he had done, that he might appear before God without fear.

Pepin heaved a sigh and replied, "No, I can say nothing. I will not compromise fathers of families."

As for Morey he was so weak that he had to be lifted on to the scaffold; but he said calmly—

"It is not courage I want, but legs."

The scaffold had only been erected at a quarter before seven; at a quarter past eight the execution took place in the Place de Jacques, before a vast crowd that filled every avenue. Pepin was calm and resigned, and declared his innocence to the last. "Since I must die, I will die. I have nothing more to say," he replied to the police agent, who, while he was being strapped to the plank, still urged him to confessions. He died first.

Morey then ascended, calm and imperturbable; the plank went down, the old man's neck was clipped by the lunette—a second head rolled into the sawdust.

Fieschi said to the people that he had told the truth, and died without fear. Fieschi left his head to Nina Lassave, in order that she might benefit by the sale of plaster casts taken from it. The doctor who had healed Fieschi's wounds opened the skull to see how the cure had operated. The poor girl Nina was hired a few days after as *dame du comptoir* in the Café de la Renaissance, in the Place de la Bourse. There, in flame-coloured satin, and with rich ornaments in her hair, the miserable creature sat, at a salary of one thousand francs a month.

The café was daily thronged by unfeeling idlers, who launched at her cruel sarcasms, reproaches, and disgusting

ribaldry, until Nina often fainted, and was carried out of the room. When she returned and resumed her seat, she used pathetically to entreat that sport might not be made of her misfortunes. She is described as a rather pretty, mild, one-eyed girl, with a vulgar expression, and with two fingers eaten off her right hand by scrofula.

The massive oak frame of the infernal machine, with its split gun-barrels, may still be seen at Madame Tussaud's, that indefatigable old lady having instantly pounced on the relic of a remarkable crime.

The infernal machine was not an original thought of Fieschi's, for in the year 1789 a watchmaker named Brillon, being expelled from the Arquebusiers' Company at Senlis, determined on revenge. He fired a train of gun-barrels at the procession as it passed his window, shot a man who broke into his barricaded room, and then blew up the house with all who were in it. The only man who escaped was the soldier who tried to drag him out, and he had twenty wounds, an eye knocked out, and a knee-pan broken.

THE END.

May, 1879.



CHATTO & WINDUS'S

List of Books.





ON BOOKS AND BOOK-BUYERS.

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

"I say we have despised literature ; what do we, as a nation, save about books ? How much do you think we spend altogether on our libraries, public or private, as compared with what we spend on our horses ? If a man spends lavishly on his library, you call him mad—a bibliomaniac. But you never call one a horse-maniac, though men ruin themselves every day by their horses, and you do not hear of people ruining themselves by their books. Or, to go lower still, how much do you think the contents of the book-shelves of the United Kingdom, public and private, would fetch, as compared with the contents of its wine-cellar ? What position would its expenditure on literature take as compared with its expenditure on luxurious eating ? We talk of food for the mind, as of food for the body : now, a good book contains such food inexhaustible : it is provision for life, and for the best part of us ; yet how long most people would look at the best book before they would give the price of a large turbot for it ! Though there have been men who have pinched their stomachs and bared their backs to buy a book, whose libraries were cheaper to them, I think, in the end, than most men's dinners are. We are few of us put to such a trial, and more the pity ; for, indeed, a precious thing is all the more precious to us if it has been won by work or economy ; and if public libraries were half as costly as public dinners, or books cost the tenth part of what bracelets do, even foolish men and women might sometimes suspect there was good in reading as well as in munching and sparkling ; whereas the very cheapness of literature is making even wiser people forget that if a book is worth reading it is worth buying."—SESAME AND LILIES ; OR, KING'S TREASURES.



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